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THE ISTHMUS CANAL AND AMERICAN CONTROL.

In the debate upon the Tehuantepec bill in the Senate in February, 1887, after stating what the Monroe doctrine was, and that every soldier and sailor, every life even, in the United States was pledged to its support, Senator Hoar said:—

"But this new gloss and perversion which we hear from Senators on the other side of the Chamber, and I am sorry to say on this side of the Chamber too, that the United States of America has the right to say to a weak South American republic, 'You shall not deal with your own territory as you choose; you shall not build a canal, or a railroad, or a public work in the interest of the commerce which goes from sea to sea, unless the United States shall take upon herself the control, shall dictate the terms, shall manage the future conduct of that enterprise,' is a declaration as repugnant to the law of nations, as repugnant to the purpose of George Canning and John Quincy Adams, and as repugnant to the genius and spirit and honor of the American people as it is to sound morals or sound international law."

In these terms the Massachusetts Senator protested against a doctrine which at the time the French started the undertaking at Panama got possession of public sentiment. It dominated the Republican party and also the Democratic. Based upon principles, or rather assumptions, inconsistent with our in-

stitutions, it is equally out of accord with their essence and tendency. The doctrine of American control deserves to be thus stigmatized. Unfortunately, it possessed for five years the favor and support of our government, from 1880 to 1885. In 1885, President Cleveland, in his first annual message, set it aside. Our government simply reverted to the principles which it had previously observed. It is a source of satisfaction that President Harrison said nothing about the doctrine of American control in his inaugural, though it had been propounded on several occasions by his predecessors. The eminently just and fitting statement which he made is that we expect no European state to exercise domination over an American canal. But it has been easier to insist upon this doctrine than to renounce such a right for ourselves. It is easier to say "Hands off!" to Europe than to practice that precept at home. We have not always been ready to maintain that the passage carved through the Cordilleras is to be, as far as use goes, the property of the whole world. And it is therefore gratifying that the inaugural of President Harrison contains no intimation that the doctrine of inequality is to be revived.

In considering the probability or improbability of this revival the following circumstance has weight. Since the period during which American control was the doctrine of the state a great event

has changed the letter and prospects of international law. In October, 1888, the European powers signed at Constantinople a treaty which fixes the status of the Suez Canal. It establishes the same principles of equality and liberality which we have ourselves observed, save during the exceptional period referred to. A circumstance which cannot escape an American's attention is that the basic principle adopted by the European monarchies, that of equal rights, constitutes the substance of republican institutions. It was a great step for Europe to take. The contrary doctrine, for a time so inexplicably favored by ourselves, that one state, or two states, may establish over a passage to be used by the whole world a specific domination, and shut out every other from certain privileges, is essentially monarchical. It can be nothing else. Is it possible for us to accept a principle discarded by the absolutism of Europe, and imagine it to be anything else than an anachronism, however adroitly we may adapt it to American ideas? It is not for the New World to inaugurate a monarchical polity just as the Old is abandoning it and adopting the republican principle.

Aside, however, from the confidence inspired by President Harrison's inaugural, aside from such influence as the Suez Convention cannot but exert, another consideration makes in this direction. Unless we conclude to out-french the French and establish a character for instability like that ascribed to them, would it be possible for us to pursue such a shiftless, see-saw policy? A few days prior to the utterance quoted at the beginning of this paper, Senator Hoar said, deprecating a policy so contradictory that nobody could place confidence in it, "It does not comport with the honor of a great and free people to assert one thing yesterday and another to-day." Shall it be said that in 1850 we asserted principles of

liberty and equality in accord with our institutions; that in 1880 we repudiated them, and adopted a monarchical doctrine; that in 1885 we reasserted the principle of justice and right; and that we exemplified the levity of our counsels by making a further change, and making it in the centennial year of the French Revolution? What a time for the assertion of such a doctrine! What a season in which to celebrate a return to the principle of monarchy! It would be hard to determine whether we had a policy or not. A maliciously disposed critic might assert that it was not a policy, but a weather-cock. Such sudden and radical changes might suit the whimsicalities of a despotism, but would be unworthy of an enlightened people. However, if we have a right, as no doubt we have, to change our minds at any stated moment, let us, above all, determine that the change take place from wrong to right, and not from right to wrong; from monarchical ideas to those of republicanism, never in the contrary direction.

These views should be taken for what they are worth. Some will accept them, some may not. But there is a position in which all will concur. As has been said, the matter of American control is not referred to in the inaugural of President Harrison. The members of his administration may not adopt identical views. It is scarcely probable that the Panama or the Nicaragua Canal will be finished in four years. As for the Suez undertaking, its status was not determined till nineteen years after it was opened. Similarly, there is no imperative need of haste in settling the question of the American water-way. But on the other hand, President Harrison may not choose to postpone a settlement. That he can decide this question, and in such a way that no further unsettlement can be thought of, is not improbable. Let us hope that such a settlement of one of the intricate problems of the day

is to redound to the honor, rather to the glory, of his administration.

Now, at all events, while uncertainty exists, is the time to inquire into this matter. What is American control? What are its limits? How has it been advocated? What attempts have been made to enforce it? What success have they met with, what failure? Now is the time to get at the root of the question. If upon a third occasion within ten years we propose to right about face, let us understand the purport of this attitude. Let us ask whether it is worth while to attempt to inaugurate a change which not a state in the entire world will ratify. Have we ground enough for the act?

The doctrine of American control was propounded in a special message, sent to the Senate, March 8, 1880. Referring to the Isthmus question, President Hayes said, "The policy of this government is a canal under American control." What this control means we shall see as we follow the manner in which the administration of President Hayes and the two succeeding ones tried to carry it out. It is enough to remark here — as implied in part in the quotation already cited — that American control meant, in the purpose of those who advocated it, *virtually* the control of an interoceanic canal by the United States, but in a legal, technical sense its joint control by the United States and the state through which it passed. It was never proposed by our government to admit any other state, whether of Europe or America, into this monopolized copartnership.

Simultaneously with the promulgation of the doctrine, namely, in the message of March 8th, a position was assumed without basis in justice or common sense. This was subsequently developed in the diplomatic correspondence of the United

States, under Secretaries Blaine and Frelinghuysen, into a blunder of a positive, unquestionable sort. This blunder, easily demonstrated, consisted in the assertion that under the New Granada treaty of 1848 the United States of Colombia had no right to conclude like treaties with European states. The Executive of the United States, President Polk, in his message to the Senate, which accompanied the draft of the treaty, disclaimed any exclusive views on the part of our government. He explicitly recognized the right of Colombia to conclude such treaties. The only anxiety the President entertained was that the United States should have the honor of concluding such a treaty before equivalent ones were concluded by other states.¹ So much for the subsequent ulterior growth of the element referred to in President Hayes's message. In this document, although the New Granada treaty is not by name referred to, a claim of like character is advanced. The President refers to the investment of European capital in an interoceanic canal. This capital must look somewhere, he observes, for protection and security. "No European power," he adds, "can intervene for such protection without adopting measures on this continent which the United States would deem wholly inadmissible." Why inadmissible? Why should it be inadmissible that any power should be invoked by the Colombian government to protect property of vast value, property consecrated to the use of the entire world? Does the right to protect such property devolve upon one and not upon any or all of the states whose individual interest it is that the passage used by the ships of each shall forever remain open and free? As has been demonstrated, the republic of Colombia has as much right to conclude with European states

¹ President Polk's message should be consulted. The part referred to is given in *The Isthmus Canal and our Government*, in the

March Atlantic. Here may be found likewise the requisite references to the dispatches of Messrs. Frelinghuysen and Blaine.

treaties similar to that of 1848 as it had to conclude that treaty with us. Under any such convention, the right of Colombia to invoke the aid of one or more European states would be as indisputable as the same under the agreement of 1848. The idea never occurred to any one, at the time that treaty was concluded, that an exclusive sense could attach to it. A contrary interpretation was assigned by the constitutionally appointed powers of the United States, the President and Senate, by whose joint action the proposed convention became one in fact. The endeavor at a later day to tack on to it another meaning has no basis in fact, justice, or common sense. Well may Senator Hoar, in speaking of this whole business of American control, refer to it as "this new gloss and perversion." It is nothing else.

One of the last authorities to be held impartial respecting the Panama Canal, Mr. J. C. Rodrigues, — the whole scope of his work entitled *The Panama Canal*, is hostile to that undertaking, — says, with reference to the New Granada treaty, page 228: —

"As to the treaty of 1848 with Colombia giving the United States any particular advantages of a protectorate over the Isthmus transit, *it is simply an American illusion*. Nothing prevents Colombia from making identical treaties with England, France, and other powers; and when the troops from Washington will one of these days land in Aspinwall, they may find French or English troops already 'defending the passage' in virtue of treaty stipulations."

The above was written in 1885, three years prior to the conclusion of the Suez Convention. There is little reason to doubt that when a similar convention is concluded as to Panama the method provided in the former to secure the neutrality of Suez will be adopted here, — that is, as to essentials. If the Co-

lombian government should not be able to suppress any insurrectionary movement, it would communicate with the signatory powers, and in conjunction with them take such measures as would be needful. There is no occasion for a conflict of interests, — no more at Panama than at Suez.

As regards the assumed right of the United States to object to the conclusion of treaties equivalent to that of 1848, it is perhaps noticeable that the message of President Polk, upon this point wholly conclusive, is not referred to by Rodrigues, nor, for that matter, by Lord Granville in his correspondence with Frelinghuysen and Blaine. The fact seems to be that the gloss which American diplomacy tried to fix upon the treaty is so inadmissible, not to say absurd, that neither Granville nor Rodrigues cared to go further than the text. To read Article 35 is sufficient.

An unfortunate element of another kind was introduced into the message of President Hayes. It hardly calls for discussion here. The claim is advanced that the Panama Canal would virtually constitute part of the "coast-line" of the United States. The untenable, in fact contradictory, character of this claim has been shown elsewhere.¹ The positions assumed in the message of March 8, 1880, were reiterated by President Hayes in his last annual message, nine months later. But the endeavor to establish American control was not confined to these messages. No empty announcement of the doctrine would suffice. It was to be embodied in and made part of the public law of the continent. A first attempt occurred in February, 1881, a few weeks before the retirement of President Hayes from office. If possible, American control was to be forced upon the government of the United States of Colombia. Not by following this fibrous negotiation,

¹ The Isthmus Canal and our Government, already referred to.

rather by tracing only the principal threads, we may learn what was meant by American control.

Early in 1881 it was plain that the building of an interoceanic canal was to commence. The responsibility which we had incurred in guarantying the neutrality of the Isthmus and sovereignty of Colombia over it would be increased. Our government urged the need of defining, through supplementary stipulations, what this responsibility was and how it should be discharged. This necessity the Colombian government did not recognize. It held that the existing treaty, that of 1848, was sufficient. It was ready, however, to agree to certain additional stipulations, and appointed General Santo Domingo Vila as its plenipotentiary. Mr. Evarts, our Secretary of State, was the negotiator on our part. Each party presented a project of protocol. Even the comparatively moderate one submitted by Santo Domingo, which embodied in part the views of Mr. Evarts, the Colombian government subsequently disavowed. Its envoy, it alleged, had exceeded his instructions. Let us inquire what were the points conceded by Santo Domingo of which his government did not approve. His protocol provided that the two governments should select two places upon the Isthmus where fortifications "permanent or temporary" might be built. Another stipulation provided that these should not be occupied by United States forces except upon occasions when Colombia required our assistance. The first query is whether any necessity existed for considering the erection of fortifications. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty prohibited the building of fortifications upon or in the vicinity of the route to which in particular it referred, the Nicaragua. In the Suez Convention, concluded in October, 1888, precautions are in like manner taken (Article 8) against the erection of fortifications. The tendencies of civilization work undeniably in this direction.

Should fortifications be built ostensibly to furnish posts where garrisons might be stationed, so that any insurrectionary disturbance might be promptly suppressed, still the very existence of fortifications would offer a temptation. To this one state or another might yield. Such works might be seized or held to control the passage in the interest of one commonwealth, and against that of another. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, on the other hand, determined that any such passage should be "forever open and free." The one essential thing in any negotiation was to say nothing about fortifications *except to prohibit them*. The Colombian government was in the right. Why it objected to such a stipulation appears more distinctly when we ascertain what the counter-protocol presented by Mr. Evarts was. The first article provided that the government of Colombia should grant in future no concession for an interoceanic canal, and make no change in any existing one without the consent of the United States. Here was an attempt to encroach upon, to appropriate in part, one of the most valued prerogatives of all governments, the treaty-making power. That such an attempt should have been made is to be explained only by supposing that Mr. Evarts imagined he was dealing with a state so feeble, so devoid of any proper sense of independence, that a little judicious insistence on his part would be enough. He was mistaken. Santo Domingo refused even to discuss such a proposition. Upon this point, at least, he understood his instructions. On the 10th of February, 1881, he addressed Mr. Evarts a note conveying distinctly his views and purpose. In this he observes that when he handed him his protocol "he did not even imagine that the enlightened American government proposed to discuss the right of Colombia as an independent and sovereign nation to conclude conventions of the nature of that which she had con-

cluded with Lucien N. B. Wyse for the construction of an interoceanic canal through her own territory." He continued:—

"Although the 'whereases' of the draft presented to him are based upon the very obligations contracted by the United States in Article 35 of the treaty of 1846, that is to say upon obligations designed to guaranty the sovereignty of Colombia over the Isthmus, Article 1 of the draft prepared by his excellency the Secretary of State is, in the opinion of the undersigned, in direct derogation of the very sovereignty which it is proposed to guaranty, when it proposes to Colombia to agree that before granting a privilege similar to that which it has granted it needs to secure the consent and approval of a foreign state."¹

The above is equally straightforward and clear.

Although Santo Domingo had stated that he could not discuss such a proposition, Mr. Evarts was not ready to yield. At first, it is true, he proposed to waive the discussion of Article 1, but he promptly returned to it and urged its acceptance. Santo Domingo, on the day following his first note, addressed him a second. He said:—

"The undersigned is sorry not to have succeeded in conveying to his excellency's mind the idea which he had in view, viz., that inasmuch as the draft submitted to his consideration is based upon its first article, and as the undersigned interprets it as not being in harmony with the sovereignty of the country he represents, he has thought that without fresh instructions from his government he cannot continue the discussion touching so important and grave a matter. The government of Colombia could not foresee, when it gave him his instructions, the possibility that when the amplification of the treaty of 1846 should

be considered, with a view to specifying the manner and providing the means for the fulfillment of the obligations contracted by the American government in connection with the guaranty of the sovereignty of Colombia over the Isthmus, it should be sought, even remotely, to jeopardize or even to call in question its national sovereignty, as, in the opinion of the undersigned, it would be jeopardized if he were to accept as a basis of the discussion of a treaty anything similar to what is contained in Article 1."

The Colombian envoy was a Colombian senator, and referred, at the close of his note, to the necessity of his return to South America. While this consideration may have influenced him, one cannot help surmising that he wished to cut the negotiation short. He was dealing with a government which, whatever its defective knowledge as to the Spanish or even French tongue, did not or would not understand the Anglo-Saxon "no." This information he proposed to impart. In his final note to Mr. Evarts, referring to his departure, he observed that he should be glad to call at the State Department at three o'clock that afternoon, should the Secretary have no prior engagement. He added that he should be "still more glad, on taking leave for the time being, once more to hear the assurances of the fraternal feelings entertained by the great American nation towards its sisters on this continent."

The proposed leave-taking Mr. Evarts accepted. Singular as the conduct of the American Secretary may appear, he persisted, almost as he took the hand of the Colombian envoy, in urging him to stay yet a little longer. He hoped, he said, that they might reach an understanding. As, however, he declined to state *what the basis should be* of a renewed discussion of the subject, the envoy could only refer again to the necessity for his departure. His pur-

¹ The treaty referred to as that of 1846 was ratified in 1848, and by the latter date we prefer to designate it.

pose, he remarked, was to proceed to New York, there to take the South American steamer on the 18th. Mr. Evarts, failing to compass the objects in view, determined by a fresh effort to obtain what part he could. The envoy having departed, he sent a telegram after him. In pursuit of his telegram he dispatched a gentleman in the employ of the Department, Mr. Trescot, of South Carolina. Mr. Trescot was instructed to sign the most favorable protocol it was possible to procure. A final conference occurred in New York. On the 17th, the day before the sailing of the steamer, the signatures were affixed. From this protocol were excluded the objectionable features. In it was inserted the stipulation respecting fortifications to which the Colombian envoy had from the start been ready to agree. Even this moderate instrument, as has been stated, the Colombian government refused to ratify. Reasons have been assigned which seem to justify the decision of the Colombian authorities. One thing was of paramount importance in any such negotiation, — not fortifications, but the prohibition of them.

Though the rupture of the negotiations was due specifically to the attempt to encroach upon the treaty-making power, there were other points on which the negotiators could not agree. One had reference to this matter of fortification. Santo Domingo accepted in principle the establishment of such works. These, as we have seen, were to be erected at two points, to be selected by the two governments. Under the terms of Santo Domingo's protocol, however, Colombia might have insisted that these works should be erected neither on the canal nor in its vicinity. Such a course would have accorded with the stipulation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. But Mr. Evarts's plan was to plant them upon the canal itself. His design was that these works should be held by the United States and Colombia conjointly,

and that the military control of the passage should be vested in these states to the exclusion of every other, either of the eastern or the western hemisphere. All this was in his protocol. In the article which refers to fortifications, Article 3, it is stated that the United States "shall have the right to occupy and fortify such places" at either terminus of the canal and along the line as the United States "may deem necessary." Only further on is the participation of Colombia introduced with reference to the selection of the exact spots. According to this provision, Colombia would have had no power to forbid fortifications upon the canal. It was impossible to see in such a stipulation, in the wording used, anything but that purpose of aggression and encroachment already manifest in the attempt to break the treaty-making power. In the one case it was as plain as in the other. Insistence as to the latter point ruptured the negotiation.

We have not presented every point which the negotiators discussed. What seemed requisite we have produced: points conceded by Santo Domingo, but subsequently disavowed by his government; points urged by Mr. Evarts which Santo Domingo refused even to discuss.

It may be added that in Mr. Evarts's protocol were stipulations which traversed and contradicted others in the convention concluded by the Colombian government with Lucien N. B. Wyse; that is, the Panama Canal Charter. An attempt was made to commit the Colombian government to two contradictory instruments. Such a fact could hardly have encouraged the representative of Colombia to continue the negotiation. Could a state with any sort of self-respect so stultify itself? Santo Domingo observes, in his report to his government, that the United States government had "at last determined to disclose its pretension" to revise the Wyse concession. "This pretension,"

he adds, he "could not allow, without humiliating the sovereignty" of the state he represented. To convince Mr. Evarts that "it was out of the question to hope that Colombia would consent to such an act of abdication" he wrote the first of the notes already quoted.¹

If we consider the nature of the proposals submitted to Colombia, we cannot wonder that she declined to enter into such a compact. According to its terms, the authority conferred was to be joint. But the character of such an agreement between a strong state and a weak one is manifest. Where the genuine authority and control rested was plain. Colombia had no thought of entering into a partnership like that where the beasts went hunting with the lion. It is possible, however, that the Colombian government was actuated by divers motives. Broader views may have been entertained. Such views had been already incorporated by the Colombian government into the charter of the Panama Canal, and it was wise and just to adhere to these.

The course pursued by our envoy at the Colombian capital, Mr. Dichman, was scarcely more satisfactory to the Colombian authorities than the proposals of Mr. Evarts. Mr. Dichman represented at Bogota what Mr. Evarts did in Washington. Mr. Dichman's course became finally so distasteful, not to say offensive, that a request for his recall was forwarded to our State Department. The Colombian government thus took a step analogous, though under circumstances less significant, to that recently taken by this country in the case of an envoy of Great Britain, — Lord Sackville.

The diplomat who took Mr. Dichman's place was a man of another cast.

He introduced a new and not uninteresting feature into our diplomatic correspondence. Lovers of the picturesque in nature, who appreciate descriptions of it, might read some of the dispatches of Mr. William L. Scruggs with satisfaction, even with zest. In giving an account of his journey to Bogota, perched 8000 feet above the sea, and of the country in general, he observes as to Colombia, "For boldness and grandeur of natural scenery it is probably without a rival on the globe." So much æsthetic taste, such a growth of refined feeling, as certain dispatches evince — we may refer to his description of certain ranges and the appearance of the moon and stars in a tropical sky, in the dispatch of December 20, 1882 — furnish an element as finished and graceful as it is rare in a diplomatic document. Mr. Scruggs was as useful a diplomat as Mr. Dichman. He was perhaps instructed by his government that instead of forcing upon the authorities of Colombia a doctrine as new as it was unpalatable, he should descant rather upon the sights about him. There were the December sunsets, the Southern Cross, the waterfalls of the Andes. Such diplomatic methods, if novel, may have had a desired effect. Thus may in some degree have been effaced memories of the "late unpleasantness" between the governments. Mr. Scruggs was the man for the place.²

Such was the negotiation of 1881; such were certain effects. There is not, perhaps, in the diplomacy of the century an attempt to encroach upon the prerogatives of a free state more to be regretted. It was made, not in the interest of broad and liberal views, but of egoistic prejudices. No sort of excuse for it can be alleged.

¹ The Report of Santo Domingo was published by our government, together with the other documents relating to the negotiation. Resort has been had, in preparing this sketch,

to no source outside the official publications of the United States.

² One of the early appointments of General Harrison was that of William L. Scruggs as our minister at Caraccas.

It is true, however, that when an attempt is made by a powerful state to possess itself of the prerogatives, diplomatic or territorial, of a weak one, there are those who apologize for it. There is hardly a political crime in history — even that most heinous of all, which put the civilized world to shame, the partition of Poland — but has its apologists and defenders. The doctrine of American control has its adherents. But when Senator Hoar averred that American control was “repugnant to the genius and spirit and honor of the American people” he spoke the truth. Besides this he took a stand which is in the highest sense patriotic. To do right, to advocate the right, is always patriotism.

This consideration — the injustice of an attempt on the part of a powerful state to impose domination upon a lesser — bears so striking a relation to the ideas of the time that it ought to be pointed out. Such aggressions used to be the rule. But a movement of a reverse character has distinguished the present century: not the subjection to greater of lesser nationalities, but their emancipation. Mazzini regarded this movement or tendency as possessed of so radical a character that he predicted it would give its name to the present century. The way in which this prophecy has been fulfilled in the case of his own country, in that of Roumania, recently in Bulgaria, even in the case of Belgium, and largely in Hungary speaks for the sagacity and grasp of truth which the great Italian possessed.¹ Unfortunately, the attempt inaugurated by our government in 1881 ran counter to this principle, — respect for the prerogatives, the independence, of minor states. Ought we to think of Europeanizing America, when in so striking a sense Europe has

been Americanized? It is a matter for congratulation that the tentative and yet persistent effort described — the attempt to establish in a Spanish-American state a control or domination contrary to the will of the people — resulted as it did. It is a fact of weird significance that this endeavor should have taken place in the very year in which, with just circumstance and pomp, we celebrated the downfall of British domination upon this continent. Could the Muse of History have favored us with a smile other than bitter as she recorded the circumstance? Instead of such a policy we ought rather to use a cautious, a persistent vigilance. The United States, the one illustrious commonwealth of America, should set an example consistent, vigorous, and honorable as regards respect for others.²

In connection with this point of view an incident in our policy of 1881 has been omitted. It has reference to the Monroe doctrine. In the instructions given to Santo Domingo it was stated that in the proposed amplification of the treaty of 1848 a reaffirmation of the Monroe doctrine might be inserted. To this doctrine — so the instructions state — “the United States of Colombia *adhere without the slightest reservation.*” To this suggestion — if the Colombian envoy made such use of this element of his instructions as they allowed — our government gave no heed. The reasons which induced the Colombian government to initiate such a proposal are manifest. That government was aware that the United States was proposing to disregard and set aside those very rights of sovereignty which, according to the Monroe doctrine, it was our province to conserve. The purpose of the Colombian government was to introduce

¹ Another case, that of Greece, preceded Mazzini's prediction. That of Belgium was contemporaneous.

² As for the relation of the nationality principle to the nineteenth century, and the pre-

diction of Mazzini, the *Life, Writings, and Political Principles of Mazzini* may be consulted, page 87. An Introduction by William Lloyd Garrison commends this work to American readers.

into the proposed convention professions of respect for Colombian sovereignty. These would make the design of the United States more obvious. Nor were the motives of the American Secretary in objecting to such a juxtaposition open to doubt. Could it be for his interest to exhibit in one article of a protocol a purpose to disregard Colombian sovereignty, and at the same time insert a clause so significantly suggestive? According to such insertion, Mr. Evarts would profess a design to protect Colombia from suffering at the hands of others just what he proposed to have her suffer at his own. The case was plain. The American Secretary was in a dilemma. But it was not hard to get out of. He put the Monroe doctrine in his pocket. The Monroe doctrine is one as to which we frequently express ourselves with sincerity and earnestness. At other times it is the most inconvenient luggage to be imagined. At certain junctures we are ready to bestow a tripartite anathema upon the Monroe triumvirate, as we may call it, Canning, Adams, and Monroe, all together. We do what Mr. Evarts did: we put the whole thing in our pockets.

Those who sincerely wish to see the prerogatives of all American states respected can scarcely follow the negotiation of 1881 with satisfaction. The Colombian envoy escaped at last from the wiles of his fellow-diplomate. He reached home, however, only to be denounced by his countrymen, because he had put into the strenuous hand of Mr. Evarts a few crumbs of comfort which he found, after all, he had no right to part with. The protocol was torn up, the whole business brought to a fitting end.

Apropos of the congress of all American states, to meet in Washington in October, a competent writer lately referred as follows to the qualifications of Spanish-American diplomats, and to the disposition, the animus, they may be

expected to bring to such a conference.¹ After speaking of the public men of the United States, he said: "They will have to encounter a sentiment of nationality as proud and strenuous as our own, quick to resent any attempt to disregard or override it. They will meet delegates fully their equals in education, skilled in diplomacy and versed in economic law." Such words might call to mind, were it not in our remembrance, the manner in which the result of the Evarts-Domingo negotiation was received in Colombia. The recall of our minister, Mr. Dichman, was solicited at this time.

Our sketch of American control has been brought down through about a year, from March, 1880, to March, 1881. The protocol signed by Mr. Trescott was dated February 17, 1881. About two weeks remained of President Hayes's administration. General Garfield, the President elect, and Mr. Blaine, his Secretary of State, were aware of the negotiation just concluded. Had President Garfield fully sympathized with the policy of his predecessor — one equally opposed to the views of all American states, except the United States, and to the views of Europe — it would not have been expedient to make an obtrusive statement. The isolated position of the United States counseled reserve. Especially might this be said after the issue of the negotiation just finished. Let us give President Garfield credit, however, for wider views. May not his purpose have been, in the reference to the subject which occurs in his inaugural, while not breaking abruptly with the precedent of his predecessor, to lift our policy towards a more liberal level? It may have been his design to bring the views of the United States more into accord with those of civilization at large. But the change should not be quick or glaring. We may imagine, at any rate, that such was his intent. Assuming this, the

¹ New York Nation, May 9, 1880.

declaration made would not be explicit. And it was not. In his inaugural he said, "We will urge no narrow policy, nor seek peculiar or exclusive privileges in any commercial route." This is wholly in accord with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. These words are followed, however, by others not equally distinct. "But," the President continues, "in the language of my predecessor, I believe it to be the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any inter-oceanic canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America as will protect our national interests." This language might admit of diverse interpretations. Professor T. J. Lawrence, of Cambridge University, England, in discussing the status of the Panama Canal, observes, respecting the entire statement of President Garfield, — of which the earlier part disclaims any intent to seek exclusive privileges, and the latter seems not to agree with it, — that it is perhaps possible to construe the declaration in accordance with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.¹ What in fact is "such supervision and authority" as would "protect our national interests"? Might it not accord with a joint "supervision and authority" exercised by the maritime powers as prescribed in the Suez Convention? Would not this interpretation agree better than any other with the disclaimer made by President Garfield of any purpose to acquire exclusive rights? This was apparently the judgment of Professor Lawrence. At all events, it may be conceded that the position of President Garfield was in advance of that of his predecessor. It indicated a departure from those impassioned views which at first the American people were disposed to harbor. The excitement which had existed and had led to a sort of outburst against the ca-

nal was on the wane. Aside from such an explanation, President Garfield seems to have had a better understanding than others of the principles involved, and a greater readiness to have them carried out. His step was in the right direction.

As much cannot be said of the step taken by Mr. Blaine a few months later. In his dispatch dated June 24, 1881, the position was explicitly taken that our government would regard any attempt on the part of European states to negotiate treaties with Colombia equivalent to that of 1848 as unfriendly to the United States. Such a step, Mr. Blaine said, "would partake of the nature of an alliance against the United States"! This position, as has been demonstrated, antagonized the understanding and purpose of the United States and New Granada alike at the date of the conclusion of the treaty. The occasion of writing this dispatch was a report that the United States of Colombia were about to conclude such treaties with European states. The purpose was to head her off, to inhibit the exercise of her sovereign rights. This dispatch was the starting-point of a diplomatic discussion between the United States and Great Britain which lasted over two years. This document, of unfortunate historic augury, was written almost at an historic epoch. It was penned only a few days before the second of those fateful shots which within twenty years twice struck down the chief magistrate of the United States. More or less they transformed our policy. As regards the Isthmus question, however, the end of President Garfield's administration and life made no change. For obvious reasons President Arthur did not choose to retain Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State. But Mr. Frelinghuysen, his successor, was directed to continue the correspondence now than in 1884, when Professor Lawrence wrote. In 1888 the Suez Convention was concluded.

¹ Essays on some Disputed Questions in Modern International Law, page 86. It may be said that some of these questions are less

dence. This he did, in the spirit and for the purpose with which it was begun.¹ The discussion had branched off almost at once from the convention of 1848 to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. For over two years the not edifying spectacle was presented of an attempt on the part of the United States to get rid of a treaty of which Senator Hoar said — and William H. Seward said the same before him — that it constituted one of the great steps in the world's progress! To such obliquity of judgment, lack of moral grasp and moral sense, had the "perversion" of the Monroe doctrine brought the government of the United States. Here, at least, as far as this element of American policy went, a radical change was wanted. Fortunately it occurred.

It was not, however, through diplomatic correspondence with England alone that an endeavor was made to get rid of these principles. One of the last acts of President Arthur was the negotiation of a treaty with Nicaragua, by means of which it was proposed to abrogate the convention of 1850. One of the principles which England and the United States had agreed to observe in the case of any interoceanic canal, and especially in the case of one at Nicaragua, was its neutrality. In the proposed Nicaragua treaty of 1884, not a word about neutrality occurs. This element was dropped out. The second of the foundation principles of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was that of equal rights. This likewise it was proposed to disregard. One of the stipulations of the Nicaragua treaty provided that United States vessels, if proceeding from one United States port to another (and this traffic would manifestly absorb the larger part of that in American bottoms), might be favored respecting tolls. These ships might be charged less. No reason seems to exist

for establishing a lower rate for this class of vessels; one sure result would be that the commerce of the United States would enjoy a specific and valuable privilege of which most states would be deprived. Let us suppose, however, that a foundation does exist for such a distinction, — one between ships engaged in the coasting trade, so called, and those bound for foreign ports. It was a distinction which, according to the principles of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, should apply to all states alike. Mexico and Colombia, even the Dominion of Canada, might claim its possession. But the proposed treaty did not grant them any such right. This privilege was reserved exclusively for the United States, and that appendage of the United States as far as the treaty went, the state of Nicaragua. After this fashion, as regards the bottom principles of neutrality and equal rights, it was proposed to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The pledges of 1850 were to be flung to the winds. It was with reference to this convention that Senator Hoar said: "Unless this government chooses to abandon her ancient policy, her ancient honor, her ancient faith, we cannot enter upon this great public transaction in Central America in defiance of the obligation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty."² Fortunately, the United States Senate and the American people were to be spared the disgrace which the conclusion of this convention involved. It failed to receive the requisite two-thirds vote. A few weeks later the term of President Arthur expired.

Concerning the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the position of paramount importance is that such an abrogation would be an insult to civilization. In this treaty are embodied the higher essence of civilization, its nobler tendencies. The convention of 1850

¹ President Arthur, in his first annual message (December, 1881), indorsed the strange

error of Mr. Blaine. Mr. Frelinghuysen's first dispatch was dated May 8, 1882.

² Speech in the Senate, February 11, 1887.

deserves the encomiums which Senator Hoar and Mr. Seward passed upon it. The question whether in law and technics it may be held that the treaty has been broken by Great Britain, and that accordingly on that ground we might declare it void, if it have significance, is nevertheless subordinate. As long as Great Britain officially adheres to the treaty, — not only adheres to its basic principles, neutrality and equal rights, but has applied these to the Suez Canal by joint convention with the European powers, — we ought unhesitatingly to adhere to it ourselves. We should not listen for an instant to any pretext according to which a power, having signed it, might annul her seal. If there be points concerning its observance by Great Britain as to which doubt may be entertained, why should not these be submitted to arbitration? Far the most important matter ever settled by arbitration was determined not long since. Great Britain and the United States were the litigants. Here is a case which ought to be settled in the same way, if the parties interested fail to come to an agreement by diplomatic methods. Besides, we should remember, respecting the asserted infraction of the treaty, that among our own statesmen unanimity of opinion is not found. The administration of President Cleveland held the treaty to be in force. Senator Hoar and authorities of like weight take the same position. At least, no infraction, they say, has occurred since the declaration of President Buchanan in 1860. The Executive then declared that the United States was wholly satisfied with the steps taken by Great Britain in consequence of the complaints of the United States.¹ In his speech of February 10, 1887, Senator Hoar referred to the two reasons usually alleged in the Senate for considering the treaty void, — the occu-

pancy of Belize by Great Britain, and the fact that the treaty related to a special canal then expected to be built, but which was not. He said, "From Clayton himself and his immediate successors through Mr. Seward down to the time of Mr. Blaine, the American government *has estopped itself* from asserting either of those two reasons in any diplomatic discussion." In his judgment, it would not be honorable on our part to try to escape the obligation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. We could not do so without violating "the ancient honor and ancient faith" of the United States.

With reference to the allegation that Belize is a part of Central America, and not of Mexico, Mr. Clayton's speech in the Senate, March 8, 1853, should be consulted. It is conclusive. If there be points, however, as to which the statesmen of England and the United States cannot agree, let arbitration decide. Let us employ methods of conciliation and civilization. Let us not think of setting aside one of the noblest landmarks of the century because we may not see all of its appendages with the same eyes.

The attempt, which lasted five years, to subvert our traditional policy suggests reflections of an unfortunate cast. If ever a political party originated in a great principle, and through steadfast adherence to it achieved a triumphant recognition of its validity by the world, that party is the Republican party. The origin of no political organization has been more to its credit. But near the close of the twenty-four years during which this party remained in power it did what it could to overthrow principles of equality and justice which concern, as regards this question, all states and nationalities. These principles the people and government of the United States had, up to the beginning of the undertaking at Panama, recognized and observed. It is true that the Democratic party — this view might

¹ The giving up of the Mosquito protectorate and the surrender of the Bay Islands to Honduras are referred to.

be easily enforced — was, especially at the outset, by no means without responsibility. But as the period approached which for the first time in a quarter of a century was to witness a radical change of government, the Republican party became even more rabid in favor of egoism and reaction. The Democratic party became less so. The last measure which, prior to its relinquishment of power, the Republican party made an energetic effort to carry was the Nicaragua treaty of 1884. Five weeks before the 4th of March, 1885, the vote occurred. As a body, the Republican Senators voted for the convention, the Democratic Senators against it. There were exceptions on both sides. If we compare the Republican party in its origin with the party when, as the limit of its ascendancy approached, it sought to asperse and annul its former record, the contrast is humiliating. One word tells the story, — a falling from moral principle; a falling to the level of temporary expedients and the struggle for advantage. May we not hope that the brief return of the Democratic party to power has produced this good effect, an arrest of further recklessness and degradation?

It is not necessary to analyze the purposes of the Democratic party. We need not decide how far its course was due to motives of expediency or considerations of justice. It may perhaps be said that, having been shut out from power for a quarter of a century, it was ambitious, on resuming ascendancy, to appear as the protagonist of doctrines which concerned the welfare of the whole world and possessed its sanction as well. Whatever the motive, this course the Democratic party took. It should have been taken by the Republican party, but that party refused.

As we have been obliged to criticise with severity the course of President Arthur, it is with satisfaction that we quote from one of his messages, that of

December 4, 1882. Referring to the correspondence, not then concluded, between Great Britain and the United States, he said, "It is likely that time will be more powerful than discussion in removing the divergence between the two nations, whose friendship is so closely cemented by the intimacy of their relations and the community of their interests." Precisely this occurred. Time did it. Nor was much time needed. President Cleveland, the successor of President Arthur, possessed one sterling Yankee quality, — common sense. He knew what required to be done, and did it. Through his action Great Britain and the United States were brought into accord. At a breath he swept away the whole tissue of assumptions, the absurd pretenses, by which American control had been bolstered up. In place of an egoistic policy he established, or rather reestablished, one by which all states should be entitled to equality of right. Once more it was declared that the Inter-oceanic Canal of America should be "forever open and free." Never should it become "a point of invitation for hostilities or a prize for warlike ambition."

To the views of President Cleveland may be added those of Mr. Bayard, his Secretary of State. Shortly before Mr. Bayard's retirement they were given to the public as follows: —

"Another favorite theme with Mr. Bayard is the neutralization of certain localities which are useful to all the powers, and incapable of defense without disproportionate cost by any one. He instances the neutralization of the Suez Canal by the common consent of the European powers as an example of the important benefit to be secured by the application of this principle. Some similar arrangement would have to be entered into to protect the interests of this country, if a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama is built. It would not be sufficient protection for the

United States to have control of such a canal. The only adequate protection is to be secured by neutralization of the canal by consent of all the powers."

This is the exact truth. Fuller security would thus be acquired than if we should pursue a course out of accord with the judgment of other states. American states, as well as European, would repudiate any such policy. Are we voluntarily to place ourselves in antagonism to civilization? Are we to assume the attitude of a state dissatisfied with progress? Shall we turn our backs on the very principles upon which our government is founded?

The mention of President Cleveland and Secretary Bayard ought not to mislead us as to the political significance of these doctrines: their advocacy can be ascribed in no exclusive sense to the Democratic party or Democratic leaders. The honor of believing in them and saying, "These are world-wide doctrines of justice; inevitably they are to prevail," is the property of no party. In all parties those able to take in the significance of progress, the necessities of international comity and right, are believers in and advocates of these principles. We have referred already to the testimonies, as emphatic as any ever uttered, of Sena-

tor Hoar and William H. Seward. To their views may be added those of another illustrious American. Admiral Ammen was the intimate friend of General Grant. Widely known through his interest in the interoceanic question and his advocacy of the Nicaragua route, no authority stands higher in the judgment of Americans. In his work upon *The American Interoceanic Ship Canal Question* he says, "Peoples have arrived at that intelligence that the government of a nation may in its relation to another rather seek to discover and promote common interests than hope to obtain and maintain mean advantages."

In this admirable statement — one of the best expressions of sentiment upon the subject — we are asked not to be upon the watch for "mean advantages;" rather, to make the object of our endeavor benefits which shall be mutual and common, — benefits for all. Of a famous poem it has been said that it stood at the high-water mark of the poetry of the present century. It may be said in like manner of the statement of Admiral Ammen that it stands at the high-water mark of the moral declarations of the time. It is not possible that the United States is to depart from a policy so liberal and enlightened.

Stuart F. Weld.

THE GOLD HEART.

WHEN the events occurred which I am about to narrate, I was ignorant of the superstitious veneration with which so many of the Northwestern Indians regard the symbol of the heart. A heart-shaped leaf or pebble is never held in the hand if it can be avoided. The rude figure of a heart traced in red ochre on a rock or tree-stump commemorates some event of peculiar solemnity, and commands the respectful obeisance of

every Indian who sees it. The same form outlined with boulders, on the prairie or hillside, marks the scene of a great battle and victory or the death of some great chief. The area within the encircling stones is holy ground.

But, as I have said, I knew nothing of all this five years ago, when, in the first days of the *Cœur d'Alene* mining craze, I was working on my claim on Eagle Creek. Nor do I pretend to have

any explanation to offer of the incidents which I am about to chronicle. I have no "theory" to advance, and know no more of the chain which connected the incidents than the reader will know after he has read what follows.

I was working alone in my "drain ditch," shoveling laboriously at the coarse gravel, which was obstructed here and there by large boulders, lying immediately above the bed-rock and some two feet below the surface of the ground. It was hard and discouraging work, for as yet there had been no indication that the claim was likely to be "rich." The boulders had been more than ordinarily frequent and ponderous that day, and I was correspondingly weary, when suddenly my shovel turned up the Gold Heart.

"Turned up," I say; but, as a matter of fact, the Heart was dislodged from the side of the ditch, and slipped down with a handful of pebbles to my feet.

My first sensation was that of one who sees a miracle happen. It was certainly some seconds, and I think fully a minute, before I moved, — before I could move, — as the yellow mass lay glistening in the trickling water at my feet. Then, slowly and cautiously, I laid my shovel on the ground beside the ditch, and stealthily took off my hat, like a small boy about to pounce upon a butterfly. Dropping on my knees, I clapped my hat over the golden lump, clutching the brim with my hands on either side, and grinding my knuckles into the wet gravel. My heart beat fiercely and my breath came quick and hard, as after great physical exertion. I was trembling and terrified at I knew not what. There was no human being within two miles of where I was, and I knew it. But as I knelt I glanced fearfully around and behind me into the misty woods. Moments passed before I dared to lift one edge of my hat to see if the beautiful thing still lay beneath. Even

when it lay uncovered and shining before me, it was long before I could bring myself to touch it or pick it up.

Experience in handling nuggets enabled me to guess shrewdly at the weight and value of any piece of rough gold. This, I estimated, was worth something more than six hundred dollars. But the precious metal as it comes out of the ground, new from nature's minting, has a beauty and a fascination which it loses on passing into the assay office; and this was incomparably the finest nugget that I had ever seen.

I weighed it in my hands, — first in one, and then in the other. I rubbed it and polished it; held it out at arm's-length to look at it; laid it down, and drew off a few paces to admire it. Then I kissed it. Finally I turned my attention to the place whence it had been dislodged, and made another discovery.

Together with the lump of gold, my shovel had uncovered something else, which had also slipped to the bottom of the ditch and had lain unnoticed. It was a small bone. Looking at the side of the ditch where my shovel had last struck, I saw another bone sticking out from among the gravel. The loosening of the pebbles with my fingers brought others to light, until I quickly saw that I had lighted upon the skeleton of a human hand.

Before dark I had unearthed the entire arm, — an unusually long one, it seemed, — and arrived at a rib. Next day the exhumation was completed, and there lay exposed the skeleton of an Indian, evidently, buried who knows how many years before? I had always understood that the Indians had never penetrated so far into the mountains. Eagle City, four miles distant, lay forty miles from the pass through which the Pend d'Oreilles on one side of the range and the Flatheads on the other used to exchange annual visits. Those forty miles were one stretch of dense forest, clothing steep hillsides; and the Indian

dislikes nothing so much as climbing hills. In those early days of Eagle City two or three red men were occasionally seen about the camp, as will hereafter appear; but they were Spokanes, who had followed in the train of the white man from Spokane Falls, a few months before, and were not indigenous to the mountains.

Nevertheless, the skeleton was sufficient evidence that one Indian, at least, had been there years before; and, moreover, somebody else had been there to bury him. The body was stretched at full length, parallel to the line of my ditch. The right arm was bent, the hand resting on the breast. The left arm had lain extended at right angles to the body, and it was on the fingers of this left hand that I had come so unexpectedly. The Gold Heart, I had no doubt, had been clasped in the dead man's hand when he was buried.

Still, I believed it to be a natural nugget, and not to have been fashioned by man into the form in which I found it. In one place a small crystal of quartz was imbedded in the gold, which would probably have been taken out in any moulding or carving process. Besides, the heart-shape as known to the Indian is more the shape of the human organ, and not at all the conventional symmetrically bi-lobed form which we see on valentines and playing-cards. But the Gold Heart was of precisely this conventional form, perfectly smooth save for the roughness of the one jagged point of quartz, and symmetrically rounded.

The evening of the day following my discovery, my partner, Alfred Trask, returned from a three days' trip to a claim on Trail Creek, twenty miles away, which he had some idea of purchasing. As my partner in the claim, he of course had a half-interest in the Gold Heart; and we sat late into the night looking at the nugget, caressing it in turn, and each endeavoring, though with poor success, to persuade the other that

there was no connection between the gold and the Indian. If that were so, we might reasonably expect that the diggings which had produced such a nugget would turn out to be rich. But I doubt if either was much influenced by the arguments of the other, though all his sympathies were with the arguer. Before going to bed we decided to take the treasure into camp next day, and deposit it at the Pioneer bank. Before doing so, however, we had not a little work to finish about the claim, and it was after sundown and the bank was closed when we reached Eagle City.

For the entertainment of the homeless, Eagle City, in those early days, was provided with certain lodging-houses, large tents, which looked like hospital wards, with their row of small canvas cots on either side. We drew our two cots close together, that night, leaving only room for a hand to be thrust down between them, and immediately below this interstice we set the bag containing the Gold Heart. It was within arm's-length of both of us, therefore, and no one else could arrive at it without climbing over one or the other. The key of the bag was in the pocket of the clothes which I wore all night.

We awoke, apparently, almost simultaneously in the morning, and almost simultaneously we reached out to ascertain if the bag were still there. It was safe, and we at once proceeded to dress. Other occupants of the tent were soon astir in the dim, gray light, so it was with some circumspection that we drew the cots apart to reach the bag. I then stooped down, sitting on the edge of my cot, and unlocked the bag without lifting it from the ground. As soon as the jaws opened, Trask thrust his hand in, and I shall never forget the expression of utter blankness and bewilderment that came over his face.

The Gold Heart was gone! There was no doubt of it. The bag, when lifted, was lighter by some three pounds

than it had been the night before, and the nugget was certainly not there. There was nothing to be gained by making an uproar about it. If we had done so, we should have been likely to find ourselves involved in a quarrel with somebody, — the lodging-house keeper or one of his rough tenants, — which would probably not have been settled without the use of revolvers. We had no one to blame but ourselves, no one to suspect. There was no police in Eagle City then, and if the gold had been stolen we were more likely to catch the thief by saying nothing than if we raised a hue and cry in camp. So we said nothing. But although one or both of us stayed in camp for two weeks afterwards, not the smallest clue did we discover to lead us to the thief, — if thief there had been.

It was in the middle of August that I found and lost the Gold Heart. It was late in September when Trask and a certain Charles Chapman and I started up Eagle Creek on a hunting trip, carrying our blankets, provisions, and cooking utensils on our backs. The second night, we camped at a place some thirty-five miles above our claim, — forty, perhaps, from Eagle City, — where the gulch was wide enough to leave a hundred feet or so of level ground between the right bank of the stream and the steep pine-clad mountain-side. Before turning in for the night, Chapman and I made an excursion of a few hundred yards into the woods up stream, and there prepared a "salt lick" for deer. In the morning, at daybreak, we visited the lick, but found no game nor any sign that the bait had been visited. We spent the day idling in camp, and catching a few of the small mountain trout with which the stream was meagrely supplied. At sundown we once more started out to visit the lick.

Among the mountains and under the shadow of the dense growth of pines and

tamaracks and cedars, it grows rapidly dark, and as we made our way cautiously through the brush the outlines of objects about us became more indistinct each moment. We were still some distance from the lick, when a rustling in the brush ahead made us both stop suddenly and look to our rifles. Again the leaves rustled, and the branches of a bush scarcely twenty paces from us shook visibly. Then I caught a glimpse of a dark body moving through the foliage.

"Bear!" I whispered, straining my eyes to get such a sight as would justify a shot. Chapman, however, had apparently a better view than I, for he slowly raised his Winchester to his shoulder, while I was still craning my neck in vain endeavors to arrive at some idea of how the quarry stood. Once, after raising his rifle to his shoulder, Chapman lowered it, as if in uncertainty. Then he raised it again, aimed deliberately, and fired. There was a sudden swaying of branches, the crash of a heavy body falling, and, simultaneously, a cry which made our hearts stop beating. A moment later we were scrambling forward abreast as fast as we could move.

The cry which we had heard came from a human throat. A man was lying at full length among the brush, stone dead: an Indian, — one of the few of whom I spoke as being occasionally seen in camp, — stretched on his back, his right arm bent and the hand resting on his chest, his left arm extended down the slope, the hand and forearm hidden in the brush.

Chapman, who had practiced medicine, stooped and laid his hand on the dead man's heart. But it was unnecessary. We had known that he was dead as soon as we saw him lying there. As Chapman moved the right hand away from the breast to reach the heart, the great wound in the right side was disclosed. When he spoke it was in an undertone: —

"Let us carry him back to camp, and bury him there."

Stooping again, he placed a hand under each of the dead man's arms to raise him, while I lifted his legs. As we lifted him, his left arm came into view, and there, clasped tightly in the fingers, glistened, even in the gathering darkness, the Gold Heart.

And it came to me that this was how the other had lain, — on his back, with his legs out straight, his right arm bent on the breast and his left extended, and the hand clutching the nugget. There was no doubt as to its being the same heart, for there was the small protruding point of quartz, and on the other side some crosswise scratches made by Trask's knife in our cabin before we had lost it.

What had brought the unfortunate Indian to the place where we had met him it was hard to guess. Certainly neither hunting nor prospecting; he was alone and unarmed. Nor could he have been traveling from point to point, for no path or trail leading anywhere lay through the region in which we then were. Nothing but aimless roving could have led him those forty miles into the heart of the mountains. Then, why should an Indian rove unarmed? Nor was it less difficult to conjecture how he had come into possession of the Gold Heart. That he could have stolen it from under our cots seemed impossible; for an Indian would never have attempted nor have been permitted to enter the lodging-house. Besides, the bag had been locked, and was locked when we found it in the morning.

It was utterly baffling. The red man held his secret, and we buried him there by the creek-side, under the overhanging bluff.

Our plans had already been made for leaving the mines immediately on our return from this hunting trip. The killing of the Indian and the recovery of

the Gold Heart cut the expedition somewhat shorter than we had intended that it should be, and we started for camp next day. It was our intention to leave by way of the river, the Cœur d'Alene, of which Eagle Creek is a tributary, — or rather a tributary of another tributary known as Pritchard Creek. In the spring, several lives had been lost, of men endeavoring to float down the treacherous stream in small boats; but in September, in spite of a rainy summer, the river was shrunken from the foaming torrent of the days of melting snow. We had bought in advance a boat large enough to hold us three, which had been brought up stream some weeks before, laden with supplies for the mines; and two days after our return to camp, embarking at the junction of the North Fork and the South Fork of the Cœur d'Alene, we started down stream. We expected to arrive at Lake Cœur d'Alene, into which the river empties, on the third day, and then to row across to the fort, where now Cœur d'Alene city stands. From there alternative stage-coach routes lay to Spokane Falls and to Rathdrum, Idaho.

Though the river had dwindled to small proportions compared with its volume in the spring floods, we found its navigation still perilous enough. Sometimes for miles the current flowed smoothly through a broad channel between level banks, every pebble standing out clearly from the gravel bottom. Sometimes the channel narrowed, and the banks rose to steep hill-slopes on either hand. Through these gorges the stream poured in a noisy torrent, swirling into eddies over deep pools, and breaking in sudden foam against the heads of jagged rocks which thrust themselves up from the bottom to the surface, or, more dangerously, to within a few inches of the top of the water. At these times we took our station, each in his turn, in the very point of the narrow bows, and with an iron-shod

boat-hook kept the boat from the rocks as we rushed past them. It was keenly exciting, and we understood why so many men had perished in the attempt to float down to the lake. While one was thus warding the boat from the rocks, a second handled a pair of oars, to steer with rather than to row, for the speed of the current alone carried us at times all too fast. The third member of the party, meanwhile, took his ease, lounging in the stern.

It was a fascinating voyage. On either side filed the endless procession of pines and cedars, with the dark hillslopes behind flecked and streaked with mist. From the woods came the constant tapping of woodpeckers and the monotonous cry of the myrtle robin. At almost every bend in the river, an osprey floated screaming from its watchtower on a pine top, and the kingfishers glided silently from the broken limbs or haunts of rock where they had sat so patiently. Now and then a flight of black and white wood-duck rose splashing from the water and circled away over the trees, while the dotterel went flitting and fluttering along the water's edge.

We had fishing tackle with us, and in one of my turns of idleness I began lazily to cast for trout. After a few casts I saw a promising pool a short distance ahead, and, half rising in the boat, prepared to make a throw at it in passing. As we approached, it looked more and more promising. There could not fail to be a fish in that, I thought. Nor was I mistaken. Hardly had my fly touched the eddying water when a magnificent fish rose to it. But, as is the exasperating way with the finest fish, it either missed its aim or changed its mind at the last moment, and dropped into the stream again, leaving the fly floating on the surface. Immediately below the pool a point of rock thrust itself above the water. I had seen it, and ought to have been prepared to avoid

it; but in the excitement of missing my fish I suffered the fly to remain lying on the surface till it was swirled against the rock. In an instant the line was drawn taut. By some mischance the reel failed to do its duty. In a sudden effort to disengage the line I leaned over the boat's side, and we were all struggling in the water.

Fortunately it was not deep, — barely above our waists. Trask, with the boat-hook in his hand, had caught the boat before it drifted out of reach. But it must have turned completely over in the water, and righted again on the other side. There was not an article of all our belongings — camp utensils, provisions, rifles, clothes, or fishing tackle — left inside. And, with the other things, the bag containing the Gold Heart was gone.

The water was so transparent, however, that we soon found we could see our properties as they lay scattered on the river's bottom. Undressing and hanging our clothes on the trees to dry, we waded out into the stream again, and commenced the work of salvage. One by one we found our several effects, — rifles and saucepans and axes, clothes and boots, even knives and spoons and flasks, — everything except the bag with the Gold Heart.

All the next day we spent in searching, and there was not a foot of the river bottom for a distance of more than a hundred yards which we did not pass over many times. While engaged in the hunt we were joined by a party of French Canadians, who, inheriting the instincts and skill of their old *voyageur* ancestors, had been engaged all the summer in carrying goods to the mines in a light "dug-out" *bateau*, which made the perilous trip down the stream easily enough in two days and a half, but which it took a week of hard poling and rowing and "carrying over" to force up, loaded with freight, from the fort to the mines. This party came laboriously up

stream as we stood in the water looking for the missing bag. The situation having been explained to them, they joined us in the search. But it was fruitless. Next morning we separated, — the Canadians resuming their toilsome progress up stream, and our party continuing its more rapid journey to the lake.

So for the second time the Gold Heart was lost.

I spent the greater part of the winter that followed on Puget Sound. I was in Portland, Oregon, at the time of the election of President Cleveland, going thence to Tacoma, where I passed Christmas and New Year's Day. Late in January I came east as far as Spokane Falls, and after a stay there of ten days, or so, started again early in February for New York, intending to break my journey at Minneapolis.

It was to the train on which I was traveling that there occurred the only bad accident which has befallen the Northern Pacific Railroad. Just east of the town of Glendive, in Montana, the track, after running for a distance of some rods along the top of an embankment, crosses a narrow gully on a trestle bridge. An early thaw had loosened the road-bed, and a land-slide had carried away two rails on the south side with it. It was late at night when the crash came, and I was asleep. Of the whole train, the sleeping-car alone was not overturned, so that it was not for some minutes — until I had dressed and made my way out of the car — that I learned that there had been a serious accident. The engine had left the track just before reaching the trestle, and had plunged headlong into the ravine, followed by the baggage-car and one other. Two day coaches and the dining-car had rolled off the embankment just before reaching the trestle, and were lying on their sides below. The sleeping-car, though it had left the

rail, stood upright by itself upon the ties. In all eight lives were lost, four of the dead being employees of the company. Of the other four, three were killed in the wreck; and the manner of the death of the fourth will probably recall the accident to the minds of readers.

As I jumped from the platform of the sleeper, the flames were just breaking out from one of the overturned coaches, which had caught fire, presumably from a stove. Fortunately, the passengers had been extricated, so that the flames could at least do no damage to life. Approaching the burning coach, I saw a knot of people gathered about the next car. As I clambered towards them along the side of the embankment, that strange solemnity about their attitudes and movements told me that they were in the presence of death.

Edging through the by-standers, I came to where two persons lay, — a woman and her child, clasped in each other's arms, pinned down by the heavy timbers, so that it might take an hour to extricate them, — dead. Even in the red light of the flames of the burning car, their faces looked strangely, piteously white, as they lay upturned to the sky. Close beside them kneeled, motionless, a man, whom I conjectured to be the woman's husband. For some minutes he remained kneeling, with bowed head, when without a word he rose and walked slowly and mechanically away. Hidden for a space in shadow, he emerged again into the light, and, too quickly for any hope of interference, I saw it done. He raised his hand, placed a pistol to the side of his head, and fired. It was done decidedly and without a moment's hesitation. Almost before he had fallen half a dozen men besides myself were at his side; but he was too far gone to speak, and died a few minutes afterward where we had laid him, with his head resting against his child's face, and his hand clasping the hand of his dead wife.

By a curious coincidence, not only was I the only person who saw Schultz kill himself, but I was the first to find the body of the last of the eight who were killed. He was lying on the upper side of the same car, almost hidden beneath the timbers which crushed him against the side of the embankment. At my call the others came scrambling up to where I stood, and between us we lifted the heavy beams which lay across him. He also was already dead. We first uncovered his head and breast, on which his right hand lay doubled. Another timber was moved, and exposed his body to the waist and the left arm, which lay outstretched at right angles to the body. Once more, gleaming now in the red light of the flames, I saw, clenched in dead fingers, the Gold Heart.

The man was never identified, and I know no more how the nugget passed from the bottom of the Cœur d'Alene River to his hand than I know how it made its way from my bag to the Indian whom Chapman killed on the mountain-side.

The Heart, with the other properties saved from the wreck, of course passed into the custody of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Arriving in Minneapolis, I put in a formal claim to the nugget as being my property, less from any expectation of recovering it than from a hope of learning something of the dead man and of how it came into his possession. The correspondence with the company is before me as I write this. The first letter, dated "St. Paul, Minn., February 16, 1885," simply informs me that mine "of the 13th inst. is at hand, and will receive prompt consideration in company with the other claims growing out of the accident to this company's train at Glendive, Mont., on the 7th of this month." This is signed by the general claim agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. There was an interval of two weeks before he wrote again, and I remember

that this letter reached me at Willard's Hotel, in Washington, whither I had gone to see the ceremonies of the inauguration. This second letter is dated "March 2, 1885," and notifies me curtly that "we are informed by counsel that you have no claim to the Gold Heart, for the handing over of which you make demand in yours of the 13th inst. (already replied to). Under these circumstances we must respectfully decline to entertain any application from you in regard to it. We would add, moreover, that other disposition has already been made of the property in question."

Wondering what this "other disposition" could be, I wrote again on the 7th of March, and in reply received the following letter:—

Northern Pacific R. R. Co.,
General Claim Agent's Office.

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 10, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—Replying to yours of the 7th, would say that, as you have already been advised, this company does not recognize that you have any claim to the Gold Heart which was among the properties saved from the wreck on our line on the 7th ult.

The circumstances connected with the Heart, however, as stated in your letters to this company, and as I gather from other sources, are so curious that I am inclined to give you the explanation which you ask for as to the disposition which has been made of the same. If you will refer to mine of the 2d, you will find that you are in error in quoting me as saying that this company has made any disposition of the nugget. I wrote you that "other disposition" had been made of it.

Briefly, the Heart simply disappeared. After being recovered from the accident it was turned over to the custody of the company's agent at Glendive, and on the 11th ult. was forwarded by him to this office. Our agent at Glendive, I may say, is a gentleman of whose pro-

bity we can entertain no question. As it happens, moreover, this Heart was placed by him in a sealed package, in the presence of more than one witness, and handed to the agent of the Express Company. Inclosed in the same package were certain other articles, namely, a woman's bracelet, a piece of a watch-chain, two pocket-knives, a purse, seven dollars and twenty cents in coin, and two five-dollar bills, — all having been recovered from the same accident.

The package was duly delivered to this office on the 14th of February, with the seal unbroken. All the other articles specified in the invoice were found intact, but the Gold Heart was missing. The package had been in the Express Company's safe, untouched, from Glendive to St. Paul, and it seems impossible that it can have been tampered with in any way. I am entirely at a loss to give any explanation of the occurrence.

In case any valid claim to the property was put in, presumably this company could hold the Express Company responsible for the loss. But, as you are aware, we do not recognize your claim as valid.

I am yours, etc.,

— — —.

On a later visit to St. Paul I made inquiries at the company's office, and saw all the documents pertaining to the case, with the letters of the agent at Glendive and the representatives of the Express Company. Doubtless they are still on file at the same place.

In the summer of the same year business took me again to the Pacific coast, and while in the West I made a series of expeditions, in the saddle, across the various unsettled sections of Washington Territory and Oregon, with Mr. Chapman once more for a companion. It was on one of these expeditions that I had the opportunity of witnessing that,

to me, most interesting of the ceremonies now to be seen among the Northwestern Indians, the annual intertribal pony race of the Yakimas and Umatillas. The race-course was on the prairie, indistinguishable from any other piece of prairie except by the two small stakes driven into the ground, to serve for starting and winning post respectively. The race itself was a short dash of something less than a quarter of a mile.

It was a surprise to us to find ourselves the only white persons present, though by no means a disappointment. But there was Indian companionship in plenty, for the entire membership of both tribes, male and female, infant and adult, was assembled. We arrived late in the afternoon of a still, sultry day; but the race would not take place until after sundown, so we had leisure enough to study the scene and be studied ourselves.

In the background on either hand, standing out from the hot, yellow plain, were the conical, smoke-stained teepees, each with its bunch of poles sticking out of the top like the crossed sticks of a gypsy's tripod. Further off, in all directions, bands of ponies dotted the prairie, — white, and piebald, and "buck-skin," and bay. Among the teepees the squaws sat in groups, chatting, making bead-work, or engaged in camp preparations of various kinds. The bucks were mostly inside their tents, though here and there a party stood talking, or a solitary figure on pony-back moved slowly across the level ground. About the women, rolling on the ground or straying over the prairie, were children, of all ages; and mixed with them, forming a constantly moving background to the whole picture, were the dogs, almost countless in number, long, and gaunt, and hungry, showing in every point and movement the strain of wild coyote blood.

As we rode up to one of the villages

or clumps of teepees, — the camp of the Yakimas, it proved to be, — the whole canine population poured out to greet us, a yelling, snarling, howling pack, reminding me of Carlyle's "universal dog-kennel;" snapping at our ponies' heels, and circling round us just out of reach of our whips. As we approached, the children came to reinforce the dogs, the squaws gathered slowly into larger groups, and one by one the men appeared in the entrances to the teepees. Riding up to one of the bucks, we succeeded, by much improvised gesticulations, eked out with what little we knew of the Indian sign-language, in assuring ourselves that we should not be disappointed in our expectation of seeing the race that evening. Before we had managed to arrive at the information we wanted, the whole tribe had collected round us, while the dogs, which had relapsed or been beaten by the squaws into quietude, slunk away. Appearing as indifferent as we might to the hundred eyes that were upon us, we dismounted, slipped the nooses of our lariats over our ponies' heads, and sat down in the shadow of a teepee to wait for the race, allowing our animals to stray as far as the length of the lariat would permit them, while we held the ends in our hands to guard against any attempt to stampede them. We had nearly two hours to wait for the race. The race itself — the short skurry of two seedy-looking ponies over a few hundred yards of prairie, each with a yellow Indian rider on its back — was not particularly interesting. But there was interest enough in the accompanying ceremonies.

The Indian is a born gambler, and at these races both tribes bet recklessly, so that one lives in poverty and the other in affluence for the next twelve months. The method of betting is delightful in its primitive simplicity. The bucks of both tribes being gathered near the winning-post, an old gray-

haired chief, chosen by common consent, squatted upon his heels, with a long spear driven into the ground beside him. His duty it was to see that the betting was fairly done on either side. As soon as he had taken his station a tall Umatilla buck approached, and threw a Winchester rifle on the ground in front of the old man. It had not lain there ten seconds before a similar rifle, belonging to a Yakima, was by its side. Another Umatilla stepped up and deposited beside the rifles a necklace of elk teeth, to match which a Yakima deposited a large hunting-knife. So rifles were matched with rifles, skins with skins; necklaces, bracelets, and coins were flung down, and offset with other necklaces, bracelets, and coins, or with knives or bears' claws, moccasins, powder-horns, or belts.

The pile grew steadily, till a wagon-load of Indian valuables lay heaped up before the gray-haired judge. It was all done in almost total silence. Occasionally a discontented grunt would show that some bettor was not satisfied with the equivalent of his stake, when a few words from the old man would either silence him, or, as the case might be, make the party of the second part throw down a coin or a ring to piece out the value of his wager. For half an hour, perhaps, we had watched, when suddenly there was a movement of excitement among the stolid bucks. A tall Yakima, whom I had not noticed before, strode out, and, with a magnificent gesture, flung down upon the heap — the Gold Heart!

I could hardly trust my eyes, and scarcely noticed the murmur of grunts which ran through the crowd — grunts of astonishment, of gratification, and of disgust — as the great lump of gold was thrown down. Stepping forward, after handing my lariat to Chapman, I made it understood by gestures that I wished to be permitted to look at the Heart; whereupon he who had staked

it picked it up and gave it to me. There was no doubt of its being the same Gold Heart. On one side the sharp point of crystal stuck out, and on the other, faint but still discernible, were the marks of Trask's knife.

The gruntings and exclamations which had greeted the appearance of the nugget were suddenly silenced as an Umatilla stepped out, and, with a ring of defiance in his voice, made a short speech to the judge and the assembled crowd, at intervals waving his arm in the direction of a large band of ponies which were browsing on the prairie. Some haggling and bargaining followed, ending apparently satisfactorily, for the Umatilla and half a dozen of his companions separated themselves from the crowd, and rode off toward the ponies. Watching, we could see them "cutting out" certain animals from the band. Presently, having collected those that they wanted, they drove them leisurely to where we were standing. We counted the ponies as they were driven up, and there were just forty. They were brought close to the judge for his inspection. He was evidently satisfied, and the forty ponies were left standing huddled together, the stake matched against the Gold Heart.

Then came the race. It was very brief. Reversing the usage of civilization, the riders made a terrible uproar, while the on-lookers gazed in profound silence. The representative of the Umatillas won, in racing parlance, by half a head, and the Indians again clustered round the aged judge, who had not left his place.

Before a word was said, the Umatilla who had wagered the ponies pushed his way through the surrounding bucks, and, striding up to where the Gold Heart lay glittering on the pile of skins and Indian valuables, stooped and picked it up in his left hand. He looked at it a moment, and then exultingly raised it above his head. Suddenly another fig-

ure stepped up to him, the Yakima, with a look of rage upon his face. Flinging his blanket aside, he too raised one arm above his head. There was the flash of a long-bladed knife in the air, and without a groan the victorious Umatilla fell on the ground. Death must have been instantaneous, for he lay absolutely still. At full length he lay, with his legs out straight, his face turned up to the sky, his right arm bent across his breast, his left stretched out at right angles to his body, and the fingers clutched the Gold Heart.

Immediately an indescribable clamor arose, and Chapman and I, already in the saddle, disengaged ourselves from the throng as quickly as we could. In accordance, presumably, with established custom, all appeared to be unarmed, and while the babel of tongues was deafening, there was no sign of what we had expected to see, a hand-to-hand, rough-and-tumble fight. But gradually the clump of men began to disintegrate, and, in two bodies, the members of the respective tribes hurried off in the direction of their several villages, the Umatillas taking with them the dead man and the heap of plunder won on the betting.

Chapman and I, fearing serious trouble, turned our horses' heads for the Agency, twenty miles away. It was a long ride, and must have been hard on the animals we rode, but by ten o'clock we had reached the Agency,—"Joris and I."

Hurriedly telling the agent what had happened, we pushed on to the fort, two miles distant, leaving him to follow. Colonel Grace, a grizzled, soldier-like man, heard our story, and gave his orders without waste of time. Before eleven o'clock he had started for the race-course at the head of a company of cavalry. It was nearly noon when the party returned, bringing with them an Indian whom we recognized at once as the Yakima murderer. The affair

had ended peaceably enough. The Indian nowadays — with the exception possibly of one or two tribes — is not a precipitate fighter. If the soldiers had not arrived, bloodshed would probably have followed, but both tribes seemed glad enough of the excuse of foregoing hostilities. The murderer, who, it appeared, was a turbulent fellow and little liked, had been surrendered willingly, to be dealt with by the white man's laws; and the two tribes, instead of fostering a feud, had sensibly concluded to unite in a grand funeral celebration in honor of the dead man, whose relatives had been appeased with presents of ponies from the Yakima bands.

"And by the bye," said the colonel, who had told us all this as we sat at

luncheon in his quarters, "when did you last see the Heart?" glancing alternately at Chapman and me.

"In his hand," I said, — "the dead man's hand, as he lay outstretched on the ground."

"They think you stole it," he remarked quietly.

"Who? I?"

"One of you."

"Why, has it disappeared again?"

"Not 'again' that I know of," said Colonel Grace, "for I had not heard of its doing so before. But they claim that it has disappeared now. No one could be found who saw it after the dead man fell."

But we had not stolen it. Nor have I heard of or seen it since.

Harry P. Robinson.

PHRYNE'S TEST.

PHRYNE.

FULL leave to choose the statue that I will
From out the throng that fills thy sculptured hall,
And make it mine? Ran not thy promise thus?

PRAXITELES.

Yea, thus. And yet, methinks my slow consent
Was won unfairly, with thy delicate cates,
Thy fruits from Lemnos, and the witching wines,
With which thou haply cozenedst overmuch
In the cool atrium. But I keep my word.
If I have captured from thy breathing form
Of most incarnate beauty, that which makes
My marbles live, I do but give thee back
Thy graces, turned, like Niobe, to stone,
By stress of love, not grief. Yea, thou shalt choose.
There's Hebe. Well thou knowest how Athens raves
Over the curvings of her willowy grace;
Or Pallas, with divinity's white flame
Within her lambent eyes. If other yet
Thy choice should be, behold that Naiad there,
Shaking the pearl-drops from her dripping limbs;
Or glad Aurora, with the orient light
Full in her face.

PHRYNE.

But which were best to choose?
Thy promise holds that I should have the best;
And I am not so deftly skilled in art
As wholly to be certain which *is* best.
O master, double thy rich gift, and make
The choice thine own!

PRAXITELES.

Say'st so? Take Hebe, then.
I never wrought in pure Pentelican
Aught perfecter than those raised arms that lift
The chalice up, — unless it were that knee,
In its bare, dimpled roundness.

PHRYNE.

Nay, methinks,
Amid thy group of radiant goddesses,
Hebe is not the fairest one. Her robe
Conceals too much the orb'd bosom, hides
The matchless shoulder.

PRAXITELES.

See, then, Clytie stands
With but the peplos caught about her waist,
If that's thy whim. Or mild Persephone,
Just back from Hades, pleads, "Make *me* thy choice."

PHRYNE.

Nay, she is sad. The goddess of my dreams
Must wear no wistfulness upon her face,
But be as fresh as dawn. Persephone's
Shows morning twilight. Choose Demeter? Nay,
She hath not youth enough, and her grave brow
Hints overmuch of motherhood and care.
Confess, now, once for all, Praxiteles,
Thou holdest Aphrodité, with the foam
Wet on her lip, the most divine of all.

PRAXITELES.

One always deems one's last creation best.
Demeter is my last. Thou hast my word.

PHRYNE.

And so Demeter is thy very best,
Because thy latest? Judgeth Athens thus?
The Archons that from Cnidos came to choose
A statue for their temple, — saw they not
Demeter? Yet, unsought, they pass her by.

I know thou ratest Hermes, as he holds
 The grapes beyond the child's so eager reach,
 Among thy works the foremost. Shall I choose
 Hermes to fill the niche that empty waits?
 Not so. A god would overburden, oft,
 My most unspiritual fancy. And, withal,
 He girds his chlamys with too strained a fold
 Across his breast. A goddess it shall be,
 Whose calm, white presence shall have comfort in it, —
 Goddess, yet woman still.

Enter a slave.

Ill news, my master!
 Amid the sculptures fire hath broken out.
 Which marble shall we save? We cannot all.
 Which rescue first?

PRAXITELES.

Haste! haste! by all the gods!
 Snatch Aphrodité from her pedestal,
 Without a moment's waste! Where's Clisthenes,
 Gulippos, and the rest? Base slaves to let
 Such mischief hap!

PHRYNE (*soothingly*).

Nay, nay, content thyself!
 Thine Aphrodité is as safe as when
 The foam first brake to let the goddess through.
 Forgive! I did but mock thee with a trick.
 See! Here is Creon, with thy snow-cooled cup
 Of Thasian wine. Enough. I have thy choice.

Margaret J. Preston.

JAMES WILSON.

FEW men of equal character, ability, and accomplishment have received less appreciation and gratitude from their countrymen than has James Wilson. In the words of a distinguished foreign critic, he was "one of the luminaries of the time, to whom . . . subsequent generations of Americans have failed to do full justice." He has had no pains-taking biographer; his utterances have had no adequate collaborator. Yet his words are replete with wisdom, and his

career has a great and enduring interest. The moral and intellectual qualities that distinguished him from his contemporaries and contributed most to his influence are largely traceable to the circumstances of his early life. He was born upon a farm, near St. Andrew's, Scotland. Being early designed for the Church, he received the thorough education demanded for the Scottish pulpit of that age. And what an age was that in the history of Scotland, — the

latter part of the eighteenth century! Edinburgh was the resort of that celebrated literary coterie which included, with others, Hume, Ferguson, Adam Smith, Hugh Blair, and William Robertson. The one last named was Principal of the University, and at the height of his fame and activity as a theologian and historian; Blair, as *Regius Professor of Rhetoric*, was delivering those lectures which embody the literary taste found in the classic pages of Addison, Pope, and Swift; and Adam Smith, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, was developing his great system of political economy.

It was in this brilliant period of Scottish literature that James Wilson received his academic discipline. He attended first the neighboring University of St. Andrew's, and then the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. From this experience he came forth, at the age of twenty-two, with a mind well stored and trained, especially in the classics, and in logic, rhetoric, and history. That the development of his character had kept pace with that of his mind is evident from the way in which he determined his future. He showed much independence and courage. Notwithstanding the exalted influence of the Scotch pulpit and the purpose of his education, he declined to enter the ministry. He seems also not to have been attracted by the brilliant rewards of appreciation and distinction enjoyed by the Scotch literati. Before taking up any profession, he cut loose from the opportunities and associations of his native land, and determined to cast his lot with the English colonies. In 1765 he emigrated to America,—a timely and generous contribution by Scotland of broad culture and sterling character to the large and urgent needs of the New World.

Once left to themselves, the bent of Wilson's mind and the direction of his education determined the choice of a pro-

fession. He resolved to study law; and, borrowing money for his support, he became a student in the office of John Dickinson. This association was singularly fortunate. It effectively completed the preparation of Wilson for public life; for it gave him the best opportunities for acquiring not only an extensive knowledge of law, but also an intimate acquaintance with colonial politics.

Dickinson was about ten years his elder. He had enjoyed a good legal training, including a three years' course at the Temple, London, and had been in practice since 1755. In 1762 he had entered the Pennsylvania Assembly, and had soon become a leader of the proprietary party, in opposition to the popular party, led by Benjamin Franklin. More recently, in 1765, he had attended the Congress assembled at New York upon the passage of the Stamp Act, and, later, had issued to his constituents his first political pamphlet, urging uncompromising resistance to that measure. He followed this in 1767–68, about the time that Wilson was in his office, with his celebrated *Letters from a Farmer*, which circulated throughout the colonies, and made Dickinson next to Franklin the most prominent man in Pennsylvania.

Of this association Wilson was prepared to take full advantage. In the study of law, besides wide learning and thorough discipline, he displayed great zeal and diligence. In 1767 he was admitted to the bar, and within a few years attained the first rank in his profession. At the same time, those very talents, together with his intimacy with Dickinson, brought him into prominence in politics. He was strongly attached to his adopted country, and was deeply interested in the discussion that agitated the colonies. By the beginning of 1774 this discussion reached a crisis. Neither argument nor persuasion had induced America to submit to taxation by Parliament; and now the British government resolved to compel submis-

sion, if need be, by force of arms. In this emergency the colonies felt the necessity of united deliberation and action. Accordingly, Massachusetts called a colonial congress to meet at Philadelphia the ensuing autumn. Soon afterward, in Pennsylvania, a provincial convention was assembled under the lead of Dickinson, to act upon that call, to consider the common grievances, and to determine the policy of the province. To this convention James Wilson was a delegate; and in its deliberations he exhibited a grasp of the situation and a familiarity with political science that placed him at once among the leading statesmen of the province. So favorably was the convention impressed with his services and his abilities that he was nominated with Dickinson to represent Pennsylvania in the coming congress, and would have been elected a delegate had it not been for a factious opposition.

The knowledge and readiness thus displayed by James Wilson in dealing with the dispute with Great Britain was partly the result of a thorough study of the principles of government in connection with the impending crisis. He now published — in August, 1774 — a paper which he had written several years earlier. It was entitled *Considerations on the Nature and Extent of the Legislative Authority of the British Parliament*; and it had an aspect and presented conclusions that gave it a peculiar position in that age of political pamphlets.

Up to this time the only question openly in dispute between England and America was, May Parliament tax the colonies? By most of the colonists, except such as were influenced by the British ministry or Board of Trade, it was asserted that America, not being represented in Parliament, could not lawfully or justly be taxed by that body. This position was taken also by the elder Pitt in Parliament. "This kingdom," he declared, "has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. . . . Taxes are the

voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone." Burke, while admitting the right, denied the expediency of taxing the colonies. But the majority in Parliament and the ministry affirmed both the right and the expediency. Moreover, it was within their policy — though not yet fully developed nor openly avowed — that Parliament might and should legislate for the colonies, not merely upon the subject of taxation, but upon all other subjects whatever. Even Pitt, excepting only taxation, asserted "the authority of this kingdom over the colonies to be sovereign and supreme in every circumstance of government and legislation;" and Burke, from his theory of the English Constitution, was unable to dispute this vicious and unwarranted exercise of parliamentary power. Thus the drift of English colonial policy toward absolutism received no effective check among English statesmen.

In the colonies the patriots generally were willing to submit to the legislative authority of Parliament with respect to most subjects. It was only to the right and the policy of taxation that their opposition was unanimous. This prevailing opinion was shared also by Wilson, at first. He began his inquiry, he says, "with a view and expectation of being able to trace some constitutional line between those cases in which we ought and those in which we ought not to acknowledge the power of Parliament over us." At its close he became convinced that the legislative authority of the English Parliament over the colonies must be denied in every instance.

In this position James Wilson stood forth in opposition to English statesmen and in advance of colonial leaders. The first squarely to antagonize the arbitrary tendency of English politics in its most aggressive form, he became the foremost champion of the liberties of Englishmen everywhere. Aware of the significance and the isolation of his position, he made sure that it was

founded on the English Constitution and supported by political maxims and English history. His argument is as simple as it is conclusive: "The colonists are entitled to all the privileges of Britons," the English law being the birthright of every English subject, wherever he may be. One such privilege and a maxim of the English law is that freemen may not be governed without the consent of their representatives; and since the colonists are not actually represented in Parliament, they are not subject to its legislative authority. He then states the constitutional relation of Great Britain to the colonies, appealing to the tenor of their charters and to the circumstances of their settlement. He shows that at the time of the earliest settlements the dependence of the colonies on the mother country was understood both by the planters themselves and by the most eminent lawyers, including Lord Bacon, to denote "the obedience and loyalty which the colonists owe to the kings of Great Britain." In short, he held that the Americans were in no wise dependent on Parliament, but were subject only to the Crown.

This view of the proper relation between the parts of the British Empire was reached by James Wilson when less than thirty years of age. Yet it displays an originality, a penetration, a grasp, and a foresight that place him among the greatest political thinkers of his time. Rising above the level of contemporary political thought, he laid bare the absolutist tendency in the ministerial policy, showing that it was both false and dangerous to English liberty and to the English Constitution. At the same time, pointing to the history of colonization and the terms of the colonial charters, he showed what policy would both accord with legal precedent and promote the prosperity of the empire.

Could Wilson's view have been made the basis of compromise and conciliation

between England and her colonies, it might have changed the course of subsequent history. At any rate, the Revolution would not have taken place: its causes would have been wanting. But that view was inconsistent with the theory of the old colonial system to which the England of George III. was blindly devoted. According to that theory, a colony was "a mere estate, out of which the mother country is to make a pecuniary profit;" and to this end the unlimited authority of Parliament was essential. Rather than yield one jot of that authority, England preferred to hazard, even to lose, her colonial empire.

Since that time, new colonies have sprung from the parent stock, but how different is their relation to the mother country! Convinced by the logic of events, England has gradually advanced to the position taken by James Wilson in 1774, and has conceded both freedom of trade and independence of Parliament. She has, "once for all, ceased to be a stepmother," as Professor J. R. Seeley expresses it, in his *Expansion of England*. She now finds it possible and expedient to attract the trade of her colonies, not by imposing arbitrary, selfish, and restrictive laws, but by offering superior inducements and by emphasizing common interests. The leading English statesmen and publicists to-day would heartily assent to the opinion of James Wilson, "that all regulations of trade are useless; that the greater part of them are hurtful; and that the stream of commerce never flows with so much beauty and advantage as when it is not diverted from its natural channels." In like manner, that which England denied in 1774 to the thirteen colonies she has conceded in recent years to Canada and Australia, for over these colonies the legislative authority of Parliament does not extend. There exists to-day that connection which Wilson, more than a century ago, advocated as both just and constitutional. As he said,

"the different members of the British Empire are distinct states, independent of each other, but connected together under the same sovereign in right of the same crown."

Under such a connection the American colonies, since their settlement, had enjoyed the privilege of governing themselves, under the supervision and protection of the Crown; and now, this privilege being threatened by parliamentary aggression, they claimed it as their right, guaranteed by their charters and by the English Constitution. Provided this right were acknowledged and respected, they were willing to make almost any concessions for the sake of preserving that relation with England under which they had grown and prospered. Hence they repeatedly petitioned their sovereign for redress of grievances, but in vain. In the fall of 1775 their final petition was rejected. They were declared rebels, and troops were sent for their subjugation. Meanwhile, English soldiers had fired upon New England yeomen at Lexington and Concord. A colonial army had quickly assembled to repel invasion, and Congress, compelled to assume control, had made Washington commander-in-chief. These events, all tending to conflict, destroyed hope of reconciliation. At the same time came the suggestion of independence. In January, 1776, Thomas Paine, developing the thought, stood forth as the people's spokesman. In his famous pamphlet, entitled *Common Sense*, he declared that the time for debate was closed, and arms, the last resort, should decide the contest. The time seemed ripening for a permanent separation.

In the Continental Congress there was much sympathy with this movement, though a difference of opinion as to its maturity. One party, led by Samuel and John Adams, had long meditated independence, and now vehemently urged its declaration. The

other party, led by John Dickinson and James Wilson, with equal earnestness opposed this proposition as premature. That the declaration of independence was inevitable Wilson did not deny; but as it was a final and irrevocable step, he insisted that it be preceded by the plain and unanimous approval of the thirteen colonies. This view finally prevailed. As Jefferson said: "It appearing in the course of the debates that the colonies of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina were not yet matured for falling from the parent stem, but that they were fast advancing to that state, it was thought most prudent to wait awhile for them."

This policy of delay was fully justified by what followed, for unanimity was obtained only with great difficulty. In Pennsylvania especially the opposition was determined and persistent, and the matter was involved in a struggle for supremacy between the old provincial Assembly and the new patriot conference. The instructions of the former were ambiguous in terms and impliedly unfavorable to independence; those of the latter were outspoken in its favor. Thus the delegates from that province were left to obey the one or the other, at their discretion or according to their sympathies; and at this point Wilson drew apart from Dickinson, with whom, first as his legal instructor and then as a political associate, he had long been upon intimate terms. In the final debate upon Lee's resolution for independence Dickinson still led the opposition. Consulting his fears, he appeared to believe that the colonies would certainly be subjugated, and should not, by declaring their independence, cut off hope of clemency. But Wilson had hesitated not from fear, but from caution. During the delay the backward colonies had newly instructed their delegates, and as there was now substantial unanimity, he no longer refused to vote for independence.

It is possible for us to-day to appreciate the wisdom and patriotism of Wilson's course, but at the time this was not so easy. Undoubtedly the success of the Revolution would have been greatly hazarded had there been a lack of unanimity in its formal beginning, the declaration of independence. This danger was avoided first by a firm and temperate resistance to premature action, and finally by a courageous sacrifice of party associations and personal attachments. For several years after this event, Wilson's conduct was misunderstood and his character maligned. During these years he passed through an experience that on the one hand involved some of the most remarkable incidents of the Revolutionary struggle, and on the other severely tested his integrity and abilities.

It is difficult now to understand how much the American colonies suffered from internal misgovernment and partisanship during the Revolutionary era. The separation from the mother country necessitated in many cases the casting aside of the charters and other royal institutions, and the reorganization of government upon a more popular basis. In New England, where society was more stable and homogeneous, this process was accompanied with fewer evils; but in the Middle States the people were not so well prepared to institute and conduct a thorough yet temperate self-government. Hence much disturbance and strife attended the change in their political institutions. In Pennsylvania the transition was complicated by an unusual development and bitterness of parties, to which allusion has already been made. The struggle for power between the proprietary and the popular parties, with John Dickinson and Benjamin Franklin as their respective leaders, had culminated over the question of separation, and the declaration of independence had marked the triumph of the popular party, who advocated that

measure. The friends of independence followed up their advantage in a manner quasi-revolutionary. A convention controlled by them assembled, upon the pretext of framing a constitution for the State; but after choosing Franklin as its president it assumed executive and legislative power in a bold and arbitrary manner, practically deposing the governor and superseding the Assembly. Then, with thorough consistency, it proceeded to reconstruct the political institutions of Pennsylvania from the foundation, with but little regard for the teachings of colonial experience, and the constitution that resulted was suited rather to perpetuate partisan rule than to protect popular liberty; for it gave to a legislature of a single chamber all power of legislation, and to a council of twelve men full authority to guard the public safety and to execute the laws, — providing, however, no checks or balances whatever to prevent hasty or oppressive proceedings. It also violated freedom of conscience — the time-honored policy of Pennsylvania — by requiring in the official oath a peculiar statement of religious belief. As a fitting conclusion of the proceeding, this constitution, though by its terms unalterable for seven years, was not submitted to the people for their approval, but was adopted and put in force by the very convention that framed it.

The history of the American Revolution presents few political episodes so extraordinary as this. In the confusion and distraction of the times, a single party — nay, a party convention, a minute portion of the population — saddled the people with a government both in its origin and in its nature wrongful and mischievous; and that, too, with the approval and guidance of Benjamin Franklin, the most popular and most brilliant man in the State. Surely, this was an ominous step for Pennsylvania in the path of popular government; and it boded ill also for a stable and rational

union among the States. It clearly tended to the destruction, not to the preservation, of republican liberty.

Fortunately, the nature and tendency of the tactics and principles here employed were evident to most of the leading men in the State. From James Wilson they received severe condemnation and determined opposition; and with him sided John Dickinson, Thomas McKean, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Robert Morris, and many others. They took the name of Republicans, pledged themselves not to accept office under this state government, and endeavored by agitation to secure its proper amendment. But Franklin and his party — styling themselves Constitutionalists — were equally determined and vigilant. The latter controlled the government, and used their power against their opponents. James Wilson, from his eminent position and distinguished talents, was among the first to attract their attention. Since May, 1775, he had represented Pennsylvania in the Continental Congress, and had been a useful and influential member. But his services did not avail. In view of his outspoken opposition to the new state government he was superseded in 1777.

Wilson's constant resistance to arbitrary rule and courageous performance of duty did not simply deprive him of office. In one instance they nearly cost him his life. The incident here referred to occurred soon after the evacuation of Philadelphia by Sir Henry Clinton in 1778. The condition of the city at this time illustrated most of the evils of the Revolutionary War. During the British occupation the Tories had been allowed to gratify their animosity and greed. Besides persecuting the Whigs still remaining in the city, they had, in company with British officers, seized or destroyed property to the extent of nearly a million dollars; and the consequent resentment and misery of the Whigs upon regaining possession of their plun-

dered or ruined homes may be imagined more easily than described. To add to the general distress, there was a dearth of food and of other necessities of life. Merchants and shop-keepers generally were loath to exchange their goods for Continental currency that was rapidly depreciating; and some of them may have improved the opportunity of increasing their gains by enhancing prices. At any rate, in addition to and in connection with the chronic strife over the state constitution, much ill-feeling arose between the merchants and shop-keepers on the one side and the citizens in general on the other. The latter, calling a town meeting, appointed a committee to fix prices; and immediately, without the consent of the merchants, an arbitrary schedule was adopted, and penalties for its violation were fixed. This action was of course loudly denounced by the tradesmen and merchants as an invasion of the right of property, a tax on one class for the benefit of another. Such it certainly was; and as such it was opposed also by James Wilson.

Wilson thus became doubly obnoxious to the democracy. Since the British occupation he had practiced law in Philadelphia, and had on several occasions, when retained, defended Tories when they were prosecuted for treason. Recently these prosecutions had increased in number, but not fast enough to satisfy the popular resentment. Hence the militia determined to take more energetic measures. At first they appointed a committee for the purpose of arresting British sympathizers; but later, enlarging their plans, they avowed the intent of punishing not only Tories, but also monopolizers and engrossers, together with the lawyers that had dared to defend the one class and to abet the other. Shortly afterward placards were posted in several parts of the city, denouncing James Wilson, Robert Morris, and others; and on the same day the

militia proceeded to carry out their threats. Led by several bold spirits, including a ship-joiner and a tailor, they set out, some two hundred in number, to find James Wilson. At his house, a large brick building, a company of friends, including Robert Morris, had assembled, armed for common protection. The troop of cavalry that had been summoned at an early hour to keep the peace had just dispersed to their homes for the midday meal, so that no resistance was offered to the rapid advance of the mob. On reaching the house, they found it prepared for defense; but not to be balked of their prey, and maddened by shots from the building, they rushed forward to force an entrance, broke down the door, and attacked the inmates. They would probably have killed them all had not a troop of horse, at this moment, galloped down the street and effected a rescue. As it was, three persons were killed, several were wounded, and the city was thrown into intense excitement, which was allayed only by strenuous exertions of the authorities. At the wish and by the advice of his friends, Wilson withdrew temporarily from the city. General amnesty was declared; and the affair of "Fort Wilson," as it was called, was soon overshadowed by ensuing events.

This outbreak was a natural result of the arbitrary rule, partisan strife, and public distress that afflicted Philadelphia at this period of the Revolution. Through the whole Wilson had pursued a straightforward course. He did not yield his political principles to an unscrupulous majority nor to a maddened populace. His professional duty he performed at all hazards. The value of such a course at the time cannot easily be estimated. In addition to the war with Great Britain, the people of the thirteen colonies were then working out the problem of thorough self-government for a locality, a State; and upon its proper solution depended the fate of

the nation. In Pennsylvania, a large, powerful, central State, the popular party, ignorant, undisciplined, harassed, misguided, early obtained control; and they instituted and conducted government in a manner inconsistent with English precedents and subversive of English liberty. To this tide James Wilson presented unyielding resistance. He checked, if he did not stem, its course.

Valuable as was this early struggle of Wilson in Pennsylvania, it does not constitute his most important work in the evolution of popular government in the United States. This he performed in a larger sphere, — the arena of national politics. Within a few years after the affair of Fort Wilson, the consistency and uprightness of his conduct were appreciated. He was returned to the Continental Congress as a delegate from Pennsylvania, and was retained in that capacity, one year excepted, during the continuance of the confederation. He was thus in Congress during the critical period of American history following the close of the Revolutionary War. He took a leading part, in particular proposing the plan of general taxation adopted in 1783. He witnessed the failure of this and of the other efforts of Congress to meet the obligations and provide for the necessities of the United States; and he soon fixed the cause of those failures in the defects of the Articles of Confederation as a form of union and an instrument of government. When at last a like conviction was brought to the minds of the people by the discipline of general distress and national dishonor, he was among that distinguished company of men chosen in 1787 for their experience and learning in politics to consider the nature of the general government, and to make it adequate to the exigencies of the Union.

The first duty of the Convention of 1787 was to assert the residence of sovereign power in the people of the United

States as an aggregate. The several colonies, founded on the Atlantic seaboard in the seventeenth century, organized under their charters, acknowledged the sovereignty and received the protection of the English Crown. Drawn together at first by a community of allegiance and of blood, then by a rapid assimilation of institutions and sentiments, they were finally united by a common danger: their king, instead of a protector, became an oppressor. Thereupon, the people of the thirteen colonies, through their representatives in Congress assembled, disowned his sovereignty and declared their independence. Thereby exercising sovereign power, they became a nation,—a sovereign people in thirteen States.

This supreme result of the Revolution had not yet been properly formulated. Indeed, it was not generally recognized. In the earliest attempts at union a feeling of unity and fraternity did indeed arise. As James Wilson stated before the Convention: "Among the first sentiments expressed in the first Congress, one was that Virginia is no more, that Massachusetts is no more, that Pennsylvania is no more, etc.: we are now one nation of brethren; we must bury all local interests and distinctions. . . . No sooner were the state governments formed than their jealousy and ambition began to display themselves." Thenceforward it was a widely accepted notion that by the declaration of independence the thirteen colonies had become sovereign and independent, not collectively, but individually. This is that evil principle that so persistently and perniciously afflicted the body politic from 1776 to 1864. Brought into being and nourished by state jealousy, it finally produced as its perfect fruit ultra "state rights," secession, and rebellion. But its earliest important recognition and expression was in the Articles of Confederation. This instrument instituted a general government, resting in and

acting on the States, with powers to be executed through the agency, not of individuals, but of States. In practice, subjected thus to the capricious wills of thirteen distinct communities, that government had proved an utter failure. It broke down largely by reason of the vicious assumption that supreme power in government rested in the States as individual communities.

It was to consider this failure and to provide a remedy that the Constitutional Convention had been called. Among the delegates, the larger, abler party, convinced that the weakness of the existing government was essential, not superficial, determined to discard the Articles of Confederation, and to build anew from the true foundation of popular sovereignty,—the doctrine that supreme power in government rests in the people of the United States as an aggregate. This party may be called the Nationalists, and their most active and influential leaders were James Madison and James Wilson. Their plan contemplated a government really national,—resting in and acting on individuals, not States, and consisting of a supreme legislature, executive, and judiciary, drawn from the people as contrasted with the States.

In promoting their object the Nationalists exhibited much address. According to a preconcerted agreement among the delegates from Virginia and Pennsylvania, a scheme of a national government was brought forward immediately upon the opening of the Convention, and thus the main issue was at once squarely raised. In terms it was as stated by Edmund Randolph, "Whether we shall adhere to the Federal plan or introduce the National plan." But in reality it was a contest between the principles upon which these plans were based,—state supremacy and popular sovereignty; and as such it was frankly acknowledged in the ensuing debate. Luther Martin declared that at the sepa-

ration from Great Britain the people of America were thrown into a state of nature, and preferred the establishment of themselves into thirteen separate sovereignties instead of incorporating themselves into one. To this James Wilson replied: "In the Declaration of Independence the united colonies were declared to be free and independent States; independent not individually, but unitedly." The latter view prevailed. The Convention, by adopting a resolution to establish a national government, made a decision of supreme importance to the future of republican government. For it made the first conspicuous assertion that the United States is a nation, and it established an authoritative precedent for future interpreters and defenders of the Union.

Though securing the formal approval of their plan, the Nationalists were not so fortunate in the reception of its details. The most important of these was the popularization of the legislature, — the election of members of Congress directly by the people, and proportionally to the population. But this measure was also novel and radical. It ignored the state governments, and regarded only the people. Of course such an innovation would greatly reduce the relative influence of the small States in national affairs, and hence it was opposed by their delegates in the Convention. Led by John Dickinson, of Delaware, and Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, they determined, at all hazards, to uphold the prestige and equality of their States. To this end, though in the main favoring a national government, they joined the advocates of the federal plan in demanding that, as under the Confederation, representatives in Congress should be elected by the state legislatures and be apportioned equally among the States. For weeks these two views, equally advocated, but diametrically opposed, divided and distracted the Convention. They blocked its further progress, and

nearly brought it to failure and despair.

In this extremity, the champions of equality among the States shrewdly endeavored, through a show of compromise, substantially to gain their point. They proposed that the Lower House of Congress be constituted according to the nationalist view, and the Senate upon the federal plan, — that Representatives be elected by the people in proportion to population, but Senators by the state legislatures, the same number for each State. But for the Nationalists it was inconsistent to recognize the equality of the States at all, either in the Senate or the Lower House; and it was James Wilson who saw this most clearly and maintained it most forcibly. Possessing an original, ready, and logical mind, he alone followed, without hesitation or deviation, to its complete, consistent development the idea of a government by the people. His reasoning was axiomatic: "As all authority is derived from the people, equal numbers of the people ought to have equal numbers of representatives; . . . the majority, wherever found, ought to rule." His conclusion was equally simple, — that the States, not being equal in population, should not have an equal influence in either branch of Congress. Similarly, the people, being the source of power, should be represented through delegates chosen by themselves, not by the state legislatures. "Representation ought to be the exact transcript of society. . . . The general government is not an assembly of States, but of individuals, for certain political purposes; it is not meant for the States, but for the individuals comprising them: the individuals, therefore, not the States, ought to be represented in it." These conclusions he deemed essential to a government truly national. With intense feeling and prophetic insight he exclaimed: "We are laying the foundation of a building in which millions are interested, and which is to last

for ages. In laying one stone amiss we may injure the superstructure; and what will be the consequence if the cornerstone should be loosely placed!"

In this crisis of the debate, Wilson did not receive the firm and united support of his party. Madison, hitherto his most effective ally, was now over-cautious and undecided. He expressed the opinion that, in regard to the Senate, the popular election might well be "refined by successive filtrations;" and he was willing that, in apportioning Senators, the slaves should be counted in the population. Some of the Nationalists went so far as to welcome the compromise. Unable wholly to free themselves from state prejudices and attachments, they had become convinced by the reiterated assertion of the opposition that the thorough development of the national idea would degrade and belittle the state governments, and hence be obnoxious to the people. It was in vain that Wilson and Madison declared that the adoption of proportional representation would not affect the proper powers and influence of the States, and, being founded in justice, must be acceptable to the people. They were overruled, and the compromise was accepted. As a result, the constitution of the Senate of the United States is to-day an anomaly in representative government.

Nevertheless, anomalous as it was, it conciliated the delegates from the small States, and secured their support in the further application of the national principle. Henceforth the Convention was impeded not so much by contention as by inexperience. This was the case particularly in constituting the national executive. Should there be a single president or an executive board, and what should be the method of selection? As Bancroft points out, "Federal government in Greece, in Switzerland, and in Holland, like the confederation of the United States, had been without a separate executive branch; and the elec-

tive monarchies of Poland, of the Papal States, and of Germany offered no available precedents."

In dealing with this subject the genius of James Wilson was again evident. First and last he advocated the unity and popular election of the national executive. Though inferior to none in a knowledge of foreign politics and history, he recalled attention to the experience of the States: every one of the thirteen had a single executive. Then reminding the Convention of its primary design, the establishment of government by the people, he urged that the executive be made first of all "the man of the people." To this end he deemed a popular election essential, but, with a view to protect it from intrigue and corruption, suggested the medium of electors chosen by the people.

Though the Convention soon adopted Wilson's idea of a single executive, it did not at first approve his expedient of an electoral college. Over this question — the method of electing the President — the statesmen of 1787 suffered much perplexity, and fell into "an anarchy of opinion." After all, they were brought to accept the mode proposed by Wilson in the beginning, — election by the people through the medium of electors. This result, he believed, partly offset his defeat in the plan he advocated for the constitution of the Senate. For, as he afterward said, "the true principle of representation is carried into the House of Representatives and into the choice of the President; and without the assistance of the one or the other the Senate is inactive, and can do neither good nor evil."

In the constitution of the judiciary the Nationalists experienced much less difficulty. Here too Wilson's mind predominated. His suggestion that the judges be appointed by the President was preferred to Madison's, that they be chosen by the Senate. Wilson was acknowledged to be the "best read law-

yer" in the Convention; and he was placed with Rutledge, Randolph, and Ellsworth upon the important committee of detail. The report of this committee outlining the judiciary system was adopted, essentially unchanged, by the Convention.

It has been seen that in the constitution of the three great departments of the government of the United States, — Congress, the Presidency, and the Judiciary, — in the main the plan of the Nationalists was executed. Thus at last the sovereignty of the people was asserted against the supremacy of the States, and the fabric of republican liberty was fixed upon a sure foundation. Englishmen, though in exile, had maintained their capacity for government.

It is not possible here to expatiate upon the services of James Wilson in this great work. Enough has been said to show that they were unique. No one of his associates was so well constituted for usefulness. It is true that Hamilton shared with Wilson the advantage of foreign birth, whereby they were able to regard these momentous problems in politics with minds comparatively free from state prejudice and local jealousy. But in the case of the former this advantage was qualified by a lack of sympathy with local institutions, and by an outspoken prejudice against republican government. He was therefore deemed an unsafe leader. As Lansing expressed it, Hamilton "was praised by everybody, but supported by none." Madison, like Wilson, had a deep faith in a general government based on the people, and together they were the chief agents in its realization. But by Wilson the idea was more clearly and thoroughly conceived, more readily and consistently developed. With at least equal learning and experience, Wilson was the more fervid, more eloquent advocate. Bancroft calls Wilson "the most learned civilian," and Madison "the most careful statesman," of the Convention.

Hence it was that Wilson had such a commanding position among his associates. He arrested their attention by his originality, readiness, and learning, and compelled their assent by his logic and eloquence. More than all, he impressed them with his breadth of view and elevation of spirit. "In forming the general government," he declared, "we must forget our local habits and attachments, lay aside our state connections, and act for the general good of the whole. . . . When I consider the amazing extent of country, the immense population which is to fill it, the influence which the government we are to form will have, not only on the present generation of our people and their multiplied posterity, but on the whole globe, I am lost in the magnitude of the object."

The part taken by James Wilson in the Convention of 1787 was not his final service in behalf of the Constitution of the United States. That was his timely and decisive influence in securing its ratification by Pennsylvania, — a work the more valuable because it involved a final and victorious struggle against error and misrule in local politics. The character of the state government, the circumstances of its origin, together with the party strife to which they gave rise, have already been described. This strife now revived with even greater bitterness and intensity over the question of ratifying the Constitution of the United States. The government framed for the nation was in many respects directly opposite to that existing in Pennsylvania, and the ratification of the former would inevitably lead to the amendment or downfall of the latter; hence it was resisted to the utmost by those of the patriot party who upheld the existing system.

But the advocates of ratification — the Federalists — were confident and aggressive. Within twenty-four hours after the Constitution was submitted by

Congress, they caused a convention to be called for its consideration, and thus precipitated a discussion which for warmth and virulence had scarcely been equaled in American history. The chief medium was the newspapers. In the *Independent Gazetteer*, or *Chronicle of Freedom*, attacks upon the Constitution appeared in rapid succession, — observations by Philadelphiensis, the celebrated letters by Centinel, and squibs by Columbus, Gouverneur, Tom Peep, Bye-Stander, Tar-and-Feathers, etc.; while in the *Pennsylvania Packet* and other papers these attacks were answered over names equally striking, including Plain Truth, Conciliator, and the New Roof.

In this campaign James Wilson was one of the chief actors. Some of the more able and temperate letters were attributed to his pen; and he was selected as the champion of the Federalists publicly to present their views. Accordingly, in a speech at the State House, Philadelphia, he examined and refuted the objections to the Constitution, and explained and elucidated many of its principles and provisions. Though frankly confessing that in some respects he would have had it different, he asserted that on the whole "it is the best form of government which has ever been offered to the world."

According to Bancroft, "this speech was promptly reprinted in New York as a reply to the insinuations of Lee, and through the agency of Washington it was republished in Richmond." Its effectiveness in Pennsylvania was shown by the means used to break its force. When argument had been vainly exhausted, resort was had to vituperation. Wilson was called a haughty aristocrat and nicknamed James the Caledonian, while the Constitutional Convention itself was described as the Dark Conclave.

The use of such methods disclosed the weakness of the opposition, — a fact that became quite evident upon the assembling of the state convention. Among

the delegates, the Federalists outnumbered their opponents nearly two to one. Nevertheless, as this was the first state convention to consider the Constitution, they deemed it proper to permit a fair, open, and candid discussion. Accordingly, for three weeks the Anti-Federalists were allowed to present every objection that ingenuity could devise or exasperation suggest.

Among the Federalist delegates, James Wilson alone had assisted in framing the Constitution: hence upon him, ably seconded by Dr. Benjamin Rush and Chief Justice McKean, fell the burden of its defense; and this opportunity he made in many respects the greatest occasion of his life. First examining and refuting every objection, however weak or petty, he would rise to the situation and the subject. With great dignity and eloquence he described the difficulties under which the framers had labored, the spirit with which they had been inspired, the purposes which they had kept in view, and the results which they had accomplished. Taking up the Constitution itself, he not only explained its provisions in detail, but also traced its underlying principles and broad features, — and that with a reach of view comprehending the history and politics of foreign nations as well as the hopes and possibilities for the United States. James Wilson's speeches before the Pennsylvania convention should be ranked with the letters of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay in *The Federalist* as political classics and commentaries on the Constitution. Professor James Bryce, in his recent book, *The American Commonwealth*, expresses the opinion that the speeches of Wilson "in the Pennsylvania ratifying convention, as well as in the great Convention of 1787, display an amplitude and profundity of view in matters of constitutional theory which place him in the front rank of political thinkers of his age."

At the outset and repeatedly in the

debate, it again became necessary to confute the heresy of state sovereignty. "I am astonished," Wilson exclaimed, "to hear the ill-founded doctrine that States alone ought to be represented in the federal government; these must possess sovereign authority, forsooth, and the people be forgot! No: let us *re-ascend* to first principles. . . . The people of the United States are now in the possession and exercise of their original rights, and while this doctrine is known and operates we shall have a cure for every disease." This, indeed, was the guiding and inspiring force in Wilson's political career,—faith in the people. "Oft have I marked," he says, "with silent pleasure and admiration the force and prevalence through the United States of the principle that the supreme power resides in the people, and that they never part with it. . . . The streams of power run in different directions, but they all originally flow from one abundant fountain. In this Constitution all authority is derived from the people." Of the method by which the people rule, representation, he says: "The principle of representation, unknown to the ancients, is confined to a narrow corner of the British Constitution. For the American States were reserved the glory and happiness of diffusing this vital principle throughout the constituent parts of government."

With such a leader the Federalists carried all before them. Sure of ratification, they brought the debate toward a close; and Wilson, in a final appeal, looking far into the future, made a prediction as eloquent in language as it has been remarkable for its fulfillment. It was a fitting climax to his defense of the Constitution. "By adopting this system, we shall probably lay a foundation for erecting temples of liberty in every part of the earth. It has been thought by many that on the success of the struggle America has made for freedom will depend the exertions of the brave and

enlightened of other nations. The advantages resulting from this system will not be confined to the United States; it will draw from Europe many worthy characters, who pant for the enjoyment of freedom. It will induce princes, in order to preserve their subjects, to restore to them a portion of that liberty of which they have for so many ages been deprived. It will be subservient to the great designs of Providence, with regard to this globe, in the multiplication of mankind, their improvement in knowledge, and their advancement in happiness."

The ratification of the Constitution by Pennsylvania had a twofold effect, national and local. Though in the midst of the strongest Anti-Federalist activity, it was the first large State to accept the new government. A wave of sentiment in its favor was thus started, which swept on, increasing, over the whole seaboard. Equally great and beneficial was the effect in improving the political system of Pennsylvania. The recent debate had enlightened the people concerning the defectiveness of their government, and public sentiment soon compelled its thorough revision. In the state convention called for this purpose, Wilson was upon the committee charged with preparing a new constitution, and himself performed the task of drawing the instrument. Radical changes were made: the supreme executive council was abolished, a senate was created, and the office of president was superseded by that of governor. In all important respects the new government was made to conform to the system lately adopted for the United States.

This establishment of order and good government in his adopted State was the final triumph of Wilson's political career. He could now say to his fellow-citizens of the State and of the nation: "I am happy in the expectation of seeing accomplished what has been long my ardent wish,—that you will hereafter

have a *salutary permanency in magistracy and stability in the laws.*" Indeed, this is the most prominent fact in his life, — a great and beneficent pur-

pose, early conceived, steadfastly pursued, and ultimately accomplished. That purpose was the establishment of republican liberty in the United States.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XVI.

ONE evening, several weeks after her son's escape, Madam Van Cortlandt received a visit. Going into the parlor, she found there a small woman, closely veiled.

"I am Gertrud Van Cortlandt."

The stranger saluted with a deep reverence.

"What is your business?" inquired madam bluntly.

"It is only for your own ears."

"There is no other here," said the lady of the house, standing erect before her visitor, with no very hospitable aspect.

"You are the mother of the tall junker?"

"And if I be?"

"He is driven from home by" — looking around with an air of caution — "yonder ruffian."

"So is his father, so are his friends, and to-morrow it may be my own turn," burst forth madam bitterly.

"I hear it all, — I see it all. 'T is a great wickedness."

"You know more of me than I of you," said madam, not without a touch of suspicion.

"Look, now!" exclaimed the stranger, throwing off her veil.

"The wife of Dr. Staats?"

"Yes."

"Your husband is in league with those yonder."

"Yes. The madness seized upon him. He would not heed me. He is drawn

on by that babbler. They go to their ruin. But," with an impatient gesture, "we will not talk of them; 'tis the junker."

"And what of him?"

"He is in danger," lowering her voice, and laying her hand on the mother's arm.

"How know you that?" asked the lady of the house, drawing back with increased distrust.

"I know it; 'tis enough. I have not time to talk. I must not be missed at home. The junker saved my life."

"I never heard of it."

"No, he makes no account of it, but I keep it always here," tapping her forehead, "and it is a good time now to remember."

"So?" exclaimed madam guardedly, her eyes darkening with interest.

"They hunt for him. They hunt for them all, — this way, that way, days, nights, always."

"What then?"

"There comes to-day a — a" — halting for a word — "a noise that they are near."

"Ahem!" Some recreant muscle gives way, and a tell-tale flush creeps slowly over the listener's face.

"Hereabouts?"

"I cannot say."

"No, no," nodded the begum, as approving the caution, "you know nothing, but," uplifting her dusky face, and whispering with dilated eyes, "bid some bird go find them out and tell them, 'Lie close to-night.'"

"What are the devils at now?" burst out the startled matron.

A noise of footsteps and a murmur of voices in the street interrupted them. The begum looked nervously around, and dropped her veil. Directly the sound died away she rose to take leave.

"What is this you tell me?" asked the anxious mother. "What is on foot? Give me something to act upon."

"There is danger,—danger all about, like a tiger in the jungle. Now it crouches to spring. You are warned,—it is enough. Go speed your bird. Bid him spread his wings *to the north*," with a significant look. "Every minute lost is sorrow."

With a quick obeisance, half salaam, half courtesy, the speaker turned to go. Madam followed to the door, fruitlessly protesting. In the shadow of the stoop outside she saw a slave waiting.

"Stay, you have no lantern."

"No, no. The darkness is a friend," and, slipping out, the little figure was directly lost in the gloom.

That night a supper-party was assembled in the Philipse manor. The cloth had been removed; a huge punch-bowl, flanked by a tray of glasses, stood in the midst of the heavy oaken table. The guests sat about, smoking pipes and talking, but plainly in no convivial mood.

Outside not a ray of light broke the darkness. The wind held high carnival. Shutters, doors, window-casements, hay-ricks, fences, dead limbs, and withered leaves, each and all played some creaking, shrieking, rattling, banging part in the great wind-symphony, while the cavernous chimneys, like huge bassoons, softened the discord with perpetual roar.

The host and one of his guests had stepped out on the stoop for a weather prognosis. They came in talking.

"Not yet, not yet; the time is not ripe," said Philipse, expostulating against some suggestion. "Let him run his course."

"What, stand and look on while he lays waste our estates and murders our families?"

"It will never come to that, colonel, never fear. He is at the end of his rope already. The people will not bear it much longer."

Bayard turned; it was the ex-mayor who had joined the pair.

"Bear it!" he said. "Will they not? They are a flock of sheep without a bell-wether. They dare not stir while the dog stands over them with his band of cut-throats."

"They will stir in due time; have patience," said Philipse calmly. "Wait. The evil will work its own cure."

"Wait!" The tone was frankly contemptuous. "Wait until the brutal boor has scourged, imprisoned, or driven away every honest man from the place, —until he has destroyed the city and laid waste the province!"

"What would *you*, then, advise?" It was a fourth who chimed in, as they resumed their seats about the table.

"Well put, French. What would *you* do, colonel? Let us have everybody's voice. 'Tis that we are here for."

"I would get together a hundred stout fellows, meet outside the walls on the first dark night, overpower the guard, make a rush on the fort, and seize the hog in his sty. One bold dash and the day is ours."

Steenie, sitting at the foot of the board, leaned forward, with glistening eyes. His blood was stirred by these bold words.

Philipse shook his head, and puffed his pipe with an air of forbearance. It was Van Cortlandt who spoke:—

"'Tis not so easy. The fellow knows his danger. Day and night he is on the alert. Every approach is doubly guarded. A surprise is impossible."

"March down, then, in open daylight, with banners flying, and fight it out to the death," said the colonel recklessly.

"Let us talk sense, and act like men," returned the mayor coldly. "I have come latest from town. I made a study of things there, as I had good cause to do. I know the rascal's strength and the hold he has on the people. Bear this in mind, — 't is better not to move at all than to fail. It is our failures thus far that have put him where he is."

"And is it your voice, too, that we should wait, that we should lie skulking in holes while this madman runs his course?" asked Bayard, with a sneer.

"We need not skulk. There is plenty to do. We may help on the work. 'T is our part to set in train every influence which may avail to bring him down."

"And where, pray, be these mysterious influences? What but knock-down blows can bring this rascal to reason?"

"Seeing the province fall away from him; seeing his power crumble to pieces; finding himself without money to pay his train-bands; hearing that the other colonies are finding him out, that the king knows the truth, and that a new governor has been appointed."

"Vastly fine; but before a tithe of this is done, will he not, think ye, have the whole province under his heel? Will he not have money enough by the sale of our estates? Will he not have increased his following by enlisting every idle fellow in the province, while we and our friends, every man who has the wit to see through him and the will to withstand him, must choose betwixt submission and the dungeon?"

"Poh! Poh! The work is already half done to our hands."

"What is done but talk? Not an honest blow has been struck."

"And if he work his own ruin, what need for blows? Set a hog swimming, — 't is an old saw, — and he will cut his own throat."

The colonel made a gesture of impatience.

"Bethink you, Bayard, of the Canadian expedition. What is thought of him in Connecticut and the Massachusetts after that?"

"What matters it what's thought of him there?"

"Much! He will look in vain for aid and countenance in those quarters."

"Think, too, how he must tremble at every ship sighted from London."

"Poh! he laughs at any danger from that source, and well he may."

"Why, then, did he post that fool of an ensign off to England in such haste? He knew Nicholson had the king's ear."

"Little good 't will do Nicholson or us. The king is too unsteady in his seat and has too much to do near at hand to bother his head about the colonies. He will leave us to ourselves."

"What more do we want?" asked French.

"Can you not see, colonel, the discontent is deepening every day?"

"No, that can I not."

"Why, sir, the farmers of Long Island are already in open revolt. Did he not have to send his bullies to Hempstead only yesterday, to put down a riot over gathering the tax?"

"Yes, and another troop went the day before to Jamaica on the same business."

"And another still to Flushing."

The suggestions came pouring in from all around the board.

"I tell you the fire is spreading," summed up the ex-mayor, with an air of authority.

"How spreading, when he stamps it at the first puff of smoke?"

"He does not stamp it out; he cannot. 'T is getting beyond his control; he gives signs of panic already."

"And well he may: keeping all those hulking loafers at his heels is costly business; he must feed and pay them."

"And for that he must have money."

"Which he has not; he is at his wits' end already."

"And goes any length to come by a stuyver."

The colonel answered the temporizing chorus only by a look of disdain.

"Did you hear his new laws?"

"Ay, now there is a case in point."

"Was there ever heard the like?"

"You know them, colonel?"

"No," answered Bayard, with indifference.

"Listen, then!" said Van Cortlandt, taking a paper from his pocket and reading. "First and foremost he levies a direct tax for the support of the garrison."

"'T is that raised all the pother amongst the farmers."

"And no wonder: what need have they for a garrison?"

"Next," went on the ex-mayor, "he commands all persons who have left the province to return within three weeks, under pains and penalties."

"That is leveled at us."

"And if we come not back" —

"He seizes our estates."

"Dog!"

"Beast!"

"Thief!"

"Wait! Patience, gentlemen, if you would hear what trick this new Hampden, this second Cromwell, this prophet and deliverer of his country, is at! Wait, I say!" continued the reader, going on with his paper. "Any one refusing a civil or military commission under him shall be fined seventy-five pounds."

"'T is to get more money."

"How is that?"

"He will appoint *us* to offices: Philipse shall be master of the whipping-post, Bayard the hog-reeve, and I — 't is doubtful if he has anything for me, unless the place of hangman's varlet be haply vacant; then if we delay to accept these favors, mark ye!"

"He collects the fines out of our estates."

"See you?"

"Any one leaving Albany or New Utrecht," went on Van Cortlandt from his paper, "without permission, to be fined one hundred pounds."

"'T is easy to see the drift of that."

"Easy indeed; 't is to provide other fields when the crop of rich men here fails him."

"And all persons," resumed the reader, "who have left those counties must return within fourteen days, at their utmost peril."

"Yes," said Philipse, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "'t is a scheme to plunder us in cold blood. These laws are aimed at the men of substance amongst us. Every man with an estate tempts his greed, and he will have it, by hook or crook."

"Right," chimed in Nichols, "and what escapes the colander will stop at the sieve."

"Yet in the face of all this," cried Bayard, jumping from his seat and striding up and down the room, "ye say wait! In the face of all this ye would stand here like a flock of bleating lambs and wait, — wait for the coming of the wolf! I say," he went on, striking the table with his clenched fist, "we've had waiting enough. I say the man is a fool or a coward who waits another hour. We are driven from our homes. We are hiding in holes like wolves. We come together in fear and trembling, under cover of night, to take counsel, and all your cry is 'Wait!' I say," he concluded in stentorian tones, "begin to act, to do something! I say, let our watchword be war, — war to the death! I say, let us take an oath here and now to stand up and give blow for blow!"

A look of conscious shame showed itself in the faces of the little group at these accusing words. The host and the ex-mayor, the natural leaders of the party, shifted uneasily in their seats, but did not speak.

The awkward silence was broken at last by Steenie, who, sitting in the back-

ground, started suddenly from his seat with an exclamation.

"Hark!"

"Eh?"

"What was that?"

All listened, but nothing could be heard save the creaking framework of the house and the roaring wind in the vast chimneys.

Presently Philipse, with his usual air of deliberation, broke silence:—

"I quite agree with the colonel."

Naturally everybody looked astonished.

"This rascal should be put down. This robbery should be stopped. I have a vital interest in the matter. I want to see it done. The only question is how to do it. Cut off from our homes, — I am left this retreat as yet, but to-morrow may see me driven forth, — cut off from our friends and supplies, what chance have we to work? Let the colonel tell us, as plain, practical men, what there is we can do!"

"That I will," returned Bayard promptly. "You shall have it in a nutshell. Get together a force of men able to put down this fellow and crush out his following!"

"And how is such an army to be come by?"

"Not by sitting here sucking thumbs. By bestirring ourselves; by going about through the whole province, wherever discontent has appeared, and winning the people over. Once set the ball going and it will roll of itself. Then call on Albany and Connecticut to join!"

"It sounds fair," observed Philipse thoughtfully, "but more promising schemes have come to naught. Bethink you, colonel, if we fail, we are in a worse plight than before."

"We shall not fail, for come the worst to the worst," muttered the colonel, "there are the French and the savages!"

A murmur ran around the circle at this dark innuendo.

"Why not? Can we be worse off? On the one side there is sure ruin; on the other there is a chance."

"But why think of failure?" asked French of the chief objector.

"And so I would not, could I but see any good prospect of success," answered Van Cortlandt, walking away to bask before the open fire.

"Listen, gentlemen," said Bayard, drawing his chair up to the table, and emphasizing his words by sharp taps of his gold snuff-box upon the polished oak; "hearken to me a minute! I ask no great matters of you. I will undertake the brunt of the work. Only pledge me your support. Hold yourselves bound to pay all needful charges and draw your swords for the final fray, and I will answer for the result."

"No, colonel, you shall not hold me so lukewarm in the matter," spoke up Philipse, his ice of caution melting before Bayard's enthusiasm. "I am willing to take my share both of toil and danger."

"And count upon me to do and dare anything in the cause!" cried Van Cortlandt, yielding to the impulse which fired the little group.

"And me!"

"And me!"

"And I, Colonel Bayard, will go with you to raise the army!" exclaimed Steenie, starting up.

"You shall, boy!" said the colonel, laying his hand affectionately on the junker's shoulder.

"So! the tide is turned. Fill up, — fill up, gentlemen! Here's victory to our cause! That dog has had his day. Before a month has passed — I ask but thirty days, mind ye — I will sweep the province clear of him and his pack. Again! fill again, and let it be a bumper!"

Amidst this pledging of healths and clinking of glasses a servant in the doorway strove in vain to make himself heard.

"The troopers!"

"Eh?"

"Run! run! they're upon us!"

To confirm the man's words the heavy tramp of horses' feet was heard outside upon the lawn.

There was a scramble for the door. The host, through real or affected contempt of the danger, stood by his post; the guests stayed not upon the order of their going. Seizing their hats and cloaks as they rushed through the hall, they made the best of their way by the back stairs to the kitchen door, whence, guided by a servant, they slipped away through the thick shrubbery towards the river, where a boat was in waiting.

Half-way down-stairs, Bayard, thinking of some forgotten detail of his scheme, turned back for a last word with his host.

The front door resounded with blows from halberds and sabres, as the colonel whispered his hurried charge to Philipse. Familiar with the house, however, he took his time, and coolly groped his way to the back entrance. Here, smiling at thought of the futile rage of his pursuers on missing their prey, he folded his heavy cloak about him and stepped forth into the pitchy darkness.

Directly he was seized by two stout men-at-arms, and despite a vigorous resistance he was quickly disarmed, bound, and led away in triumph.

XVII.

Steenie gone, there was no longer any restraint upon Hester's movements; she could come and go at her will within the bounds of the city walls. This limit to her wanderings would seem to have cut off all communication with the *bouwerie*; but notwithstanding the vigilance of the sentinels at the gates and the severe experience of the ducking-stool, there is not wanting evidence that *Vrouw Van Dorn* knew more than she chose to tell of certain messages and letters which

had much to do with keeping up Hester's hope and spirits.

Save for this trial of separation, life in the Strand had latterly been more tolerable. Her father and his lieutenant had been too much taken up with public matters to heed things at home. Often they went away at daybreak, and only came back at nightfall, when, worn out by cares of state, they ate heavily at supper, and directly afterward fell asleep over their pipes on either side the chimney.

After a time, however, there came, as it seemed, a lull in public business. Directly the saturnine suitor bethought him of his long-interrupted nuptials. He spoke to Leisler, who at once took up the matter with his wonted energy and pushed on the preparations.

Accustomed now for some months to the thought which had at first been so shocking, and overcome by the masterful will of her father, Mary resigned herself to the inevitable. Without further tears or murmurs she gave the implied assent of silence, unconsciously adding a last element of pathos to the occasion by taking a chief part in decking herself for the sacrifice.

The simple preparations were soon made. The day came, and a gloomful day enough. Not a gleam of sunshine pierced the leaden sky. A puffy wind filled the narrow street with clouds of dust, and drove the melting snow—when at last it came—in dank masses against the window-panes.

Indoors things were no better. *Vrouw Leisler* had much ado to keep a brave front. Not to have *Dominie Selyns* marry the pair was the first blow and a cruel disappointment. Again, certain of their old friends and neighbors whom she had ventured to bid to the feast had coldly declined. In despair, the poor *vrouw* went weeping to her husband for advice. He supplied her with a haphazard list of guests from his coadjutors at the fort.

Vainly the fond mother strove to give a touch of gladness and cheer to the festival despite all these depressing circumstances. Well and faithfully she had done her part. The house shone with cleanliness; the family, slaves included, were in holiday dress. Her own harrowed face, however, looked grotesquely incongruous with her wedding finery. Small comfort she took in her quilted puce silken petticoat embroidered in silver filigree, her *cr pe samare*, her ponderous rings and necklace, and the heavy gold *chatelaine* still carefully preserved by her descendants.

At the last minute *Leisler* came stalking home from the fort, with dress more than usually disordered, and a bevy of guests at his heels in much the same guise.

Five o'clock sounded, and the little company were at last assembled in the best room. Huge logs blazed in the open fireplace and long candles burned in the sconces, for the short winter's day was already at an end.

The bride was presently led in by her mother. She was a thought pale, but showed none of the nervousness proper to the moment. On the contrary, she gazed about on the company with an apathetic look, as if not quite clear why they were gathered. Dressed in a blue jacket over a scarlet petticoat of fine cloth, with her fair hair brushed back under a close cap, a massive gold necklace wound twice about her throat, and an embroidered purse garnished with silver ornaments hanging at her side, she presented the spectacle at once of a typical Dutch bride and a most fair and winsome young creature.

So, plainly enough, thought the waiting groom, as he regarded her from under his shaggy eyebrows, and for a moment a gnarled smile unsettled his severe features.

The hour had come and all was ready, but where was the dominie? Another bad omen. *Vrouw Leisler* glanced anx-

iously at her husband, who muttered curses under his breath.

"Give him time," said the groom patiently; "'t is a long ferriage, and both wind and tide are against him."

Leisler chafed, and the guests glanced dubiously at each other. It was an awkward moment, but happily not a long one. The dominie soon arrived, cold, wet, and bedraggled. No time was lost in explanations and apologies. He was given a glass of grog and reminded of the hour. At an impatient nod from *Leisler*, the waiting pair came forward and the family gathered about.

At the first word of the service, *Hester* clutched her sister by the hand, as if to drag her away; but *Mary*, with a stony, unmoved look, quietly released herself, and turned back to the dominie.

Solemnly the good man droned through his formulas, his prayer, and his long admonition, and at last with fitting unction pronounced the fateful words "man and wife."

To the dismay of the gratified groom, *Hester* broke into loud sobs when she went up to kiss the bride. *Vrouw Leisler's* overstrained nerves could bear no more, and she straightway followed suit in a flood of tears. *Leisler* sternly thrust them both aside, and made room for the guests to offer their congratulations.

Happily the call to supper was not delayed. It was a merciful relief. Here, at least, was abundant material for good cheer. The hospitable dame had set forth a plentiful and tempting repast. Here were huge roasts of beef, pork, and venison. Here were boiled fowls and oysters. Here were bowls of smoking supaen. Here were heaped plates of *olykoecken*, *pannekoecken*, and sweetmeats. Here were heavy glittering glass decanters filled with *Antigua rum*, *Fiall passado*, sack, and old *madeira*. Here was a huge china bowl of fragrant brandy-punch. In short, no delicacy known to the time and proper to her

state was wanting to the good vrouw's wedding feast, and all had been prepared under her own eye and direction.

However much a relief, the supper added little of real cheer to the occasion. The guests, although restrained by their simple notions of decency from falling upon the food with latter-day voracity, yet gave their thoughts wholly to their trenchers. Not a smile, not a jest, not a strain of music, lightened the gloom. The host, unconscious of what he ate, brooded over all with a severe aspect; and presently, when a slave appeared with a brass chafing-dish filled with live coals, he lighted his pipe as a signal for his guests, and drew away the groom to talk over a packet which had just come to hand from the Massachusetts.

"What make ye of that?" he asked, pointing to a clause in the letter.

Milborne read aloud:—

"And well you know what good reason we have to wish well to your cause, but beg you to have a care not to carry matters with too high a hand, but to *temper justice with moderation and mercy, since the king's own settlement of the matter is so near at hand.*"

"Fudge!" said Milborne, handing back the letter. "Whence got they news of the king's own settlement of the matter? He settled it long ago by leaving you in charge; when any other settlement is made, be sure 't will not come to us by way of Boston."

Leisler nodded, and his brows relaxed.

"As for the rest of their sermon,—be you content with justice, and leave mercy to the Lord. What you have got by the strong hand, hold fast, and let these cavaliers prate!"

While Leisler was considering this advice, a slave came groping his way through the thick clouds of tobacco-smoke, to say that a child was at the outer door, demanding to see him.

"Go fetch him in. And ye," he

continued, turning to Milborne as the slave disappeared, "get back to your bride and your festivities."

The groom, nothing loath, obeyed; while his father-in-law, draining a neglected glass of punch in his hand, sat down in the broad window-seat to refill his pipe.

In a few moments the slave reappeared with a dripping little figure, looking like a half-drowned rat.

"What want ye with me, my lad?" asked the captain gruffly, as he puffed at his kindling pipe.

Directly the child burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"How now? What's here? Ei, 'tis Stoll's brat! What's the matter, young one?" continued the questioner, not unkindly.

"Little Joost is dy-ying, and mother bids you come to her."

"So! so!" A look of concern softened the man's harsh features, and taking the sobbing child in his arms he tenderly kissed him. "Stay you here, my boy, with my good vrouw! She will give you some cakes and sweetmeats, and I will go to the mother. Come, now! Come now, little man, I say, cry no more; here is Vrouw Leisler."

Giving the child over to his wife with some hurried directions, Leisler threw on his cloak and hat, and strode away through the storm to Joost Stoll's humble dwelling.

He found Vrouw Stoll, her face haggard with anxiety, her eyes swollen with weeping, banding over her sick child.

"How is it with him, Annetje?"

"'T is bad enough with him," said the woman sullenly.

"Tut! tut! take heart, woman, there's a chance yet!"

"There's no chance! He'll be taken from me—he's going now!" returned the mother, with choking voice.

"He has the fever?" asked the visitor, bending over the bed and clasping the burning little palm in his own.

"He has death on him — and 'tis ye did it!" cried the woman, with a flash of indignation. "Ye sent away his father, and I had nobody to help me. Ye sent away my Joost; he will never come back — the husband, and now the child. I have nothing left!"

"Sh — sh! Where is your sense, woman? Joost will soon be home, and the babe here well, and all happy."

"'Well,' say ye? Look at that!" sobbed the poor mother, pointing to the bed and covering her face.

Leisler turned, and saw the child writhing in convulsions.

When the paroxysm was over, he lifted the tiny sufferer in his arms, and walked up and down in the little chamber, where the light of the single dip-candle threw his shadow in grotesque proportions on the wall.

"When had ye the doctor?" he asked, as the child grew quieter.

"Oh, the doctor — the doctor! I'll have no more of 'm! What good is he? He shakes his head, and does nothing!"

"Poor Annetje!"

"'Tis ye have done it!" cried the woman, irritated by this unavailing sympathy. "But for ye I had now both husband and child!"

"I did but my duty, woman," said the captain humbly. "Had it been my own to suffer, I must have done the same."

"Husband and child — husband and child — both gone — lost and gone — never to come back!" repeated the woman in despairing tones, as she rocked back and forth in her chair.

"Pray ye to the Lord, good Annetje. Go to Him with your sorrow, and He will send ye comfort," said the captain devoutly. "But give not up all hope yet. I will go myself and fetch the doctor."

"Fetch him no more! I'll have him no more! He was here at sundown. He does nothing but shake his head,

and say, 'Ye must lose yer babe — 'tis the Lord's will.' Fetch him no more. I'll not believe him."

"I'll go, then, and call the neighbors to help ye."

"That shall ye not. I sent them home. I'll have him to myself. Little Joost! Sweet one! The best of the brood, and named for his father, too. 'T was but last Monday, a week ago, he was running all about, and laughing till ye might hear him in the street. Oh-h-h! 'T is well his father is gone! Well — well — well for me! What could I say to him, coming back? Gone — gone! Big Joost and little Joost — man and child both angels in glory. 'T is ye have done it! And ye shall answer for it, too, if a widow's prayers be heard!"

To and fro, to and fro, in the little room, the rough soldier walked with the dying child. Worn out by grief and care, the hapless mother slept from sheer exhaustion; waking by fits and starts to renew her laments and reproaches, ringing with wearying monotony the changes upon the few phrases afforded by her scant vocabulary.

Returning no answer, save now and then a brief word of consolation, the conscience-stricken watcher kept his march.

Quicker and sharper grew the attacks of the little sufferer, as its life ebbed with the waning night. The candle burnt out and guttered in its socket, leaving the room in darkness. The storm filled the night with tumult, the waves lashed the neighboring rocks with thunderous roar, while high up above the little roof, on the Verlettenberg, the old windmill creaked and groaned in the furious blast.

In the gray of the morning all was over; the flickering life-light had gone out at last. With softened look, Leisler laid the tiny wasted form on the bed, beside its sleeping mother; then, with uplifted reverent face, muttering

over the unconscious pair a hurried prayer, he went away to rouse the neighbors.

Wading home in the early dawn through the slumping, half-melted snow, the chastened commander was met at the turning of the dock by one of his slaves, guiding a breathless messenger with a packet. It contained but a few lines from his correspondent in Boston:

"News is come that Nicholson is made lieutenant-governor of Virginia, and that Colonel Henry Sloughter is appointed governor of New York."

To the amazement of the gaping messenger, the grave, sad-looking, middle-aged man to whom he had handed the letter tore it into strips, stamped it under foot, and filled the cool, still morning air with hot-mouthed curses.

XVIII.

Barent Rhynders was the son of a well-to-do blacksmith of Albany. Sent to New York on some business by his father, he caught the martial fever, and offered his services at the fort.

Leisler, only too glad to get such a strapping recruit, speedily discovered in him metal of worth. That lumbering body, as it turned out, was topped by a good head. A matter of moment accidentally entrusted to him was managed with a judgment surprising in a tyro. Other commissions followed, with the same result; everything given him to do was done with quietness and dispatch. At last, for want of a more experienced envoy, he was sent up to his native town on some delicate mission, in which he showed such steadiness and good sense that on his return he found himself in high favor.

Going back and forth on frequent errands from the fort to the house in the Strand, he of necessity fell in with Jacob junior, and as the two were nearly of an age they soon became boon companions.

Thus, although not a member of the household, he was a constant visitor. The commander always gave him a grunt of welcome, Vrouw Leisler took a motherly interest in his health, and the younger fry made him one in all their plans and pastimes.

Hester was too much preoccupied, these days, to take careful note of the new-comer. His silence, his stolidity, his homeliness of mind and person, were qualities not of a sort to draw attention.

It was not very clear how the junker produced his social effects, for he had little to say, and seemed always furnishing a background of neutrality to the more loquacious and forth-putting. Yet plainly enough he had a value for his associates, a very positive value, which, while as inscrutable in its working as the dark rays of the sun, was as marked in its effect. It may have been, after all, only a sound-metal ring of genuineness in him; for in time one found out that he only spoke when he had something to say, he only laughed when he was pleased, he told the truth so far as practicable, and for the rest kept his own counsel as to things not needful to be mentioned.

So far as Hester was concerned, it was not at all in the stranger's favor that he was Cobus's bosom friend, for she rebelled at her brother's lordly and patronizing ways since he had been employed in the public business. Thus, vexed by Cobus's contemptuous air and weary of her mother's eternal house-keeping prattle, Hester came little by little to find a solace in the ungainly junker's society. Whether it was that he did not dispute with her, that he was always attentive, that he seemed to carry about an atmosphere of kindness and sympathy, it is impossible now to say. Each and all of these considerations doubtless served as determining influences in making her gradually turn to him for her only real companionship.

It will presently more clearly appear

how unconscious she was of this tendency in herself. In passing, it may be instanced as significant that she seemed often to forget him in her preoccupation, and to go on as if thinking aloud, and with as little restraint in feeling or action as if in presence of a chair or bureau.

In this self-absorption, naturally enough it had never occurred to her to consider what his feelings might be in the matter, or whether he had any. Quite blind to the look of pleasure which twinkled in his small eyes and overspread his broad face at her approach, she was equally insensible of his many little devices for ministering to her comfort, accomplished as they were for the most part by stealth. So, too, when Cobus burst in upon their communings and rudely dragged Barent off on some junker sport or quest, she failed, in her own vexation, to remark her companion's chagrin.

From this happy unconsciousness she was roughly awakened. Catalina came one morning to visit her. Such an event was of rare occurrence nowadays for divers reasons, none of which were very clear to Hester. In the first place, Catalina had been slow in recovering from her resentment at her friend's engagement; again, no sooner was the obnoxious sweetheart gone, and that stumbling-block removed, than the begum began mysteriously to bristle with so many objections to any social intercourse with the Strand that the old intimacy was well-nigh broken up.

Whether reconciled at last to a divided affection, or whether hoping that in this long separation Hester's heart would become estranged from the absent junker, Catalina had latterly shown an inclination to take her friend back into favor, and this morning, on coming together, they flew into each other's arms with old-time fervor.

What a day of delight it proved to the joyous maiden! How lover-like she followed Hester about in her household

tasks, from the cold stone-flagged pantry, where she chopped, seasoned, and pressed the savory hoof-kaas, to the big lumber-strewn garret, where, seated near a southern window at the old-fashioned hand-loom brought from Holland by Vrouw Leisler's grandam, Hester skillfully sped back and forth the flying shuttle, weaving her mother's good homespun thread into a coarse blue linsey-woolsey stuff against the time new petticoats should be needed.

At dinner there was the strange junker brought home by Cobus. Having neither seen nor heard of him, Catalina at first bestowed scant notice upon him. By and by, as it chanced, he spoke to Hester. It was a quite commonplace speech, not at all worth repeating, but none the less the watchful visitor's eye instantly sought out the speaker; none the less she studied him narrowly for the rest of the meal, noting how steadily his eyes were fixed in one direction, how intently his ears listened for the sound of one voice.

Neither did she fail to remark, as they rose from the table, that he speedily drew Hester aside, nor with what a true wizard touch he held fast to his victim by bringing forth things from his pocket,—a pair of Hester's scissors which he had taken down on the sly to be sharpened by the armorer at the fort, and a curious little talisman he had bought of a sailor in the dock.

The things were trifles; they did not count. It was the looks and manners of the two, the comfortable air of intimacy between them, which fixed the watcher's attention. And herein, as it seemed, she found some alarming significance, as well as in the further fact that their parting at the door was prolonged until interrupted by the peremptory whistle of Cobus, who stood waiting in the street for his friend.

Turning back into the house, Hester found her friend putting on her hood with an air of precipitation.

"Going?"

"T is time, I think."

"What, now?" wonderingly.

"You have no need of me."

"So?"

"I leave you to your junkers."

The listener gazed with innocent, wide-opened eyes.

"You comfort yourself while the old one is gone. What becomes of the new when the old comes back? You think, mayhap, he will never come. So! you waste no time, you cannot wait, you fill his place at once," with an ironical laugh. "How seems it, then, to have two at a time? Poor number one, if he could see who fills his place! Poor junker, he had at least a fair face; he did not look like a devil-fish."

A look of growing intelligence succeeded the wonder in the listener's eyes. Her cheeks were burning red; she stood like one in a stupor, while her jealous little guest, with a scornful courtesy, marched quickly to the door, sending back as a parting shaft, —

"I wish you joy of your junkers, — a fresh one every month. You have no need of friends, not you!"

Hester made no move to stop her angry friend. She was for the moment too much stunned. Like a somnambulist waking in a place wild and strange, she had a feeling of unsettled equilibrium. Was this the truth she had heard? If not, why had it such an appearance of truth? With swift retrospect she went over the few months covering her acquaintance with Barent. A new wave of color surged slowly over her face. She walked to the window, and looked out; she turned, and went mechanically up to her own room, threw herself down in a chair, and passed her hand vaguely over her forehead.

After a while, by a fresh effort of will, she forced herself slowly and carefully to review the whole matter again. Her face gradually cleared.

It was nothing, after all. She had

talked with this big, kindly hearted junker, to be sure, because — because he was there, because she had nothing else to do. She had never thought of him a moment after he was out of sight. Besides, he was Cobus's friend; he came to see Cobus; he cared nothing for her. Catalina was absurd, as usual; she was always imagining things.

By such sound reflections she gradually won back her self-composure. With absolute innocence of intent there could be no deep sense of wrong-doing. Nevertheless, as appeared, she felt far from easy about the matter, and awaited with evident anxiety her next meeting with Barent. When he came, she studied him curiously, critically, from a new and different standpoint. Now for the first time and clearly enough she saw his face kindle at her approach, she noted his little kindnesses. It had an odd effect upon her. She flamed up with indignation, as though he had taken an unwarrantable liberty, and replied sharply to his friendly overtures.

Barent naturally looked greatly discomfited, and cast an inquiring glance at the capricious maiden out of the corner of his eye. But he was blessed with a temperament to deal with caprices. As a strong man treats the foibles of a child, he let them pass, and waited for the return of reason, — a method equally admirable whether due to thickness of skin or largeness of mind.

But here was no case of caprice, as the junker was soon to learn to his cost. This young woman, who for months had been so kind, so hospitable, so companionable, and even confidential, now suddenly turned about, and began to treat him in a most distant manner, to avoid meeting him or holding with him any but the most formal communication. All this without explanation or apparent cause.

As suddenly on his side the junker began to realize how prized this companionship had been by him, what an

important part it had formed of his daily life, how insensibly it had colored all his plans for the future, and what a grievous affliction its abrupt cessation now proved.

Conscious of no offense committed, of no shortcoming in manner or intent, nor of any neglect of duty towards his young hostess, he was at first puzzled, and then greatly disturbed, by this singular change of deportment. After a long and fruitless pondering upon the matter, he resolved to seek an explanation of Hester herself. This, however, he found no easy matter, so persistently did she avoid him, and so lacking was he in the boldness needed to make opportunities.

But patience such as Barent's rarely goes unrewarded. One Sunday afternoon, while idly pacing the ramparts of the fort, he saw the familiar figure just turning into the old burying-ground which formerly stretched between the western side of Broadway and the North River. Here at last was his chance. He paused a moment to summon resolution, and then made the best of his way to the spot.

Passing through the gate, he looked about for several minutes before discovering the object of his search. After no long time, however, he saw her half-way down to the river, wandering among the graves and studying the epitaphs.

He stopped; his courage flew away now when he most needed it. He loitered, watching her movements, accommodating his pace to hers. Muttering to himself in a distraught way, he read aloud scraps of the inscriptions on the simple head-stones, as he sauntered on:

"*'Hier rust het lighaem von Peter Suydam'* — now she stops — "*'geboren den 20^{te} February'* — she does not hear me — "*'overleden'* — she goes on again. "*'In den Heere ontslapen'* — in a minute more I shall come up with her — "*'Hendrick Amermore'* — how will she look! "*'Tot gedachtenis von Jacob Mindert overleden'* — she will be an-

gered — "*'oude zynde 75 jaaren'* — yet will I not go without speech with her. "*'Hier leydt het stoffelyck deel von Wouter Van Dyke.'*"

Hester, too, it seemed, was busy with mortuary lore, for, turning back by chance to read again an epitaph she had passed, she came full upon her abashed follower. With a dismayed look, he stammered, —

"I saw you from the fort — I — I came here to get speech with you!"

"With me?" she began, with a flushed and guilty look, but directly rallied, and ended in a freezing tone, "What can you have of such moment to say to me?"

"I — we — of late you have not treated me with the old good-will."

"So?"

He did not wince at the exasperating monosyllable, but went on simply, —

"I beg to be told in what I have given you offense."

Staggered a little by this directness, Hester labored over her answer.

"I — you cannot — my good-will is not a matter that comes at bidding," she answered at last, evasively.

"I see well — I know all. I am a big bungler. I have done something: I have made a mistake, I have hurt your feelings. 'T is always so: I drive them away I would draw to me. What shall I do? I think only of pleasing you, and here see how it turns out. Tell me now what it is, that I may do it no more."

The petitioner was plainly stirred up. This was a long speech for him, and it was blurted out in a spasmodic, half-surlly tone, as though in resentment at Providence for having made him after so faulty a pattern.

Hester looked at him attentively, as she said in a tone somewhat softer, —

"You have done nothing; there is nothing to tell."

"But why, then, do you speak after that fashion? Why do you look at me in such a way? 'T would scare an enemy, that look! Why do you not give me

your hand when we meet? Why do we not sit and talk as we did? Why do you never come upon the stoop nowadays? Why do you not ask me to do things? Tell me that, — tell me that, if there is nothing!"

This downright way of conducting the interview was very confusing. Hester blushed, quite at a loss for an answer. Recovering herself presently, she replied, —

"I do not choose to talk upon the matter."

"You will be friends no longer?" cried the junker, with a great burst.

Hester hesitated; for a moment a look

of irresolution disturbed her face; then stepping forward with outstretched hand, she said, —

"I thank you for all your good offices. You have my good-will, but," she concluded firmly, "we can never be friends in the way you would wish."

And turning about she walked away, leaving him staring at the grave-stones, and muttering vaguely, —

"*Hier leydt het lighaem . . . 'never be friends' . . . von Hester, huysvrouw von Barent Rhynders . . . 'never be friends in the way you would wish' . . . overleden den . . . 'never — never in the way you would wish'!*"

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

LA NOUVELLE FRANCE.

TEN years before Jacques Cartier set sail from St. Malo, the French Crown had appropriated to itself the American coast from Florida to Cape Breton, under the name of La Nouvelle France. A decade afterward Cartier opened up to French occupation the northernmost parts of then known America, and the colonists that settled the shores of the St. Lawrence were Frenchmen, who had no other notion of their work than that of making a new France out of these wilds. This object would be accomplished when they had created in the New World a France which was a reproduction of the France of the Old World. They never dreamed of changing their nationality, or even of suffering their new environment to qualify it in the least; nor did they ever do so; their enemy did it for them. They were Frenchmen-in-Canada, Canadian-French, down to 1759; then their hereditary foe took a hand in the matter, and when, as a result, the new oath of allegiance had severed the ties of blood they became French-Canadians.

What transformed the Canadian-French into French-Canadians, then, was not their own ploughs, but the sword of their enemy. If ever a blessing fell upon a people in the shape of a calamity, it was when the French were forced from the Plains of Abraham by the British. Men are slow to recognize blessings, and it is no wonder that despair settled upon these people when the fall of Louisburg was followed by that of Quebec. God had turned his face from them. Nevertheless, out of the carcass came forth honey; not in a day, it is true, but in a period of such short duration that, in the life of a people, is as a day. Heretofore the French-in-Canada had not been a people, they had not been even a colony: they had "occupied" the land; they had been but garrisons, mere warders of the north gate of French America. It is true that the change of flag altered this characteristic no more than to make them warders of the north gate of British America, but a stupendous change was awaiting them. They were to be

their own men, and, with the guns of their ancient enemy protecting them against the world, they were yet, indifferent to the sneer of Voltaire, to possess as their very own those "leagues of frozen ground," and to be living examples of the truth that peace hath its victories as well as war. Time brought along its opportunities, and that the conquered were not slow to take advantage of them is shown by the fact that in fifteen short years they had turned the tables upon their conquerors.

It happened in this way. The annual increase of 480 souls had at last, by 1759, given over 60,000 French to the valley of the St. Lawrence. Here was the beginning of a people. As soon as the British obtained complete control of the country, which was accomplished in the year following by the capture of Montreal, they subjected it to military rule. It cannot be said that this bore very hard upon the French, for they were secure in life and property; they were protected from foreign enemies; the restrictions put upon them were not excessive; and, what is more to the purpose, they had always been so habituated to military rule under the old *régime* that they had little excuse for finding fault with it under the new. They had merely exchanged one form of military government for another; and that the later one was not unduly repressive is disclosed by the fact that the right of petition was exercised as freely by them as by any other dependents of the British Crown. Nevertheless, they chafed at the mere appearances of subjection, and especially at the abrogation of their old laws, and the substitution of the common law of England, for which they could have no hereditary attachment, and which they did not understand. Discontent in this respect began to express itself immediately after the royal proclamation of 1763, in the form of protest and petition, which were maintained with such

constancy and vigor as led to the conclusion that already the unfortunates were enjoying greater freedom of speech than they ever had done in the good old days of commandants and intendants. How long the British government would have turned a deaf ear can be conjectured only. Military rule lasted but four years, and the governors certainly did all they could to effect a transformation of the Gallic into an Anglican structure of society with as little derangement of the established order of things as possible. For all that, the French felt the subjection keenly, and chafed under it, until, of a sudden, every cause of irritation, except the feeling of alienage, vanished as if by enchantment, and liberation was thrust upon them by the very hands which until now had been so grudging.

With the downfall of French power upon the St. Lawrence disappeared external pressure upon the British colonies, and the fear of the wolf no longer made the child press closer to its mother. "They **are** caught at last!" cried Choiseul. There was reason for his glee, for the rapid development of thirteen colonies showed signs of attaining such proportions as would permit these colonies no longer to brook the restrictions of distant parliaments. 1774 was the year of the Boston Port Bill, of the Massachusetts Regulating Act, of the first Continental Congress, and Lord North was in office. The same motives that formerly had actuated the French now compelled the British to make sure of the St. Lawrence as a highway to the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and state-craft was already busy in that direction. If Canada went out with the other colonies, and all made good their footing, the whole of British America was lost. On the other hand, if she stood fast, then, come what might, Great Britain would still hold the northern gate of the continent. The French seized the opportunity, and pressed their

demands. This action was significant, and admitted of but one interpretation. There was nothing to do but to yield: and thus a mocking world was afforded the spectacle of British officials making room for French; of a Protestant parliament setting up the Church of Rome; of an English legislature ousting the common law of England, and putting the Coutume de Paris in its place; and of Britons taking from Britons the woods and waters they had helped to conquer, and giving them to the very Gauls from whom they had been wrested. The victor was vanquished, absolutely, completely vanquished, and had been made to eat his leek. It was enough to make Wolfe turn in his grave. Thanks to the "external pressure" which, the tables being turned, was now exerted from the south upon the north, the compact—for such it was—has held good to the present day. The French-Canadians withstood the blandishments of the Americans, and have kept the gate for the English ever since; and as they certainly could not better themselves by trusting to the hazards of rebellion, they prudently stood firm for their old enemies and new friends. Each party got what it had bargained for: one, the valley of the St. Lawrence and dominion; the other, religion, laws, customs, territory, honor. The Frenchman took the lion's share.

Thus in the short space of fifteen years the French found themselves better off than ever they could have hoped to be had they remained subjects of France. At a stroke of the pen they became Canadians. Ever since the conquest, the only military character remaining to them had been a passive one, and was derived from the mere fact of their being a body *in situ*, of their being where fortune had placed them, and all the force demanded of them was the resistance of immobility. This was simple negation so far as military character was concerned, but it was the greatest

blessing that could befall them; for the last breath of Montcalm dissipated all the dreams of conquest that had stood so long between them and real prosperity,—dreams that had set up dominion instead of development, that had grasped at the emptiness of strife instead of the fullness of peace, that had pushed aside patient toil for the excitement of adventure, and had sacrificed in high places the real to the unreal. Had any one told a Canadian-Frenchman in 1758 that he would be better off without a military constitution than with one, he would have thought the speaker mad. Had any one told a French-Canadian in 1778 that he would be better to have the old régime back than to go on without it, he would have handed the tempter over to custody as one unsafe to be at large, whether madman or traitor. In this brief period a great and enduring change had been wrought. The military constitution of society had pervaded the whole structure before the conquest. Every man felt himself to be a force in "the occupation." All eyes, thoughts, and impulses centred in the Château St. Louis, and what emanated from headquarters gave tone to everybody and everything. It was no more than natural, then, that the life, the very existence, of this little organism, so remote from its race-centre, seemed to its components to depend upon the artificial character that had become a second nature, and that, bereft of this, there was nothing left but to lie down and die. But the fact is that, so far from being essential to its existence, this military constitution was the greatest hindrance to its development; it was the one thing which all along had been checking its growth, and putting it in a false light to itself and to the outer world.

When the agony of mortification was over, and the French took heart again, they were not slow to perceive that the loss of their arms was really beneficial

to them. Their awakening was a rude but salutary one. The dreams of conquest dissipated, they had nothing to distract attention from their fields, and these, the very soil itself, form the first and last foundations of constitutional development. The conditions of social existence soon began to better in every way: growth that heretofore had been stunted took on an air of evolution; dependence on others gave way to dependence on self; and the blood that so long had been sluggish now coursed freely through its natural channels. The weight had been lifted, and the long nightmare was over. Military glory, with all its delusive and mocking phantoms, once gone, the soldier retired, and the citizen took his place. Society no longer huddled beneath the eaves of a guard-house, but entering into its natural abiding-place, the home, grouped itself about the hearth; and lo, before the world had time to realize it, there stood a people! Henceforth the French-Canadians had a distinct, political, almost a national existence. No longer the hangers-on of a mother who valued them only for the use she could put them to, they dictated to a step-mother who was only too glad to keep peace in the family by letting them have their own way. They had their own property, their own tenures, their own language, and their own religion. They virtually made their own laws and imposed their own taxes; they paid no imperial revenue, and they had no external enemies against whom Great Britain was not bound to protect them. Nay, they were preferred above the true heirs themselves, who sent over a vain petition for the repeal, or at least amendment, of the Quebec Act. This sounds like a chapter from the *Arabian Nights*, where the water-carrier at sunrise is grand vizier at sunset. It is, nevertheless, a chapter from the history of England. Such are the bare facts. The transformation did not terminate with

mere physical facts, but reached to moral and political effects that have attracted the observation of politicians and philosophers, and have demonstrated for the hundredth time that a people's development is best effected when left to the people themselves.

Prior to the fall of Quebec, the contrast presented by the barren character of the French occupation with the rich development of institutions in the British colonies was extremely unfavorable. It cannot be said that the change of sovereignty changed this, but it can be said that it transformed the Canadian-French into French-Canadians; that, in doing so, it infused new life into this people, and gave them a new character, — in fact, made a people of them, — and started them so successfully on their feet that the Quebec Act marks an epoch of institutional development in their annals such as they never had before, and of which, so long as they were French subjects, they had never given the first hint or sign. In a word, the French-Canadians speedily took upon themselves the characteristics of a self-reliant people. Not that they surpassed other peoples under like conditions, or even equaled them; but they rose rapidly to the level assigned them by nature, as a cork rises to the surface when pressure has been removed. The old-time lethargy diminished, and activity took the place of inaction.

The first and great change wrought was a result of the deprivation of their military character. Attack and defense were now in other hands. As a consequence, social energy directed itself toward domestic objects. The clash of arms was stilled in the presence of the law; expeditions, that had for their object the acquisition of unneeded territory and spoils, gave way to projects for agriculture and trade. The fifteen years that had elapsed since the capitulation of Quebec had given the land a healthy, recuperative rest; another generation,

unused and indifferent to arms, was now coming on the stage, and was pushing off the lagging veterans who had grown incapacitated or out of touch with the new times; above all, the population had become fixed and producing, instead of being wandering and consuming. The Coutume de Paris, instead of remaining rigid, gradually modified and adapted itself to the requirements of the soil into which it had been transplanted. The criminal-process of England was accepted, with nothing more serious occurring than the murmuring that always accompanies the acceptance of what cannot be avoided. Education began to make its way among classes that heretofore could neither read nor write, and the bar, for which there had been little use under military rule, quickly assumed the importance that always characterizes it under free governments. The Canadians took the first steps towards having a literature of their own. Their orators made themselves heard, and gave promise of attaining the creditable position occupied by them to-day. The forests were invaded for timber rather than for fur; the trade in the latter product passing under British control. Descended from the thriftiest and most frugal of races, this people has cultivated to good purpose the commercial virtues of thrift and frugality. In a word, a change came over their condition, if not over their nature, and, quickly assuming the character to which they were entitled by birth, they afforded another instance of the rapidity with which untrammelled Nature asserts herself after release from repression.

In 1758, the French-Canadians numbered but 90,000, all told; to-day they number 2,250,000. This tells the story: in their competition with the British races, they have surpassed them in natural increase. The average French-Canadian household includes nine members, and families of fifteen and eighteen are common. This increase from 90,000 to

more than 2,000,000 in a century and a third, it must be borne in mind, is natural increase; for accession by immigration has been so slight as not to be worth speaking of. At the present rate of increase, the year A. D. 2000, less than a century and an eighth distant, should see 25,000,000; or, to state it in gross, in less than two centuries and a half, the French-Canadian population will have increased from 90,000 to 25,000,000.

This expansion of population is already making itself felt in the exclusion of those who stand in its way. With the disposition of the British to preserve their homogeneity, and with their indisposition to assimilate blood alien to their own, one of two things must happen: either they must eject the vanquished from the conquered territory, or they must themselves retire. The former course they pursued with the Acadians, the latter they are following in the valley of the St. Lawrence; though it cannot be said that they actually settled and occupied the lands within the French limits to any great extent. The British emigrants do not tarry on the lower St. Lawrence, but, passing through the French provinces, make the Laurentian valley only the highway whereby to reach Ontario and the northwest. Great Britain has contented herself with holding the citadel of Quebec and securing the colonial trade. She has had to relinquish her monopoly of the trade, but she is determined to maintain her hold on the rock of Donnacona. To do this, the policy of which the Quebec Act was the expression is as tenaciously adhered to and as inflexibly enforced to-day as it was in 1774. This policy is, to maintain the French as the warders of the northern gate. In no respect has this been modified further than to garrison the citadel with Canadian instead of imperial forces. "It is well for us," says Lord Lorne, speaking of the *habitants*, in Canadian Pictures,— "it is well for

us that, instead of being a desert, the littoral of the St. Lawrence is garrisoned for us by a population so orderly, contented, hardy, and enduring." With the Quebec Act and its history before their eyes, the handful of Britons in the province of Quebec should have no difficulty in definitely comprehending their position.

There is one notable exception to the use of the province of Quebec as a place of transit merely for British immigration; for what are known as the Eastern Townships, situated in this province, north of Vermont, were settled by English and Scotch, with the purpose, too, of breaking its Gallic homogeneity, — a vain attempt, as even these are being overrun by the French-Canadian, and the Briton is getting out of the way. Hitherto, the tendency of this invasion has been southward, and it has overleaped the boundary that separates the Frenchman from his ancient foe, the New Englander. But for some time past it has been moving westward: it has crossed the Ottawa, and, with remorseless tread, has begun the conquest of the neighboring fields of Ontario. The counties of this latter province immediately bordering upon the Ottawa, to which he was long a stranger, are now familiar with the sight and sound of Jean Baptiste. He is a veritable camel in the Arab's tent: let him get but his head in, and his whole body follows, while the family flies out at the other side; for true it is that, as he advances, emigration from Ontario to the northwest increases. There are now 150,000 French in the province of Ontario; 12,000 in Prince Edward Island, where at the fall of Louisburg there were only 250; in Nova Scotia, 45,000; in New Brunswick, 60,000; in the province of Quebec, 1,250,000; and elsewhere in the British possessions, 25,000.

This expansion is not so much a matter of religion as of race; the Catholic Irish fare no better than the Protestant

English. In 1871, the Irish Catholic population of Montreal numbered about 35,000; in 1881, it had fallen to 27,000. The British population retired with equal step, and from having fifteen of the thirty members of the corporation in 1865, they can now muster but twelve. Thus a majority of six are in the hands of the victorious French; a good working majority out of thirty votes. In the Dominion or federal parliament at Ottawa they hold the balance of power, and they are effectively represented in the cabinet. That they are not backward in asserting their race characteristics is shown by the fact that, wherever they get the upper hand, English has to yield to French; the very nomenclature of the streets betrays their shibboleth, for Queen becomes Notre Dame Street, and Princess, Ste. Anne.

There is no question of the French-Canadian having nourished, ever since his appearance on these shores, aspirations of empire, and that, as the star of Old France waned in the east, he has watched with joy the star of New France waxing in the west. *La Nouvelle France* has never been a dream to him. *La Nouvelle France* it was in actuality to his fathers, and *La Nouvelle France* it is to him this day. First of all, he is French and Catholic; after that, a British subject; never a Briton. Ever since the conquest he has bided his time and found his profit therein. On the surface he has been an opportunist; but really and at heart he is one who acts from indomitable race instincts, from ancient associations, from strong religious feeling, and from a lurking sense of wrongs to right, quite as much as from motives of personal interest. He has, too, the readiness and adroitness which dependence upon opportunity calls into play. The Quebec Act is a standing testimony to this character; for, though the weaker party, and so weak as to be absolutely in the power of his conqueror, by the skillful use of opportunity he

was enabled to fight Montcalm's battle over again with success. He gained the field, so far as his province was concerned, and gained it so completely that henceforth he could make it the impregnable base of operations that have for their object the reduction of all British America to his possession. Nay, entrenched upon this vantage-ground, he could indulge in dreams which included within the borders of La Nouvelle France every foot of soil it ever possessed, and more too. Why should he not so dream? Did not the Quebec Act give him liberty to do so without question, when it bade him take all this to himself, — all of La Nouvelle France and all of British America, save the narrow strip of sea-coast and uplands, from whose slopes rose to his delighted but obdurate ear the importunate appeals of Britons distressed by Britons? And who is to say nay to his crusade? Not the trespassers who entered fields previously reserved for him by the lord of the manor. It does not lie in their mouths to deny his right to anything but the eminent domain. Not the Great Britain who bestowed upon this alien what she had taken from her own children: indeed, she does not deny his claims; she recognizes them as valid, and frankly admits that "these were guaranteed him by the inviolable honor of British law within the great province of Quebec." The Quebec Act is still in force, and is working as much in his favor to-day as it ever did. Why not take it at its word; and why may not the dreams of 1774 be the aims of 1889 and the realizations of the future?

That such is the controlling motive of the French-Canadian is apparent in everything he does. Time was when he could not call even the little horn-work across the St. Charles his own, and when the morning sun saw him a fugitive from the sacred city. To-day he indignantly repudiates "the conquest," and brooks with ill-concealed chagrin the

presence within his gates of the handful of detested and vanquished conquerors. "*L'état, c'est moi! I, the Frenchman!*" is his exulting cry. He laughs to scorn all attempts to anglicize him, and retorts by gallicizing the very localities that are set aside as *points d'appui* from which to break his homogeneity. At late as February of this year (1889), we have concerning him the testimony of one whose business it was to reign over him, and this testimony is worth considering. Lord Lorne affirms that a strong people is growing, purely French in thought, language, and religion; that they keep together as a political force; that with them it is always "*notre nation*," "*nous Canadiens*," a homogeneous population, allowing no mixture with others of different religion; that what they must have is "*nos institutions*," French law, French custom, none other; that the sentiment of being still French is there; that the power is growing to assert a separate policy, and to have a French state in the northeast conserving its "national" traditions apart from those of the rest of the continent; that, conservatives of the conservatives, the old Legitimist feelings in Church and State prevailing in Europe during the best times of French monarchy are the ideals after which they are taught to live; that the tricolor is a flag hoisted with even greater pride than the union jack; and that they cannot be changed unless they forswear all that they hold sacred. No; the Church forbids. Whatever the future may bring, continues the marquess, there is no doubt that this large and rapidly augmenting people, of one faith, one blood, and animated by so intense a feeling of nationality, will exist as a factor largely influencing the condition of the north-eastern corner of the American continent. If for the phrase "will exist as a factor largely influencing," etc., there be substituted one reading "exist to-day as a factor absolutely controlling the

condition of the northeastern corner," the description will conform more closely to the facts. The French-Canadian is master, absolute master, of the valley of the St. Lawrence from the Ottawa to the Strait of Belle Isle, and of the valley of the St. John from Lake Pohenegamook to the Tobique. Throughout this vast but rather unfruitful land, nothing indicative of the presence of the Anglo-Saxon strikes the eye of the traveler from the deck of the boat that conveys him down the St. Lawrence, save the union jack that floats from the king's bastion in the citadel of Quebec. It was to keep this flag waving on that spot that the Quebec Act was made the real, unchanging, and underlying constitution of Canada, and every interest of every English-speaking colonist staked upon the fidelity of guardians that refuse to be anglicized. How long will the unanglicized guardians of this flag suffer it to flaunt over them? Just so long as it is significant of their supremacy, and not a day longer.

Few Americans appreciate the presence of the French-Canadian on our own territory as an important and pregnant fact. It is true that he does not bring with him the significance that he carries, for example, into Ontario; for, thus far, he has not endangered our principle of assimilation, and his appearance here is uniformly accompanied with the declaration that he intends to return home, whereas in Ontario it is plain enough that he goes to stay. It is the difference, as the lawyers say, between the *animus revertendi* and the *animus manendi*. Nevertheless, the constant presence among us of 600,000 of these living arguments is not to be ignored, especially as, in spite of the efforts made to keep them at home, their neighbors seem bent on joining them. Moreover, whatever the intention to return, the result is habitation, and this disposition to remain is strengthening. The report of the commissioner of the Connecticut State

Bureau of Labor Statistics, and the Massachusetts census of 1885, betray some striking facts. One is that the French-Canadians, so far, have kept east of the Connecticut River; another is that they appear in large groups or masses. This latter characteristic may yet arouse apprehension. Both conditions are to be attributed to the same cause, being necessitated by the topographical requirements of manufacture in that part of the country. But who would suppose that already they had penetrated almost to Long Island Sound? Nevertheless, the commissioner's report shows that in Wyndham County, Connecticut, one fifth of the entire population is French-Canadian; an element, "in fact, larger than exists in any other county in the United States, except in the border county of Aroostook, in Maine. There are districts where the French-Canadian population quite overshadows the American element." The Massachusetts census reveals a very low order of educational attainments among them, for it shows that over fifty-one per cent. of the French-Canadian aliens are illiterate, and that, of the total of illiterate aliens, they constitute more than thirty-two per cent. They have their societies and benevolent institutions, and their interest in acquiring permanent domicile, in becoming naturalized, and in learning the English language is increasing.

The tranquillity with which we regard our allotment of the French invasion is not shared by the English-speaking provinces of Canada. Instinctive dread heralds the enemy's approach. No one can journey throughout the province of Ontario without being constantly met by evidences of fear and distrust of the French-Canadian. If there be a skeleton in the Ontarian's closet, it is that he or his children may live to see his province gallicized and romanized. It is the same in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the other provinces where the French are still in a minority. Much thought

of evil is taken for the morrow, and the time when the French-Canadian may return a majority is daily anticipated by those who behold in his supremacy the downfall of Protestantism and the humiliation of the English-speaking races at the hands of their hereditary foe. This fear crops out at all times and in all places, and is the motive of those bursts of feeling towards annexation to this country which have of late manifested themselves with increasing force and frequency. "French influence," it is said, "is the one now predominating at Ottawa; it holds the balance of power, and, when fortune permits it to strike, it is certain, speedy, and remorseless. What is this but subjection to French rule? We will not be ruled by the French; yet, so long as the Quebec Act is in force, there can be no other outlook, and Great Britain must continue to lean towards the French side and to strengthen French interests at the expense of British interests. What, then, is to be done? We have one of four courses to pursue: either to remain as we are; to take the matter into our own hands, and repeal the Quebec Act with fire and sword; to secede and set up as an independent state; or to seek annexation with the United States. To adopt the first course would be submissively to fold our hands, and to accept as cravens the situation that has become intolerable to us as men. To take the matter into our own hands means civil war, perhaps rebellion, with ourselves as rebels; for what assurance have we of the countenance of the mother country, when the present intolerable condition is the result of that countenance being turned from us ever since 1774? To secede and set up for ourselves independently of the world would not be permitted by the mother country, and this would be to plunge into the horrors of civil war and rebellion, with the absolute certainty of the imperial government being against us and to the full extent of her power. Moreover,

even success would be a doubtful gain. Inland and cut off from communication with the outer world, we should not be relieved from the encroachments of our ancient enemy; while to our friendly but overshadowing neighbor on the south, we should become a standing temptation to conquest. Thus, if we remain as we are, we must either submit to the rule of an alien blood, an alien tongue, and an alien religion, or resist with arms; if we set up for ourselves, we become isolated, our best estate can never be more than that of a petty power, and we hold ourselves forth a constant temptation to conquest. There is but one way of escape from the body of this death: to take time by the forelock, and, entering the Union of our own motion, cast in our lot with those of our own tongue and blood, with those whose federal affairs are not the arena of conflicting faiths, and with those whose cardinal doctrine of political constitution is, that each State shall manage its own affairs absolutely, and, moreover, shall have its due weight in the federal councils. Thus should we enter the Union free agents, and so should we ever continue on an equality with our own blood, our own tongue, and our religion will be free from constantly impending subversion. The security of our future draws us in one direction only, and there is nothing left but annexation."

It may be a long time before the descendants of the United Empire loyalists bring themselves to this pass, — they who sought the depths of Ontario's forests, and became hewers of wood and drawers of water, sooner than share with us the mastery of our rebellious tents. Nevertheless, who will to Cupar maun to Cupar; and when, of the two leading journals of Ontario, one breathes forth fire and slaughter against the French, declaring that, in the event of another subjection by the British, the truce of the former conquest will not be repeated, and when its rival as emphatically

avers that the solution of Canadian difficulties may be nearer at hand than people suppose, and glances in the direction of Washington, it is time to heed the straws that are flying before the wind.

The Dominion of Canada is a device to keep the peace between those to whom Nature has allotted an irrepressible conflict. This conflict is between adversaries of different and irreconcilable races, different and irreconcilable methods, different and irreconcilable tongues, and different and irreconcilable religions. The blood of Riel assuaged the wrath of Ontario only for the moment, and staved off, without preventing, the day of disruption and of hostile contact; on the other hand, by exasperating Quebec and wounding its sense of nationality, it threatens to hasten the inevitable climax. Assuming, however, that the bellicose and mysterious utterances of the Toronto press have no more solid foundation than the irritation of the moment; that the loyalty that brought Ontario into the world will prevail against forebodings that tempt her to cut loose from a dominion that dares not dominate; that both parties will take counsel of right reason and good-will, and, at the worst, will agree to disagree and to substitute rivalry for antagonism, the French-Canadian, in the peaceful contest for territory and political supremacy, will have the great, the very great advantage of consummate organization, of effective discipline, of complete homogeneity, and of greater natural increase. It is this latter force that is pressing the Briton helplessly to the wall, and that will inexorably carry the day against him in the decisive battle for race supremacy.

La Nouvelle France has had its ups and downs, and has now reached the point where humility is discarded for aggression. The step from the ante-chamber to the closet has been taken, and the servant has become greater than

the master; in fact, he bullies him. The new squire has put on new garments befitting his change of condition, and shows the usual effects of elevation. He talks of "us Canadians" and of "our institutions," declares that he will permit nobody on his premises but his own people, threatens his neighbors, and has grand plans for the future. He is a little sensitive to anything that recalls the past too abruptly; refers to his former subordinate position as incident to the rude game of war; calls Heaven to witness that his family was the oldest in the neighborhood, that it bowed to circumstances, but was never broken by them; regards himself as a man of destiny, and firmly believes in his star. La Nouvelle France is the great political fact of his existence: Old France may have changed, but New France, never. It may have been beaten to the ground by hereditary enemies, but has he not seen it rise, stronger than ever, endued with new life, mastering the master, — and this before the babe, born in the moment of humiliation, was half-way through his teens? Though he has lately called back to Ontario that the spectre of annexation has no terrors for him, he has never taken kindly to the project. Our prodigious receptivity and power of assimilation have aroused a dread, that expresses itself in his determination never to be "absorbed," like Louisiana. He has therefore given himself to every effort that would keep his children from crossing our border, and has set in motion what it pleases him to style the project of repatriation. Canada is good enough for him, he says, and there is no place like home, — which means that, for him, a dinner of herbs in the abodes of the godly is better than plenty in *partibus infidelium*; that he regards the valley of the St. Lawrence as his natural habitat, and that French empire in America, if ever such exist, must emanate thence.

Of this empire time must be the great

creative force; he will also have to work for it. We have seen the French-Canadian patient and persistent when in the dust; will he be less so beneath

the burdens of the future? Is *La Nouvelle France* a dream, or is it written in the stars? The twentieth century will determine.

Eben Greenough Scott.

THE WHITE ROSE ROAD.

BEING a New Englander, it is natural that I should first speak about the weather. Only the middle of June, the green fields, and blue sky, and bright sun, with a touch of northern mountain wind blowing straight toward the sea, could make such a day, and that is all one can say about it. We were driving seaward through a part of the country which has been least changed in the last thirty years, — among farms which have been won from swampy lowland, and rocky, stump-buttressed hillsides; where the forests wall in the fields, and send their outposts year by year farther into the pastures. There is a year or two in the history of these pastures before they have arrived at the dignity of being called woodland, and yet are too much shaded and overgrown by young trees to give proper pasturage, when they make delightful harbors for the small wild creatures which yet remain, and for wild flowers and berries. Here you send an astonished rabbit scurrying to his burrow, and there you startle yourself with a partridge, who seems to get the best of the encounter. Sometimes you see a hen partridge and her brood of chickens crossing your path with an air of comfortable door-yard security. As you drive along the narrow, grassy road, you see many charming sights and delightful nooks on either hand, where the young trees spring out of a close-cropped turf that carpets the ground like velvet. Toward the east and the quaint fishing village of Ogunquit I find the most delightful wood-

land roads. There is little left of the large timber which once filled the region, but much young growth, and there are hundreds of acres of cleared land and pasture ground where the forests are springing fast and covering the country once more, as if they had no idea of losing in their war with civilization and the intruding white settler. The pine woods and the Indians seem to be next of kin, and the former owners of this corner of New England are the only proper figures to paint into such landscapes. The twilight under tall pines seems to be untenanted and to lack something, at first sight, as if one opened the door of an empty house. A farmer passing through with his axe is but an intruder, and children straying home from school give one a feeling of solicitude at their unprotectedness. The pines are the red man's house, and it may be hazardous even yet for the gray farmhouses to stand so near the eaves of the forest. I have noticed a distrust of the deep woods, among elderly people, which was something more than a fear of losing their way. It was a feeling of defenselessness against some unrecognized but malicious influence.

Driving through the long woodland way, shaded and chilly when you are out of the sun; across the Great Works River and its pretty elm-grown interval; across the short bridges of brown brooks; delayed now and then by the sight of ripe strawberries in sunny spots by the roadside, one comes to a higher open country, where farm joins farm,

and the cleared fields lie all along the highway, while the woods are pushed back a good distance on either hand. The wooded hills, bleak here and there with granite ledges, rise beyond. The houses are beside the road, with green door-yards and large barns, almost empty now, and with wide doors standing open, as if they were already expecting the hay crop to be brought in. The tall green grass is waving in the fields as the wind goes over, and there is a fragrance of whiteweed and ripe strawberries and clover blowing through the sunshiny barns, with their lean sides and their festoons of brown, dusty cobwebs; dull, comfortable creatures they appear to imaginative eyes, waiting hungrily for their yearly meal. The eaves-swallows are teasing their sleepy shapes, like the birds which flit about great beasts; gay, movable, irreverent, almost derisive, those barn-swallows fly to and fro in the still, clear air.

The noise of our wheels brings fewer faces to the windows than usual, and we lose the pleasure of seeing some of our friends who are apt to be looking out, and to whom we like to say good-day. Some funeral must be taking place, or perhaps the women may have gone out into the fields. It is hoeing-time and strawberry-time, and already we have seen some of the younger women at work among the corn and potatoes. One sight will be charming to remember. On a green hillside sloping to the west, near one of the houses, a thin little girl was working away lustily with a big hoe on a patch of land perhaps fifty feet by twenty. There were all sorts of things growing there, as if a child's fancy had made the choice,—straight rows of turnips and carrots and beets, a little of everything, one might say; but the only touch of color was from a long border of useful sage in full bloom of dull blue, on the upper side. I am sure this was called Katy's or Becky's *piece* by the elder members

of the family. One can imagine how the young creature had planned it in the spring, and persuaded the men to plough and harrow it, and since then had stoutly done all the work herself, and meant to send the harvest of the piece to market, and pocket her honest gains, as they came in, for some great end. She was as thin as a grasshopper, this busy little gardener, and hardly turned to give us a glance, as we drove slowly up the hill close by. The sun will brown and dry her like a spear of grass on that hot slope, but a spark of fine spirit is in the small body, and I wish her a famous crop. I hate to say that the piece looked backward, all except the sage, and that it was a heavy bit of land for the clumsy hoe to pick at. The only puzzle is what she proposes to do with so long a row of sage. Yet there may be a large family with a downfall of measles yet ahead, and she does not mean to be caught without sage-tea. It is time it were cut, at any rate.

Along this road every one of the old farmhouses has at least one tall bush of white roses by the door,—a most lovely sight, with buds and blossoms and unvexed green leaves. I wish that I knew the history of them, and whence the first bush was brought. Perhaps from England itself, like a red rose that I know in Kittery, and the new shoots from the root were given to one neighbor after another all through the district. The bushes are slender, but they grow tall without climbing against the wall, and sway to and fro in the wind with a grace of youth and an inexpressible charm of beauty. How many lovers must have picked them on Sunday evenings, in all the bygone years, and carried them along the roads or by the pasture foot-paths, hiding them clumsily under their Sunday coats if they caught sight of any one coming. Here, too, where the sea wind nips many a young life before its prime, how often the white

roses have been put into paler hands, and withered there!

In spite of the serene and placid look of the old houses, one who has always known them cannot help thinking of the sorrows of these farms and their almost undiverted toil. Near the little gardener's plot we turned from the main road and drove through lately cleared woodland up to an old farmhouse, high on a ledgy hill, whence there is a fine view of the country seaward and mountainward. There were few of the once large household left there: only the old farmer, who was crippled by war wounds, active, cheerful man that he was once, and two young orphan children. There has been much hard work spent on the place. Every generation has toiled from youth to age without being able to make much beyond a living. The dollars that can be saved are but few, and sickness and death have often brought their bitter cost. The mistress of the farm was helpless for many years; through all the summers and winters she sat in her pillowed rocking-chair in the plain room. She could watch the seldom-visited lane, and beyond it, a little way across the fields, were the woods; besides these, only the clouds in the sky. She could not lift her food to her mouth; she could not be her brother's working partner. She never went into another woman's house to see her works and ways, but sat there, aching and tired, vexed by flies and by heat, and isolated in long storms. Yet the whole country-side neighbored her with true affection. Her spirit grew stronger as her body grew weaker, and the doctors, who grieved because they could do so little with their skill, were never confronted by that malady of the spirit, a desire for ease and laziness, which makes the soundest of bodies useless and complaining. The thought of her blooms in one's mind like the whitest of flowers; it makes one braver and more thankful to remember the simple faith and patience with which she bore

her pain and trouble. How often she must have said, "I wish I could do something for you in return," when she was doing a thousand times more than if, like her neighbors, she followed the simple round of daily life! She was doing constant kindness by her example; but nobody can tell the woe of her long days and nights, the solitude of her spirit, as she was being lifted by such hard ways to the knowledge of higher truth and experience. Think of her pain when, one after another, her housemates fell ill and died, and she could not tend them! And now, in the same worn chair where she lived and slept sat her brother, helpless too, thinking of her, and missing her more than if she had been sometimes away from home, like other women. Even a stranger would miss her in the house.

There sat the old farmer, looking down the lane in his turn, bearing his afflictions with a patient sternness that may have been born of watching his sister's serenity. There was a half-withered white rose lying within his reach. Some days nobody came up the lane, and the wild birds that ventured near the house and the clouds that blew over were his only entertainment. He had a fine face, of the older New England type, clean-shaven and strong-featured, — a type that is fast passing away. He might have been a Cumberland dalesman, such were his dignity, and self-possession, and English soberness of manner. His large frame was built for hard work, for lifting great weights and pushing his plough through new-cleared land. We felt at home together, and each knew many things that the other did of earlier days, and of losses that had come with time. I remembered coming to the old house often in my childhood; it was in this very farm lane that I first saw anemones, and learned what to call them. After we drove away, this crippled man must have thought a long time about my elders and

betters, as if he were reading their story out of a book. I suppose he has hauled many a stick of timber pine down for the ship-yards, and gone through the village so early in the winter morning that I, waking in my warm bed, only heard the sleds creak through the frozen snow as the slow oxen plodded by.

Near the house a trout brook comes plashing over the ledges. At one place there is a most exquisite waterfall, to which neither painter's brush nor writer's pen can do justice. The sunlight falls through flickering leaves into the deep glen, and makes the foam whiter and the brook more golden-brown. You can hear the merry noise of it all night, all day, in the house. A little way above the farmstead it comes through marshy ground, which I fear has been the cause of much illness and sorrow to the poor, troubled family. I had a thrill of pain, as it seemed to me that the brook was mocking at all that trouble with its wild carelessness and loud laughter, as it hurried away down the glen.

When we had said good-by and were turning the horses away, there suddenly appeared in a foot-path that led down from one of the green hills the young grand-niece, just coming home from school. She was as quick as a bird, and as shy in her little pink gown, and balanced herself on one foot, like a flower. The brother was the elder of the two orphans; he was the old man's delight and dependence by day, while his hired man was afield. The sober country boy had learned to wait and tend, and the young people were indeed a joy in that lonely household. There was no sign that they ever played like other children,—no truckle-cart in the yard, no doll, no bits of broken crockery in order on a rock. They had learned a fashion of life from their elders, and already could lift and carry their share of the burdens of life.

It was a country of wild flowers; the last of the columbines were clinging to

the hillsides; down in the small, fenced meadows belonging to the farm were meadow rue just coming in flower, and red and white clover; the golden buttercups were thicker than the grass, while many mulleins were standing straight and slender among the pine stumps, with their first blossoms atop. Rudbeckias had found their way in, and appeared more than ever like bold foreigners. Their names should be translated into country speech, and the children ought to call them "rude-beekies," by way of relating them to bouncing-bets and sweet-williams. The pasture grass was green and thick after the plentiful rains, and the busy cattle took little notice of us as they browsed steadily and tinkled their pleasant bells. Looking off, the smooth, round back of Great Hill caught the sunlight with its fields of young grain, and all the long, wooded slopes and valleys were fresh and fair in the June weather, away toward the blue New Hampshire hills on the northern horizon. Seaward stood Agamenticus, dark with its pitch pines, and the far sea itself, blue and calm, ruled the uneven country with its unchangeable line.

Out on the white rose road again, we saw more of the rose-trees than ever, and now and then a carefully tended flower garden, always delightful to see and to think about. They are not made by merely looking through a florist's catalogue, and ordering this or that new seedling and a proper selection of bulbs or shrubs; everything in a country garden has its history and personal association. The old bushes, the perennials, are apt to have most tender relationship with the hands that planted them long ago. There is a constant exchange of such treasures between the neighbors, and in the spring slips and cuttings may be seen rooting on the window ledges, while the house plants give endless work all winter long, since they need careful protection against frost in long nights of

the severe weather. A flower-loving woman brings back from every one of her infrequent journeys some treasure of flower-seeds or a huge miscellaneous nosegay. Time to work in the little plot of pleasure-ground is hardly won by the busy mistress of the farmhouse. The most appealing collection of flowering plants and vines that I ever saw was in Virginia, once, above the exquisite valley spanned by the Natural Bridge, far too little known or praised. I had noticed an old log house, as I learned to know the outlook from the picturesque hotel, and was sure that it must give a charming view from its perch on the summit of a hill.

One day I went there, — one April day, when the whole landscape was full of color from the budding trees, — and before I could look at the view I caught sight of some rare vines, already in leaf, about the dilapidated walls of the cabin. Then across the low paling I saw the brilliant colors of tulips and daffodils, and the most exquisite narcissus. There were many rose-bushes; in fact, the whole top of the hill had been a flower garden, once well cared for and carefully ordered. It was all the work of an old woman of Scotch-Irish descent, who had been busy with the cares of life, and a very hard worker; yet I was told that to gratify her love for flowers she would often go afoot many miles over those rough Virginia roads, with some root or cutting from her own garden to barter for a new rose or a brighter blossom of some sort, with which she would return in triumph. I fancied that sometimes she had to go by night on these charming quests. I could see her business-like, small figure setting forth down the steep path, when she had a good conscience toward her housekeeping and the children were in order to be left. I am sure that her friends thought of her when they were away from home and could bring her an offering of something rare. Alas, she had grown too

old and feeble to care for her dear blossoms any longer, and had been forced to go to live with a married son. I dare say that she was thinking of her garden that very day, and wondering if this thing or that were not in bloom, and perhaps had a heartache at the thought that her tenants, the careless colored children, might tread the young shoots of peony and rose, and make havoc in the herb-bed. It was an uncommon collection, made by years of patient toil and self-sacrifice.

I thought of that deserted Southern garden as I followed my own New England road. The flower plots were in gay bloom all along the way; almost every house had some flowers before it, sometimes carefully fenced about by stakes and barrel staves from the miscreant hens and chickens which lurked everywhere, and liked a good scratch and fluffing in soft earth this year as well as any other. The world seemed full of young life. There were calves tethered in pleasant shady spots, and puppies and kittens adventuring from the door-ways. The trees were full of birds: bobolinks, and cat-birds, and yellow-hammers, and golden robins, and sometimes a thrush, for the afternoon was wearing late. We passed the spring which once marked the boundary where three towns met, — Berwick, York, and Wells, — a famous spot in the early settlement of the country, but many of its old traditions are now forgotten. One of the omnipresent regicides of Charles the First is believed to have hidden himself for a long time under a great rock close by. The story runs that he made his miserable home in this den for several years, but I believe that there is no record that more than three of the regicides escaped to this country, and their wanderings are otherwise accounted for. There is a firm belief that one of them came to York, and was the ancestor of many persons now living there, but I do not know whether he can have been the hero of

the Baker's Spring hermitage beside. We stopped to drink some of the delicious water, which never fails to flow cold and clear under the shade of a great oak, and were amused with the sight of a flock of gay little country children who passed by in deep conversation. What could such atoms of humanity be talking about? "Old times," said John, the master of horse, with instant decision.

We met now and then a man or woman, who stopped to give us hospitable greeting; but there was no staying for visits, lest the daylight might fail us. It was delightful to find this old-established neighborhood so thriving and populous, for a few days before I had driven over three miles of road, and passed only one house that was tenanted, and six cellars or crumbling chimneys where good farm-houses had been, the lilacs blooming in solitude, and the fields, cleared with so much difficulty a century or two ago, all going back to the original woodland from which they were won. What would the old farmers say to see the fate of their worthy bequest to the younger generation? They would wag their heads sorrowfully, with sad foreboding.

After we had passed more woodland and a well-known quarry, where, for a wonder, the derrick was not creaking and not a single hammer was clinking at the stone wedges, we did not see any one hoeing in the fields, as we had seen so many on the white rose road, the other side of the hills. Presently we met two or three people walking sedately, clad in their best clothes. There was a subdued air of public excitement and concern, and one of us remembered that there had been a death in the neighborhood; this was the day of the funeral. The man had been known to us in former years. We had an instinct to hide our unsympathetic pleasuring, but there was nothing to be done except to follow our homeward road straight by the house.

The occasion was nearly ended by this time: the borrowed chairs were being set out into the yard in little groups; even the funeral supper had been eaten, and the brothers and sisters and near relatives of the departed man were just going home. The new grave showed plainly out in the green field near by. He had belonged to one of the ancient families of the region, long settled on this old farm by the narrow river; they had given their name to a bridge, and the bridge had christened the meeting-house which stood close by. We were much struck by the solemn figure of the mother, a very old woman, as she walked toward her own home with some of her remaining children. I had not thought to see her again, knowing her great age and infirmity. She was like a presence out of the last century, tall and still erect, dark-eyed and of striking features, and a firm look not modern, but as if her mind were still set upon an earlier and simpler scheme of life. An air of dominion cloaked her finely. She had long been queen of her surroundings and law-giver to her great family. Royalty is a quality, one of Nature's gifts, and there one might behold it as truly as if Victoria Regina Imperatrix had passed by. The natural instincts common to humanity were there undisguised, unconcealed, simply accepted. We had seen a royal progress; she was the central figure of that rural society; as you looked at the little group, you could see her only. Now that she came abroad so rarely, her presence was not without deep significance, and so she took her homeward way with a primitive kind of majesty.

It was evident that the neighborhood was in great excitement and quite thrown out of its usual placidity. An acquaintance came from a small house farther down the road, and we stopped for a word with him. We spoke of the funeral, and were told something of the man who had died. "Yes, and there's a

man layin' very sick here," said our friend in an excited whisper. "*He* won't last but a day or two. There 's another man buried yesterday that was struck by lightnin', comin' home acrost a field when that great shower begun. The lightnin' stove through his hat and run down all over him, and ploughed a spot in the ground." There was a knot of people about the door; the minister of that scattered parish stood among them, and they all looked at us eagerly, as if we too might be carrying news of a fresh disaster through the country-side.

Somehow the melancholy tales did not touch our sympathies as they ought, and we could not see the pathetic side of them as at another time, the day was so full of cheer and the sky and earth so glorious. The very fields looked busy with their early summer growth, the horses began to think of the clack of the oat-bin cover, and we were hurried along between the silvery willows and the rustling alders, taking time to gather a handful of stray-away conserve roses by the road-side; and where the highway made a long bend eastward among the farms, two of us left the carriage, and followed a foot-path along the green river bank and through the pastures, coming out to the road again only a minute later than the horses. I believe that it is the old Indian trail followed from the salmon falls farther down the river, where the up-country Indians came to dry the plentiful fish for their winter supplies. I have traced the greater part of this deep-worn foot-path, which goes straight as an arrow across the country, the first day's trail being from the falls (where Mason's settlers came in 1627, and built their Great Works of a saw-mill with a gang of saws, and presently a grist-mill beside) to Emery's Bridge. I should like to follow the old foot-path still farther. I found part of it by accident a long time ago. Once, as you came close to the river, you were sure to find fishermen scattered

along, — sometimes I myself have been discovered; but it is not much use to go fishing any more. If some public-spirited person would kindly be the Frank Buckland of New England, and try to have the laws enforced that protect the inland fisheries, he would do his country great service. Years ago there were so many salmon that, as an enthusiastic old friend once assured me, "you could walk across on them below the falls;" but now they are unknown, simply because certain substances which would enrich the farms are thrown from factories and tanneries into our clear New England streams. Good river fish are growing very scarce. The smelt, and bass, and shad have all left this upper branch of the Piscataqua, as the salmon left it long ago, and the supply of one necessary sort of good cheap food is lost to a growing community, for the lack of a little thought and care in the factory companies and saw-mills, and the building in some cases of fish-ways over the dams. I think that the need of preaching against this bad economy is very great. The sight of a proud lad with a string of undersized trout will scatter half the idlers in town into the pastures next day, but everybody patiently accepts the depopulation of a fine clear river, where the tide comes fresh from the sea to be tainted by the spoiled stream, which started from its mountain sources as pure as heart could wish. Man has done his best to ruin the world he lives in, one is tempted to say at impulsive first thought; but after all, as I mounted the last hill before reaching the village, the houses took on a new look of comfort and pleasantness, the fields that I knew so well were a fresher green than before, the sun was down, and the provocations of the day seemed very slight compared to the satisfaction. I believed that with a little more time we should grow wiser about our fish and other things beside.

It will be good to remember the white

rose road and its quietness in many a busy town day to come. As I think of these slight sketches, I wonder if they will have to others a tinge of sadness ;

but I have seldom spent an afternoon so full of pleasure and fresh and delighted consciousness of the possibilities of rural life.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE SECRET.

I HAVE heard a fearful secret :
To the Shah I will not tell it ;
I will hide it from my sweetheart,
From my merry, dear companions,
When they ask.

This it is : The clod I trample
Was the skull of Alexander,
And the waters of the ocean
In the veins of haughty princes
Once ran red.

And the dust-clouds of the desert
Were the lips of lovely women :
Where are they, and they who kissed them ?
Power dies, and beauty passes, —
Naught abides.

Where is Jamshyd, and his beaker ?
Solomon, and where his mirror ?
Which of all the wise professors
Knows when Kaus and Jamshyd flourished, —
Who can tell ?

They were mighty, yet they vanished ;
Names are all they left behind them :
Glory first, and then an echo ;
Then the very echo hushes, —
All is still.

O my Shah, ask not my secret !
Sweetheart, I must hide it from you !
They who hear it are not merry :
Power dies, and beauty passes, —
Naught abides.

W. R. Thayer.

AMERICANS AT THE FIRST BASTILLE CELEBRATION.

THE centenary celebration of the fall of the Bastille has been observed this year with pomp and ceremony by great multitudes both of Frenchmen and foreigners, among whom the American contingent was very noticeable. Ninety-nine years ago the first Bastille anniversary was exciting an almost equally universal interest, and the Champ de Mars was the scene of unexampled enthusiasm. Foreigners of all nations had been eager to witness that scene, and on the 19th of June, 1790, Anacharsis (then John Baptist) Cloots and his thirty-five colleagues, the "*députation du genre humain*," waited on the Assembly to bespeak a place at the festival. The United States were not represented in that deputation. Either the Americans in Paris did not think that the tone of Cloots's address befitted the representatives of a people who had been assisted by Louis XVI. in gaining their independence, or they preferred to appear by themselves. At the morning sitting of the 10th of July, the president, the Marquis de Bonnay, announced that "Paul Jones and other North Americans" had solicited admission to the Champ de Mars, and he was directed to reply that the Assembly would be glad to see them there. Some misunderstanding must, however, have existed as to this semi-private or perfunctory application, for at the evening sitting a deputation presented itself, consisting, according to the official minutes, of G. Howell, Alexander Contee,¹ N. Harrison, James Swan,² Benjamin Jarvis, John Anderson, Joel Barlow, W. H. Vernon, Samuel Blackden, F. L. Tancy (?), Thomas Appleton, Paul Jones.

The spokesman was Vernon, whose courtly manners, which earned him in his native Newport, R. I., the *sobriquet*

of "Count Vernon," had probably recommended him for this distinction, but the address had in all probability been drawn up by Barlow, and it was in these terms:—

"Struck with admiration at the development and extension of their principles in this happy country, the citizens of the United States of America now in Paris ardently solicit the favor of approaching the sacred altar of liberty, and of testifying to the National Assembly the warm gratitude and profound respect merited by the founders of a great people and the benefactors of the human race. The western star which is shedding its light on distant shores unites its rays with those of the glorious sun which is pouring floods of light on the French Empire, to enlighten, eventually, the universe. The force of truth is irresistible, and the celerity of its progress is beyond all calculation. We believed and we sincerely desired that the blessings of liberty would be one day appreciated; that the nations would emerge from their lethargy, and would claim the rights of man with a voice which could not be stifled. We believed that the luxury and passion of ruling would lose their illusory charm; that those chiefs, those kings, those gods of the earth, would renounce the idolatrous distinctions lavished upon them, in order to mingle with their fellow-citizens and rejoice at their happiness. We believed that religion would divest itself of its borrowed terrors, and would reject the murderous arms of intolerance and fanaticism, in order to take up the sceptre of peace. These events are now hastening in a surprising manner, and we experience an inexpressible and till now unknown delight at finding ourselves in the presence of this venerable assembly

¹ Misprinted Contee.

² Misprinted Sevan.

of the heroes of humanity, who with so much success have fought in the fields of truth and virtue. May the pleasing emotions of a satisfied conscience and the benedictions of a happy and grateful people be the reward of your generous efforts! May the patriot king who has so nobly sacrificed with you upon the altar of the country ultimately share the fruits! The monarch who, in beginning his career, threw his blessings on distant regions was well worthy of exchanging the seductive lustre of arbitrary power for the love and gratitude of his fellow-citizens. In regenerated France he may well be called king of the French, but in the language of the universe he will be the first king of men. We have but one desire: it is that you would kindly grant us the honor of attending the august ceremony which is to insure forever the happiness of France. When the French fought and shed their blood with us under the standard of liberty, they taught us to love it. Now that the establishment of the same principles brings us nearer together and tightens our bonds, we can find in our hearts only the pleasing sentiments of brothers and fellow-citizens. It is at the foot of the same altar where the representatives and citizen soldiers of a vast and powerful empire will pronounce the oath of fidelity to the nation, to the law, and to the king that we shall swear everlasting friendship to the French, — yes, to all Frenchmen faithful to the principles which you have consecrated; for like you we cherish liberty, like you we love peace.”

The president replied: —

“It was by helping you to conquer liberty that the French learned to understand and love it. The hands which went to burst your fetters were not made to wear them themselves; but, more fortunate than you, it is our king himself, it is a patriot and citizen king, who has called us to the happiness which we are enjoying, — that happiness which has cost

us merely sacrifices, but which you paid for with torrents of blood. Two different paths have led us to the same goal. Courage broke your chains; reason has made ours fall off. Through you liberty has founded its empire in the west, but in the east also it has innumerable subjects, and its throne now rests on the two worlds. The National Assembly receives with pleasing satisfaction the fraternal homage rendered by the citizens of the United States of America now present. May they still call us brothers! May Americans and French be only one people! United in heart, united in principles, the National Assembly will see them with pleasure united in that national festival which is about to furnish a spectacle hitherto unknown in the universe. The National Assembly offers you the honors of the sitting.”

How deceptive, alas, were the expectations thus indulged in! Scarcely a year had passed before the Marquis de Bonnay was a fugitive. Formerly page to Louis XVI., a ready versifier, popular in fashionable society, he soon took alarm at the serious character assumed by the Revolution, and on the king being brought back a virtual prisoner from Varennes he joined the *émigrés* at Coblenz. He left behind him a sealed packet, not to be opened, according to the label on it, till his death, but the Assembly broke the seals. It proved, however, to contain love-letters of 1787, from a married princess, whose name, with more delicacy than might in such times have been expected, was kept secret. The Assembly laughed contemptuously on learning the real nature of these apparently important documents. One is reminded of the love-letter which, brought to Cæsar in the Senate, he was forced, in order to dispel suspicions, to hand over to the mockery of an adversary. Bonnay remained in exile till the fall of Napoleon, and was afterwards ambassador at Berlin; but in 1820, when a second time a widower, he dressed up

a young secretary in woman's dress and passed him off as his wife. This freak, inexcusable in a septuagenarian, cost him his place, and he died at Paris five years subsequently.

How Bonnay must have sighed over his illusions of 1790! The deputation, too, must have been rudely disenchanted, with the exception of Paul Jones, who died before the Terror set in, and who, as Gouverneur Morris assures us, all along detested the Revolution. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette — députation?* A review of their subsequent careers would not lack interest. Much might be said of Vernon, a welcome visitor at the French court, who, but for a French friend happening to pass, would have been mobbed or even hanged as an aristocrat, and who carried home a collection of paintings; or of Barlow, whose death was caused, or hastened, by his being involved in the disastrous retreat from Moscow. I leave these men, however, to American writers better acquainted with them, and confine myself to Colonel James Swan, whose history is the most curious and probably the least known.

Swan was born in Fifeshire in 1754, but went, in his teens, to America, and was clerk to a Boston merchant. Indignant at the inhumanity on board slave ships, he published in 1773 *Disquisitions from the Slave Trade*. The dispute with England aroused his enthusiasm, and he was one of the sham Indians who threw the tea-chests into Boston harbor. He joined the force raised by General Joseph Warren, who made him his aid-de-camp, and Swan was by his side when Warren fell at Bunker Hill. After holding some fiscal offices, he rejoined the army in September, 1776, as major of artillery, and distinguished himself in the occupation of the heights of Dorchester, whereby the English fleet, busy in honoring St. Patrick's Day, was obliged to evacuate Boston harbor. He was next secretary to the

War Committee, then a member of the Provincial Congress, then again in the field. In 1784 he wrote on the fisheries, and in 1786 he published *National Arithmetic*, an argument for a closer federal union.

On the cessation of the War for Independence he had begun trading with France, and is said to have visited that country, where his old friends, Lafayette and others, assisted him in procuring favorable terms for American commerce. During the dearth of 1789 he sent large consignments of wheat to France. Shortly after this he established a rum distillery at Passy, just outside Paris, rum being a spirit which had hitherto been imported from England. How long he remained in Paris is not clear. He had a partner there, apparently a Frenchman, named Dallard. In 1796 he was back at Boston, where he succored the distressed French garrisons, driven from Martinique and Guadeloupe. He is said to have been agent to the French government for supplies from foreign countries.

It is not clear when he returned to France, but he had a protracted dispute with a Hamburg firm, Lubbert & Dumas, with whom he had had dealings since 1792. In 1803, Dallard, Swan & Company acknowledged a debt of 235,000 francs, Lubbert agreeing that payment should await a settlement of claims by Swan against the French government. In 1807 an arbitration took place, which resulted in Swan being adjudged debtor to the amount of 625,000 francs. In that year a law was passed whereby foreigners not domiciled in France might be imprisoned for debt, and might be arrested pending the suit if they had not sufficient property in France to cover the claim, or if they did not give security. Imprisonment for debt had been abolished since 1793, but this new law was based on the plea that foreigners were able to leave their creditors in the lurch. In 1808 Swan was

arrested under it. He had accepted bills for 600,000 francs, some of which, amounting to 58,000 francs, had been discounted by Paris bankers, Audinet & Slingerland. He disputed the validity of the arrest, arguing that the law was not retrospective; but on the 22d of March, 1809, the Supreme Court confirmed the arrest.

Swan accordingly remained in prison at St. Pélagie, and nothing more is heard of him till 1816, except legends of his fitting up his room luxuriously, and hiring a house just opposite for his family, who kept their carriage, went to theatres, and gave dinner parties, at which a vacant chair was a reminder of the absent host. A discount must evidently be taken off these stories. In February, 1816, Swan petitioned the Chamber of Deputies, publishing his petition, as also a letter to the newspapers, in support of it. Hyde de Neuville, in presenting the petition, stated that Swan had been eight years in confinement, and that there had been conflicting decisions as to whether foreigners enjoyed after five years, like natives, the right of release. Piet replied that the case had been decided by a Paris court, an Orleans court, and the Court of Cassation, and that Swan's refusal to give sureties was the cause of his detention. A third speaker, Pasquier, recalled the case of Lord Massareene, who, though possessing £8000 a year, was obstinate enough to remain twenty years in prison in Paris rather than find sureties. The Chamber refused to interfere, but some months later Hyde introduced a bill entitling male debtors to release at sixty-five years of age, and females at sixty, instead of both having to wait till they were seventy. Gambling and usury, he had been told by the St. Pélagie authorities, were the principal causes of incarceration.

The bill was taken into consideration

¹ I find traces only of one daughter, Sarah Webb, who was born in 1782, married William

(equivalent to the first reading); but in January, 1817, the government took the matter out of Hyde's hands by submitting a measure which raised the allowance to imprisoned debtors from their creditors to forty instead of twenty francs a month, entitled them to release after three years on payment of one third of the claim and giving security for the remainder, and made foreigners, like natives, entitled to release after five years. This last provision was objected to by Piet, who stated that a Chinaman, released after five years, had gone home. Other objections were taken to the bill, which was referred back to the committee, and was not heard of again.

Swan, meanwhile, twice petitioned the Chamber. He mentioned the case of a Portuguese, named Matheus, who, losing 5000 louis in a gaming-house, was coerced into signing bills for twenty times the amount, and though he offered to pay much more than the real debt was at St. Pélagie with him for five years, and was then released. His own imprisonment he attributed to usury. He denied the representations of the Paris newspapers that he was very rich, for the 700,000 francs demanded of him would consummate the ruin of his large family.¹ Lubbert, moreover, he insisted, owed him a larger sum, though the cross-suit had not been tried, and he had rejected very fair proposals for a compromise. Swan took his stand upon principle: "Considerations far superior to interest can alone dictate such conduct, and can make a man prefer to liberty an obstinacy instigated by honor and the goodness of his cause." He spoke of himself as a sexagenarian whom culpable intrigues had deprived of his liberty, and whom legal quibbles had prevented from recovering it. He was determined that the claims on both sides should be fully investigated, relying for this

Sullivan, grandson of General John Sullivan, became a widow in 1839, and died in 1851.

on the kindness of the sovereign and the wisdom of the Chamber. He reproached Piet, his opponent's counsel, with not having observed in the Chamber the silence maintained by his own advocate, Perignon, and he twitted Lubbert with having had a relative, Timothy Lubbert, convicted of custom-house frauds.

Lubbert wrote a reply, and Swan a rejoinder, after which there is a silence of twelve years. Swan, who in 1817 had published at Boston a pamphlet on agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, issued in 1828 *Observations on the Present State of European Manufactures, Commerce, and Finances*. In 1829 the duel was renewed, Lubbert this time dealing the first blow, and Swan retorting with *A Word in Reply to the Pamphlet Published by M. Lubbert, styling himself of Bordeaux, but a Citizen of Hamburg*.

The Revolution of 1830 set Swan at liberty. On the 28th of July, twenty-two years after he had entered St. Pélagie, a mob assailed the prison in order to release the political captives, while a rising took place inside. Of the two hundred and fifty-seven debtors, one hundred and sixty-eight forced their way out, Swan among them; sixty-three waited till the next day; and twenty-six preferred remaining within the walls. On the 31st, nineteen gave themselves up again, and Swan was on his way to do the same, — perhaps, like the prisoner of Chillon he said,

“ Even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh,” —
when he was struck with apoplexy in the Rue de l'Echiquier. He was carried

into a house in that street, and expired there.

Like Lord Massareene, he had a patriarchal beard, and must have been a conspicuous object in the streets of Paris during his three days of liberty. He had left the prison with his comrades by way of protest, but scorned the idea of foiling his antagonist by unfair play. Fifteen of his old companions were almost immediately re-arrested on the restoration of order, one hundred and one were gradually apprehended, and ninety-six retained their liberty.

Thus the man who had witnessed and exulted over the first Revolution just lived to see and benefit by the second. Had he survived two years longer, he would have profited by a new law, which fixed ten years as the maximum term of imprisonment for foreigners, and accorded release to septuagenarians. It would be interesting to know what sort of life was led by him during his long captivity. He must have made the acquaintance of Béranger and Courier, and have seen a curious succession of political offenders. — Napoleon's state prisoners, sixty-eight of whom were released in 1814, a crowd of Russian deserters in 1815, and so forth. If his family were in Paris, they doubtless had free access to him. As for his implacable creditor, he was bound to advance twenty francs a month towards Swan's maintenance, so that in twenty-two years he must have paid more than 5000 francs. This was throwing good money after bad, but in point of pertinacity the two litigants were on a level. *Par nobile fratrum*, — or rather *hostium*.

J. G. Alger.

THE DAY OF REST.

IN the hundred years of our hurrying, widening national life we have undergone many changes from the ways and the thoughts of our fathers, and in no case more than in our mode of observing the first day of the week. American love of liberty and action has been making continual assault on our religious traditions, and a casual observer might say that both tradition and religion have suffered in consequence. Yet it is a striking testimony to the hold of the institutions of the past on the American people that, after all these years, our restless energy still yields so much as it does to the claims of the Christian Sabbath, and retains comparatively inviolate a day of rest that may well be the envy of less favored peoples. It is perhaps equally striking testimony to the practical value of the day itself; while the theologian, if so disposed, might find here a fresh illustration of the unfailing adaptability of the ancient laws of God to changing circumstances and advancing thought. For while our manner of daily life has been revolutionized during the past century, and there has been a change hardly less marked in our feeling as regards the first day of the week, we have not ceased to observe it.

We have at last nearly learned the meaning of the saying, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." A rational appreciation of the secular day of rest has been supplanting the old idea of a day for religious observance alone. The "Lord's Day" of our fathers has become preëminently man's day with us, and in considering what is the right use of this day, and in taking legal measures for its protection, it is the needs of man, not the dues of God, that form the basis of our judgment. This would, in any case, be necessary in a civil state where

the constitution forbids the law to interfere in matters of religion, even if reason did not demand it. But though some theologians may protest against such an idea, it is still true that by acting consistently with the highest view of his own needs, in Sabbath observance as in all else, man best performs his duty to God. If only the ideal of man's good be set high enough, the most religious will find that in a study of human wants and the varying capabilities of different natures on the principle laid down in the New Testament, rather than in an unswerving following of the Hebraic law, lies the solution of the problem how best to use the seventh day. On this ground, too, all students of man's welfare, of whatever religion or of no religion, can meet.

Thus, in resting the claims of the Christian Sabbath on human needs, I believe we have a firmer and a broader foundation for its observance and preservation than had our fathers in their unquestioning obedience to the supposed divine law. Yet while our views on this subject are more liberal, more enlightened, and more Christian than those they have superseded, it is still open to question whether we receive as much benefit from our Sunday freedom as our fathers derived from their stricter observance; and though the answer be ready, that what was best for them would, under our changed conditions of life, be intolerable for us, it may still be worth while to consider whether our present Sunday observance has not lost much of that restfulness which is its chief benefit, and, in particular, whether it is as Christian toward our neighbor as it is generous to ourselves.

The Puritan kept Sunday in two ways: positively, by worship; negatively, by abstinence from pleasure. Ob-

servance by worship we retain, but pleasure, no longer under the ban, has become for many the main object of the day. Few thoughtful people will be found to regret this change in popular feeling as to Sunday pleasures, as few will deny that we are in danger of overstraining in the effort to secure them. To overdo everything is an essential feature of the true American character, and is exhibited quite as much by the religious with their multitude of church services as by the irreligious in running after amusement. Still it is evident that in our diversified, complex modern life no single method of Sunday keeping could be either rightly prescribed by law, or wisely followed by all, or even by a majority, of our people.

Our modern Sunday, as distinguished from the Lord's Day of the past, is in theory, and should be in fact, a day of rest, — a day for the suspension of regular vocations, and an opportunity for recuperation and improvement. All that promotes these two objects deserves the approval and encouragement of society. For those who framed our Sunday laws, with their out-door country life of physical toil, rest and worship formed the simple and best mode of Sabbath keeping, — that is, rest from labor combined with mental refreshment; for with them intellectual life was chiefly of the spiritual, or at least of the theological sort. There are still many whose manner of life is such that this Puritan idea seems to them sufficient, and it is often hard for them to see why all others should not be satisfied with it. Yet physical exercise is just what many a tired brain-worker needs, — what his duty to make the most of himself for the good of society, that is to say what his duty to God, demands; and whether he take this exercise on foot, by bicycle, or on horseback, who has a right to criticise him? For multitudes in crowded cities fresh country air is more important than theology, and

certainly is no enemy to pure religion; while many a manual worker has aspirations above his bench and tools which only the Sunday opening of art museums and reading-rooms can satisfy. That neglected institution, the home, may well contest with the church itself the right to the first place on the day of rest. Thus, as each welcome seventh day comes round, science and religion, home and field, all present their claims; and many a hard toiler must find in these short hours of Sunday time for all of recuperation, intellectual pleasures, family life, and communion with nature that his cramped existence knows. However much this perpetual crowding in every sphere of life is to be regretted, under the present social order it seems likely to continue for years to come, and we must make the best of it. At the same time, the increasingly rapid pace of our Western civilization makes the Sunday respite an ever greater benefit and a more urgent need; while the preservation of this rest-day, and the protection of all in their right to enjoy it, are of the highest importance to the welfare of the individual and of the state.

While, then, the object of the Sunday laws of our fathers was to protect the Lord's Day from desecration, with us their justification must be the protection of each individual in his right to his regularly recurring day of rest. Yet the laws which we use and abuse to-day are the mutilated remnants of those of old; and it is partly because it was the ecclesiastical rather than the humane spirit that directed their composition and has resisted their modification, partly because the relations of man to man have been so vastly changed during the past hundred years, that a revision in a new spirit, on new principles, is needed. Neither must this revision be made in the careless, unconsciously selfish spirit that has modified or ignored the laws in the past. In insisting on liberty of ac-

tion as well as of conscience, we overlook the fact that our manner of using our Sunday freedom often deprives others of theirs. A hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago, there was little danger of this. Then, nearly every man was his own master, and could work or not on Sunday, as he pleased. In our present social system, the employed are the multitude, the employers the few. The enlargement and concentration of industry have reduced to a small proportion of the whole community the number of those who can decide the question of Sunday labor for themselves. In this way it has naturally come about that the avarice of employers combined with the selfishness of the public has been gradually depriving more and more of the workers, and often the hardest workers, of their rest-day.

If our Sunday, then, is to be preserved, it must have the protection of the law. Yet experience has shown clearly enough that law avails little without the support of public sentiment. That the great majority of the American people do appreciate their day of rest, and desire to protect it, I think is beyond dispute. The petition lately presented to Congress, known as the "fourteen-million petition," though it had by no means that number of actual signers, probably represented the sentiments of almost every one of those whose delegates or representatives signed it for them, as well as of those who personally affixed their names. The main support of this petition was from the churches and the working classes; notably from those who, like the locomotive engineers, pray for the restoration of a Sunday already lost. The strongest support, too, came from those parts of the country where the greatest encroachments have already been made on the true liberty of the day.

This evidence that the people desire to preserve the American Sunday as a day of rest justifies such laws as experi-

ence proves needful to protect those who are not wholly their own masters in their right to its enjoyment. Of course the business of the law is merely to protect; it has no right to compel any particular mode of Sunday observance. This circumstance affords the pretext for a very plausible attack on laws forbidding Sunday labor. Some one who is ambitious to outstrip his competitors, or more frequently one who wishes some personal service performed for him, exclaims: "Shall I be forbidden to open my store on Sunday if I want to?" or, "Is it a crime for me to be shaved on Sunday morning, of all mornings in the week?" "What right has the law to forbid a man to work on Sunday?" The law has no right in itself to forbid a man to work, but it has a right to say that no one shall be compelled to work; and it must recognize the fact that compulsion is of two kinds, that of employers and that of competitors; while behind them both is the stronger compulsion of the public, selfishly demanding that certain services be performed for it, regardless of the rights of those who must perform them. Consequently, to protect those engaged in any occupation from the compulsion of competitors, and to protect employees from their employers, the law may forbid men to work; and to protect both employers and employed from the heedless selfishness of the public, it may require men to dispense with certain unessential personal services which necessitate the labor of others.

We are more thoughtless than really selfish in this matter. We do not wish our mere convenience on Sunday to cost another's toil, but we too readily overlook the fact that for us to do what we please means that others, who have not our liberty of choice, shall not do what they please. Tonsor assures us that he is happy to accommodate us on Sunday morning, and we forget that his obligingness compels his ninety-nine reluctant competitors to open shop also; or

that very likely Tonsor himself, as head of his establishment, is enjoying a Sunday paper, while one of his employees makes us presentable for church. The fact that some work must be done on Sunday makes us careless in distinguishing between the essential and the unessential. Where we ought to study carefully to secure the greatest good to the greatest number, we too often ask for Sunday labor which confers a very slight and very doubtful gain on the many, with complete loss of the day to the not inconsiderable few. Still, if all work were to cease on Sunday, the day would be unendurable, and too full of discomfort to afford any benefit. Thus we must recognize the necessity of such exceptions to the law of universal abstinence from labor as shall give Sunday the highest possible value to society as a whole, even though certain classes be obliged, in consequence, to take their periodic rest on some other day of the week. The office of the law is first to protect, but also to promote, the true observance of Sunday, and whatever exceptions are permitted to the first object should be made only for the sake of the second; not to permit avarice to add a little more to its gains, nor to meet every individual want or caprice of will, but to enable different classes of people to make the most of their day of rest. It is a difficult problem, but there are certain rules that may be laid down with some degree of dogmatism, while a survey of the field of Sunday labor as it is now carried on, with the above principles in view, may be profitable, and suggest possible opportunities for reform.

Labor may be grouped in three classes, — labor of production, of distribution, and of personal service. The problem before us has to do mainly with distribution and personal service; and it is the latter department that presents the most difficulties, and in which the greatest infringements of the principle of Sunday rest have been, and must in

many cases of necessity be made. In general, production, in field and factory throughout the land, ceases every seventh day. The argument of necessity advanced in Germany — by the employer the necessity to meet foreign competition, by his employees the necessity to live — is seldom heard here. It is to be hoped it never will be tolerated. Sunday labor, like child labor, in factories should have no place in our civilization. Industries that cannot live without it should be allowed to die the death of the unrighteous; better even be bolstered a little higher by the tariff than permitted to sustain themselves by exacting seventh-day toil!

Distribution continues on Sunday chiefly in railway freight traffic and in retail trade, the latter being often practically of the nature of personal service. It is not desire for profits nor the urgency of the public that primarily causes the running of Sunday freight trains. It is simply the convenience of it; in fact, the inconvenience of not doing it. The tracks are generally more clear of other trains on Sunday; through freight is delivered to a road by its connections all day Saturday, and the business-like way seems to be to send it along instead of blocking the yards. It often takes weeks, as it is, to get a freight car half-way across the continent. The expense of caring for live-stock and the necessity for preserving perishable freight add to the complexity of the problem, though refrigerator and heater cars furnish some solution. Again, now that the movement of freight on Sunday has become universal, shippers are impatient of delay, and do not stop to inquire what causes it. For these reasons, some railway managers maintain that no reform is possible in the matter. Nevertheless, reform is exceedingly desirable, for Sunday freight movement means the employment of the great majority of train hands, as well as a multitude of switchmen, telegraph operators, and others.

It is worth a great deal of effort and thought on the part of railway managers if this labor can be abolished, and certainly shippers ought not to stand in the way of the commendable endeavors now making in that direction. Several of the trunk lines to the seaboard have lately made a great reduction in the number of their Sunday freight trains; and now that the possibility of this has been demonstrated, public sentiment ought to insist that every road which is slow to join the movement, or seeks to profit at the expense of its more generous rivals, be compelled to fall into line. A law ought to be enforced forbidding all freight movement, except of those kinds which the experience of the through lines doing the least Sunday work has proved indispensable. No one will pretend that the observance of the day of rest is promoted in the least by Sunday freight trains. They serve no public good, they do private wrong to many, and, with the argument of necessity gone, there is no excuse for their further toleration.

The extension of the retail trade on Sunday is the inevitable result of competition, when once desire of gain has made a beginning. Neither the public nor the convenience of traders demands Sunday opening of stores; but some one thinks he sees a chance to increase his sales or to get ahead of his rivals, and then all others in the same line must follow his example. In some parts of the country this Sunday opening of retail stores is almost universal, and has become not only oppressive to employees, but burdensome and unprofitable to employers as well. The evil is all the greater from the fact that the establishments which do business on Sunday are generally of the same class as keep open late into the evening and on holidays. Petitions of salesmen for relief and attempts of dealers to agree among themselves to close on Sunday are not infrequent, but without the aid of the law to

"forbid men to work" success is difficult. Some avaricious individual only sees in the general desire for rest a chance to fill his own pockets by the labor of his clerks, and the attempt fails. If then the rights of the employees and of those employers who prefer rest to gain are to be protected, there is here especial need of the assistance of law, and of the insistence of public sentiment on its enforcement. Where the law cannot be invoked, public sentiment may yet accomplish something. A combination to boycott is illegal, but there is neither legal nor moral reason why individuals should not, in part at least, follow the example of an eccentric person — who, it is needless to say, lives in Boston — who refuses to buy in stores that keep open on holidays, or that display the words "gents" and "pants" in their advertisements. This Sunday retail trade not only cannot be defended as facilitating some right use of Sunday, the only true test; it has, except where it supplies prepared food, and can be classed with personal service, not even the plea that it is a public convenience, nor the pretext which factories might plausibly offer, of adding to the wealth of the community. It merely makes a transfer of wealth from one to another, and a transfer that might just as well be made at some other time. Of all the prevalent forms of Sunday labor, it is the most oppressive and has the least excuse.

The department of personal service is that which presents the greatest difficulty in the attempt to do away with Sunday work. The term covers not only the ministrations of household servants, but also those of steam and street railways (for passengers), of ministers and saloon keepers, barbers and police, custodians of museums and restaurant keepers, bakers and livery-stable men, mail distributors, and even the Sunday newspaper. Here, evidently, no one has a right to dogmatize, for in most of

these callings some Sunday labor is a necessity; and more must be performed if the day of rest is to have the fullest possible value to all conditions of men. In treating this part of the subject, too, unless we proceed very carefully, we are in great danger of convicting ourselves of heedlessness of the rights of our fellows. The subject is too often discussed from the wrong point of view. No one has a right to impose his own judgment on another's conscience. The liberal-minded man who persists in this or that action on Sunday, and the strict Sabbatarian who forbids him, alike err in judging the practice right or wrong by itself, instead of in its relations. The question is not what our duty to ourselves permits us to do, but what our duty to humanity permits us to require others to do. Though it seem temporarily to ignore religion, it is preëminently a Christian question, and the Sabbatarian places himself at a needless, not to say hopeless, disadvantage in accepting the terms of his opponents, and contending merely for the wrongfulness of an act considered by itself, and only from the religious point of view. Still, if society should collectively resolve to renounce certain of its Sunday indulgences for the sake of giving more of its members their day of rest, there might be some comfort in the reflection that, after all, it was not quite a wise use of the day that it had been wont to make. We are proverbially a hard-working people, and we often work hardest in the effort to enjoy our leisure. So those who will not listen to the suggestion of more religion may still be asked seriously to consider whether a little more rest on Sunday would not be endurable, and beneficial as well. Jones rises somewhat reluctantly Sunday morning, but, once up, he is resolved to make the most of his day of rest. After breakfast and a visit to the barber, he rests his weary mind by the intellectual treat afforded by the Sunday paper. Though this really

leaves nothing in its line to be desired, Jones still retains the habit of going to church, and an hour before the time of service drops his paper, with the sports only half read and the crimes just glanced at, to take a street car for some distant sanctuary. He stops to get his mail at the post-office, and improves the long homeward ride after church by reading such of his letters as he had not time to run through during the voluntary. The afternoon he devotes to a steamboat excursion, returning refreshed to his Sunday dinner. By a wise use of spare moments he has by this time nearly reached the literary department of his paper. In the evening, if there be no moral drama at the theatre, there is at least a Sunday concert, and Jones recognizes the importance of developing the æsthetic side of his nature. On his way home he grumbles a little to find no cigar store open, and wonders whether the consignment of freight he ordered on Saturday will be on hand promptly Monday morning.

Now in all this Jones has done nothing reprehensible. However unwise may seem his use of the opportunities which Sunday offers, no one has a right to say that what he has done is wrong in itself. Yet the labor of seven classes of men, beside his pastor and his cook, was not quite sufficient to satisfy Jones's desires on the day of rest. Jones is not a selfish fellow, either, nor unreasonable. He admits that it would be better for him to stay at home more, and to let business and the outside world alone on Sundays. Neither does he wish to make people work for him against their will; but "the work would all be done, any way," and he can hardly be expected to organize a movement to stop it. Perhaps not; but Jones is all of us, and if he would, in his collective capacity, take a little pains not to increase the present volume of Sunday work, and when the opportunity is presented to him by others would lend his influence towards

diminishing it, in a short time quite a change would come about, and all would be the better for it. We might think twice before signing the petition for a special train to bring the Sunday paper, and when the barbers ask for a law forbidding them to work on Sunday we might suggest to our representatives to vote for it. There are movements enough on foot to bring about a great reform, if all humane but thoughtless people would only be careful not to oppose them. For instance, as already mentioned, several great railways are trying to reduce their Sunday business, and in New York a petition bearing the names of the mayor of the city and an ex-President of the United States asked that the street car employees be given one regular day of rest in every seven, and that it come half the time on Sunday. So reasonable a request deserves popular support, and, if need be, legal support as well. This petition, while recognizing the fact that the needs of society require the services of certain of its members on the general day of rest, embodies two principles which ought always to be observed in dealing with the problem of Sunday labor: (1) that every one should have a regularly recurring rest-day, — if not Sunday, then some other day of the week; (2) that the *common* rest-day, Sunday, is the most desirable for all, and should be preserved for all, in part at least, whenever possible.

Again, we may well remember that to dispense with personal service causes no loss of wealth to society. There is therefore no excuse for allowing the amount of Sunday work in this department to be decided by those who get money by it. The decision must be made by weighing the relative interests of those who do it and of those for whom it is done; and any one who makes his employees work must show cause, not in his profits, but in the public need. So, too, it may be said that as a general rule the right of any to re-

quire Sunday toil from others for their own benefit is about in proportion to the amount of the week-day toil of those who make the demand. Here the club-lounger has no equal claim with the factory hand. Yet those who work least often assert most arrogantly the right to make others work for them under pretense of their own liberty, while the hardest toilers have the fewest facilities for enjoying their day of rest.

The forms of service for which exception to the rule of Sunday rest is demanded may be divided into three classes: first, and most justifiable, that which all agree is positively necessary; second, with reasonable claims, that which by the labor of few promotes for many some beneficial use of the day; third, and least excusable, that which carries along the ordinary business of the week, and interferes directly with the use of Sunday as a day of rest. The last class is generally defended on the plea of necessity. Household servants and police are of the first class; street cars and suburban steam cars, ministers, library custodians, and livery-stable men are of the second, although it by no means follows that their services are always wisely availed of; railway service for travelers, postal service, and Sunday newspapers are of the third. Bakeries and restaurants belong in the first class or the third, according as they are or are not a necessity. Where work must be done, it may be rendered less burdensome in various ways. An estimable paper, whose powers of logical reasoning have probably been impaired by persistent advocacy of a protective tariff, asks why, if no one may be shaved by a barber on Sunday, every man should not be required to cook his own dinner on that day. Because it takes five times as much time and labor to shave five persons as to shave one, while Phyllis tells me that to cook a dinner for five takes little more time, and not more than twice as much labor, than for one.

the case of the barbers Sunday rest is secured by distribution, in the case of the cooks by concentration, of labor.

As to the necessity of Sunday mails and Sunday traveling there must always be difference of opinion. The most which those who oppose them can do is to call constant attention to the great amount of labor involved, to seek to influence public sentiment in favor of reform wherever it is possible, and to demand some other day of rest for the Sunday toilers. Whatever individual opinions may be, all must admit that it is at least an open question whether Sunday passenger trains are indispensable to modern society. It is said in their defense that trans-continental passengers ought not to be required to stop over, and that any delay to those hastening to sick-beds would be cruel. But these two classes of travelers furnish an excuse for carrying twenty times their number, who might, with a little thought, arrange their shorter journeys for some other day. Railway managers have suggested various plans for curtailing the Sunday passenger business, but doubt whether the public is willing to consent to their adoption. For instance, with the exception of a single through train on trans-continental lines, all movement might be suspended for twelve hours of the day, beginning at eight in the morning. If night trains were allowed neither to arrive nor depart on Sunday, they would be able to make only five trips weekly; but to meet this difficulty competing roads might be compelled to cooperate, one road starting no train on Saturday evening, and its rival none on Sunday evening. Then, if such as are thought necessary by day were to carry none but long-distance passengers, they would not be overcrowded. If no mails were assorted and distributed, to carry on passenger trains through mails, already made up, would require very little extra labor. In cases of special urgency the telegraph is always available. The full

benefit from the stopping of freight trains cannot be secured to men employed along the line, unless passenger trains are also discontinued.

Of all claimants for Sunday trains, the least excusable is the Sunday newspaper. This "institution" stands almost alone among those we are considering, in that it has not been called into existence by a public demand; but, starting purely with a view to profit, has sedulously labored and made others labor to create a demand where none existed. It must thus be classed as not necessary, and as not promoting any wise use of Sunday. When, using a fictitious public need as a pretext, it insists, for its own profit, not only that its printers shall work seven nights in the week, and newsboys and news-stands spread its circulation throughout the city on Sunday morning, but also that railway employees shall be called out to carry its all-important self scores or hundreds of miles away, will the thoughtful public grant it a good case? When its ambition takes it to distant cities where local papers furnish the news hours earlier, the last excuse based on public needs vanishes. Still, there is little use in showing that no public need exists where the paper can show a too evident public patronage, and denunciation can avail nothing with those who do not share the denouncer's point of view. Those who consider Sunday papers an evil have prospect of the most success by trying to stop their transportation on Sunday trains, by inquiring into the condition of those employed in their publication, and by personal influence in discouraging them. An enlarged Saturday evening edition would serve almost all the purposes of a Sunday issue, though it is not likely many people would be willing to pay an extra price for it.

Of those whose labor promotes Sunday observance, the minister and his assistants, the choir and janitor, are never called in question. Most nearly com-

parable to these are the attendants at museums and library reading-rooms. In all these cases, for every one who gives his labor, amounting often to mere presence, a hundred persons, sometimes perhaps several hundred, are furnished the means of enjoyment and improvement. The library has as good a right to open as the church, unless religious distinctions are to be tolerated. Evening amusements cannot show the same justification. They generally require more labor, and they are given in plenty after working hours on week days. That they are often an exciting and unwholesome ending of the day of rest is more true than admissible as argument.

The Sunday labor involved in passenger transportation in cities is very large. It is of two kinds, for street cars and for suburban trains, and it serves three general purposes: to carry church-goers, those in quest of fresh air, and those who for social objects or any matter of pure convenience desire to go from place to place. Some of the church-goers think not only that cars ought to run for their convenience, but that it is quite reprehensible for others to use them. The church is too fond of forbidding pleasures contrary to its ideas, and demanding labor to serve its own observances. While none can question that it is the church which has preserved our Sunday so long, the truth remains that its habit of expecting special favors for itself has done great mischief to the cause of Sunday rest. Still, the religious use of Sunday is the highest use, and fairly claims the encouragement as well as the protection of law. It remains to be proved, however, that the cause of religion is benefited by Sunday street cars. People are enabled by them to attend churches more distant from their homes than would be possible otherwise, but that is not a self-evident gain to religion. There is a church of some sort, a Christian church, at every man's

door. If Dogmaticus must go where he can hear his pet doctrines proclaimed, why can he not fix his residence near by, in the first place? As few but church-goers use the cars in the morning, if these would only attend some church near home, most of the street-railway men could have the whole of Sunday morning free, and might go to church themselves. Church-goers say they have a much better right to this service than has the general public, but it is still remarkable for the church to take the attitude of declining to perform an act of Christian renunciation until the world has set it the example. I do not mean to maintain that religious people are not justified in using Sunday street cars; only that the cause of religion does not require it and is not benefited by it, and that the church-goers really belong on the same plane as others who use the cars for convenience only.

There is, however, a class who have a much better claim to consideration. In warm weather the cars are used by multitudes in search of fresh air and mild exercise, which they could obtain in no other way so cheaply or with so little effort. For many this is the only means available during the whole week for the enjoyment of pure air and the beauties of nature. Public parks would often lose half their benefit if the people could not reach them on Sunday. The ratio of those who work to those whom their labor benefits probably does not exceed one to a hundred, and the work is of such a character that it is easy to arrange for a regular period of rest for all engaged in it. Nevertheless, the public needs to be watchful to see that this is done. Suburban trains on steam railways and excursion steamers serve the same purposes as street cars, but the number of workers bears a larger proportion to the number benefited, and a uniform day of rest must be more difficult to secure for boatmen, and for the railway men employed along the line

at stations, gates, and switches. Some think that a crowded steamboat excursion gives weariness and disgust rather than rest and pleasure, but they forget that for many the alternative is the crowded tenement. The suburban railway trains are at least a mixed blessing. They often deplete the rural churches, and all day long empty crowds from the city at points where there are no public grounds adequate to receive them. If such trains are to be run, they should be managed with a view to securing the greatest possible public benefit; and a suggestion which might in some places prove practicable is, that they be directed for the day by public authority, with a special view to the good of those who need them most, the fresh-air brigade. Trains might be run out of the city direct to points in the country where there is ample space and opportunity for lovers of nature to satisfy their desires without trampling the farmer's grass or picking the suburban resident's plums. The State, having a right to forbid Sunday trains entirely, must also have the right to regulate the whole business, including fares, with a view to promoting the public welfare, provided it do not cause any railway actual financial loss.

Of course, with cars and trains running for one class, all classes will use them alike. No distinction can be made. The universal sentiment requires Sunday street cars, and it is fortunate that they do not necessitate the loss of a regular day of rest to their employees. The need of suburban trains is less evident, and public sentiment is not so unanimous in demanding them. They are generally put on in response to petitions, and those who sign such petitions would do well to consider the question before them as a doubtful one. Finally, though street-car men can easily be given a uniform rest-day, there is probably no class more often deprived

of it, or more subject generally to be ground down by oppressive terms. The public that calls for the labor of these men on Sunday has a special duty to be watchful of their treatment by their employers.

From the moral point of view, this whole question of Sunday labor is one of selfishness and sacrifice; of our right to demand sacrifice of others, of our duty to make sacrifice for others. Practically it is a question of the greatest good to the greatest number. Whether viewed as a moral or as a practical question, there is no reason why Christian and atheist should not work together. Originally a matter of religion only, religion and its terms, Sabbath and Lord's Day, ought to be avoided in all legal reference to Sunday. Their continued use gives opponents of the day of rest a pretext for attacking it as an ecclesiastical institution. Simply as protection to religion, Sunday laws are not justifiable. As necessary to enable a large class of people to rest according to the dictates of their conscience, they are more defensible. But their strongest foundation is on the broad ground of the rights and the needs of all men, regardless of religious belief. We all esteem the day of rest highly, and would be loath to lose it. We do not all use it alike, and we cannot expect all to agree as to what work is indispensable for the greatest public benefit. It does not seem too much, however, that every man should take the trouble to inform himself about those whose toil promotes his pleasure, and to use all his influence to obtain for them another rest-day, though it be not the best. This Christian institution, the "Sabbath for man," gives a most fitting opportunity for the exercise of Christian thoughtfulness, and will lose in value for none of us if our enjoyment of it be governed by the spirit of the Scripture, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Charles Worcester Clark.

VOODOOISM IN TENNESSEE.

DID the sun really shine more brilliantly upon the old plantation home in those ante-bellum days than it does now? Did the perennial-blooming shrubs smell sweeter, the birds have a gladder note? Perhaps not, yet the day on which occurred the strange instance of Voodoo superstition I wish to recall was more beautiful than any that seem to bless the earth now, while it was only one of many such that I remember at Beechwood Hall.

My husband, Colonel Park, was absent. Mother and I were together, ostensibly sewing, but for the most part sitting with folded hands, enjoying through the open window the freshness of a May morning. Honeysuckles swayed into the casement with free gifts of fragrance. Outside were acres of greensward and sunshine, bounded by the tender green of the forests. In the vivid blue depths above sailed a lazy crow, supplying with his "caw, caw," the discord needed to complete the harmony of the song-birds. Beneath him the young corn rows checkered the brown fields. The theme of the day's melody was peace. Peace lay in the long shadows of the old apple orchard upon the sloping knoll. Everywhere were rest and quietude, when the door opened, and tall Eliza stood before us, with a troubled expression upon her face.

She was a confidential servant through whom I generally communicated my wishes to the other negroes, and was always the messenger to bring me news of importance from the "quarters." Her grave features were unusually solemn as she said:—

"Miss Sallie, I come to tell you Etta's mighty bad off. De gal's plum wore out, an' Uncle Jack's done sent for dat Voodoo woman."

Instantly aroused from my beautiful dream of peace, I questioned Eliza anxiously.

"What is the matter with her?"

"Etta's done tricked," she replied. "She spent last night a-crawlin' under de house huntin' fur de vial what's got de Voodoo medicine in it. She done wore herself out, an' she's layin' on de bed pantin' like a lizard. She say she gwine die. Her daddy come over from his marster's dis mornin', an' he done sent fur de Voodoo woman, to see if she can't do nothin' fur her. An' I did n't want no such goin'-on in my house while Mars James was gone, less you knowed it."

"Who is this Voodoo woman, Eliza, and where does she come from?"

"Hush, Miss Sallie, honey; she hyers every word we says right now. She don't 'low nobody to name her. She say she ain't got father nor mother, an' nobody don't know whar she come from nor whar she's a-goin' to."

"Why do they send for this mysterious person to cure Etta? What do they imagine has made her sick?"

"Dey 'lows ole Aunt Sue's tryin' to conjure her. De gal's 'feard to eat anythin', an' she's starvin' herself to death. Sometimes she snatches a bite o' what comes from de white folks' table before ole Sue has a chance to do sump'n' to it. I done talked to her an' talked to her, but I can't do nothin' wid her. Her mammy says Aunt Sue been goin' down steady till Etta was took, an' now she look like she gwine live anudder hundred years."

I interrupted a little impatiently:—

"Eliza, I don't in the least understand you. Martha knows better than that. This is nonsense you are telling me."

"No, 't ain' nonsense, Miss Sallie. Ain' you' gran'pa done tole you ole Sue

was gittin' to be a ole woman when he was a little boy? How do she live so long 'thout she sucks young folks's blood while dey's 'sleep? De chillun dies, an' she keeps on a-livin'."

"Oh," said I, "you surely can't believe that, for the poor old creature has not been able to stir from her door for years."

"Shucks, Miss Sallie, she don't need no foots to walk wid at night. Peter Sladen 'lows she can travel faster 'n a bird can fly. He seen her standin' in de door one night, wid big black wings to her shoulders, same as a bat, an' she riz right up in de a'r an' was gone clean out o' sight in a minute. He seed her wid his own eyes. By nex' mornin' Mary Billy's baby was dead, an' ole Sue was hoppin' around pearter 'n common." Dropping her voice almost to a whisper, she added, "I always 'lowed she had somethin' to do wid Jerry's death."

Jerry was Eliza's son, who had died very suddenly of something like sunstroke the previous summer. To divert her mind from a memory that always clouded her face with the melancholy of mania, I arose, saying, "Come with me, Eliza. We will talk to Sue, and then I will see Etta."

She followed me to the door of the cabin of the old woman, who had been an unprofitable charge upon the plantation for a quarter of a century, but I could not get her to go inside. I entered alone; and the moment I spoke to her, the wretched old centenarian, a mere bundle of bones and clothes in the chimney corner, began to mumble and chatter. The cob pipe dropped unheeded from her blue gums, and would have set fire to her dress but for the nimbleness of the pickaninny who had the care of her. She raised her skinny claws (they had ceased to resemble hands) protestingly, and the wrinkled black skin of her face fell pendulous from the bone as she wagged her head to and fro, saying:—

"Don' come here pesterin' me, chile. De Lawd knows I ain' done nothin' to de gal. Send fur Dr. Davi'son. Dey says I'm at de bottom of it, but de Lawd knows I ain' done nothin'." The filmy sightless eyes rolled about restlessly, vainly seeking mine as she urged her innocence. "Send fur Dr. Davi'son," she repeated. "He'll tell you dere ain' nothin' de matter wid de gal."

Putting her head in the door-way, Eliza said:—

"Law, Miss Sallie, don' trust to dat. Doctors don' know ev'ything. Doctors ain' Gawd A'mighty."

Turning to the hideous living mummy, I said,—

"You need n't be uneasy, Aunt Sue. I shall have the whole matter carefully investigated. No one shall hurt you, if you have done nothing wrong."

"De Lawd blesh you, honey, you's de ve'y spit o' you' gran'pa. He would n't never let 'em hurt ole Sue, poor ole Sue, — ole Sue, poor ole Sue."

We left her muttering "poor ole Sue," which was often her refrain for hours at a time. As we walked down the lane between the houses in the quarters, on our way to Eliza's cabin, the girl kept so close behind me that I felt sure she had the folds of my dress tightly grasped in her hand; and her voice was quavering with ill-suppressed fear as she whispered,—

"Folks says she's talkin' to de ole boy, when she carries on like dat."

"Eliza," said I, "are you really and truly afraid of Aunt Sue?"

"Naw 'm, I ain' 'feard of her. I w'ars red pepper in my shoes."

"Red pepper? What for?"

"To keep her from hurtin' me, Miss Sallie."

"Where did you get such an idea?"

"Shoo, Miss Sallie, I be'n knowin' dat sence I was a young gal. 'T was a party give by de Mayberry darkies. We was all dancin' a break-down, an' de planks shuck under our foots powerful,

an' let de clouds o' dust fly out 'tel we could n't see 'cross de room. Some nigger sneeze right loud, den 'nudder somebody, den 'nudder, 'tel you could n' hyer yer yers fur de sneezin'. I sez, 'Mr. Frierson' (Tom Frierson was my partner), 'dere must be pepper in dis house somewhars.' 'Yes,' he sez, 'I'm w'arin' it in my shoes.' 'What you w'arin' it in yer shoes for?' sez I. Sez 'e, 'I w'ars it to keep a ole conjure nigger from hurtin' me. He kep' a-workin' on me 'tel he got a needle in my leg. Dat needle bothered me 'bout a year. Sometimes it would come through de skin, an' I done my best to catch holt uv it an' pull it out; but jes' as soon as I lay my hands on it, it was gone ev'y time. Den I put red pepper in my shoes an' a silver dime 'tween my toes, an' I ain' seen dat needle sence.' "

By this time we had reached Eliza's house. Both its doors, which were opposite, were wide open. To the right was the fireplace, with a few smouldering sticks in it, over which swung a pot attached to an old-fashioned crane. On a low bench were seated the sick girl's parents, moaning in a low, sobbing tone. In the corner near them was a neatly made bed covered with a bright patchwork quilt. The beams of the low-roofed cabin were hung with festoons of red pepper, bunches of yellow pop-corn, and strips of dried pumpkin. Here and there on the walls were wisps of pennyroyal, side by side with a lithograph of a lady with a vivid red rose and green leaves stuck in her jetty ringlets, or a highly colored fashion-plate from an early issue of Godey's Lady's Book. A small table near the centre of the room was set with two flowered plates, cups and saucers, and knives and forks. Another bed was against the wall opposite the fireplace, and on it lay, face upward, the negro girl, apparently in a dying condition. Her eyes were partially closed, the balls rolled back. A scant, fluttering breath came through her parted

teeth. The brown arms lay straight on either side.

"Etta, what is the matter with you?" I asked.

She did not answer me. I took one of her hands and stroked it gently. It was clammy, and the palm was ashen-colored.

"Speak to me, Etta. I want to help you. If you would like to see the Voodoo woman, she shall come to you."

The lids lifted tremblingly from the glazed eyes. With a painful effort she gasped out:—

"It's my only—chance—Miss Sallie. I'm goin' to die. All last night—I was crawlin'—under de house—huntin' fur de vial. De cork's out—de stuff's 'most gone. As soon as it's gone I'm goin'—goin'. Dere ain't much left—I'm"—

The motion of the lips ceased, the eyelids fell, and only an occasional pulsation in the wrist showed that any life was left in the limp form. In the intense stillness that oppressed the next few moments I caught the sound of approaching wheels. I went to the door, and, shading my eyes with my hand from the outside glare, saw rattling down the lane a shackling little old cart, driven by the sick girl's small brother, Buster. His legs protruded like black sticks from under his one white garment. With his whip (merely a hickory handle and a leather string) he was belaboring a little gray mule into a trot that jerked the wheels until they seemed to run each in a separate track, and sometimes almost under the centre of the wagon.

"There comes the woman," I said to those in the room.

"Thank Gawd fur dat, Miss Sallie," came at the same moment from Martha and her husband, neither of whom had said a word up to that time, but had remained bent forward, looking downward, and groaning at regular intervals.

I watched the approach of the wob-

bling wheels that finally stopped in front of the house. From the wagon descended two remarkable-looking persons, a man and a woman. He, a very tall negro, with thick African lips and woolly hair, was dressed in cloth as black as his skin. The woman was a delicate light mulattress, of reddish tinge. An oval face, regular features, and large, brilliant black eyes gave her singular beauty. She wore no hat or bonnet, but around her head was twined a turban of bright hues, Madras yellow predominating. Large hoop earrings hung from her ears, and a string of blue beads was twined round and round her throat, and fell in festoons, longer and longer, until they touched the waist of her white tunic. Beads were also wound about her arms, which the loose sleeves left bare. Beneath her skirt of dull indigo blue, which did not conceal her well-turned ankles, her exquisitely formed bare feet were seen, which carried her lightly, yet with great dignity of bearing, into the house. Her companion followed most respectfully, while the boy hitched the mule. I retreated to the fireplace, and stood watching with amazed interest. The parents did not stir. They did not even look up. Eliza turned her back, and sat on the further door-sill, looking out. The woman took no notice of any of us, but advanced into the room towards the patient on the bed. Her eyes assumed a steadfast expression as she fastened them upon the girl. After a long space of breathless silence, in which she continued her fixed gaze, her eyes scintillated with an influence that pervaded the room, and seemed to subvert all other volition to her own will.

She concentrated her attention upon Etta. A quiver ran through the girl's frame; her eyes flew open with a startled gaze. The woman drew back four or five steps with a hasty but most graceful movement, still looking intently into the eyes of the sick girl. Her body swayed to and fro. Keeping time to

its rhythmic motion, she chanted slowly a weird, fantastic, barbaric air, unlike anything I had ever heard. The words were in a foreign tongue. The undulations of her body brought her near enough to touch the girl upon the shoulder, upon whom the effect was electrical. Again a shiver ran through her frame, and she looked intently upon the Voodoo woman, as, changing the air, she chanted in a low, sweet key that sounded like a staccato wind beating upon an Æolian harp:—

"You loved him! You loved him! He's gone!"

Then a pause followed, filled only with the throbbing pulse in my ears. Again she sang:—

"He's gone! He went to the fields! While there he worked! He worked! He put his hands to his head, and said, 'I'm sick'!"

At this Eliza rose from her seat on the door-sill, and turned. Through it all the poor father and mother did not look up, but made a low moaning and sobbing that fitted into the chant like a minor accompaniment, and so excited my nerves that I could not restrain the tears from rolling down my face. The woman continued:—

"It is *this* that ails you, and not the medicine in the vial! The old woman *did* try to trick you! The vial *is* under the house! But it will not be emptied! I have sent it back to where it came from! It has gone down, down! It has gone to *him*!" and she pointed to the floor. "It's gone now," she repeated, introducing a soothing note into the song. "That is not what ails you. You loved him, and he's dead! He's dead!" Here the song was a wail.

Eliza, who was listening with strained attention, threw her arms above her head, cried out in a piercing voice, "It's true! It's true! It was my son, and he's dead, he's gone!" and fell across the foot of the bed, burying her face in the bed-clothes.

The strange woman passed her hand over Etta's brow two or three times, raised it, and, stepping back three or four steps, said, in a voice of command, —

"Arise!"

The girl arose.

With hand still up, the woman continued to walk backward to the door, her eyes still riveted on the girl, saying, —

"Follow — follow — follow."

Etta left her bed and followed.

When the woman reached the door, she threw one concentrated look upon the girl, following her as if impelled by an invisible power, and then turned and went out of the door. She ran lightly up the street, retraced her steps down the other side of the houses, making the circuit of the quarters, and came back into the house, followed still by the panting girl.

When she entered the house she looked at me for the first time, and said in an altogether different voice, though it was gentle and calm: —

"She is well now, Mrs. Park. There will be no more trouble about her."

It startled me to hear my name from

her lips, for I was sure she had never before seen me, and was not expecting to meet me when she arrived. Moreover, no one had spoken to me since her entrance. While I was pondering this and all I had witnessed within the hour, the tall man approached her, and very tenderly placed his arm around her waist. It was timely support, as I at once saw she would have fallen to the floor without it. Her eyes were slowly closing, and her body was utterly relaxed.

"She must sleep," said the man. "She always sleeps after one of these spells."

I motioned him to follow me with the light burden of her body, which he had already taken into both his strong arms. I led the way to another cabin, where she was laid upon a bed, and rested in a heavy, motionless sleep for hours, after which, as I was told by Martha, she ate heartily at their table. As the cock crew for midnight she arose, and went unquestioned to her mysterious home.

Etta's recovery was as complete as it was sudden, and I never heard anything more of her queer malady.

S. M. P.

FLOWERS AND FOLKS.

EVERY order of intelligent beings naturally separates the world into two classes, — itself and the remainder. Birds, for instance, have no doubt a feeling, more or less clearly defined, which, if it were translated into human speech, might read, "Birds and nature." We, in our turn, say, "Man and nature." But such distinctions, useful as they are, and therefore admissible, are none the less arbitrary and liable to mislead. Birds and men are alike parts of nature, having many things

in common not only with each other, but with every form of animate existence. The world is not a patchwork, though never so cunningly put together, but a garment woven throughout.

The importance of this truth, its far-reaching and many-sided significance, is even yet only beginning to be understood; but its bearing upon the study of what we call natural history would seem to be evident. My own experience as a dabbler in botany and ornithology has convinced me that the pursuit of

such researches is not at all out of the spirit of the familiar line, —

“The proper study of mankind is man,” —

whatever the author of the line may have himself intended by his apothegm. To become acquainted with the peculiarities of plants or birds is to increase one's knowledge of beings of his own sort.

There is room, I think, for a treatise on analogical botany, a study of the human nature of plants. Thoroughly and sympathetically done, the work would be both surprising and edifying. It would give us a better opinion of plants, and possibly a poorer opinion of ourselves. Some wholesome first lessons of this kind we have all taken, as a matter of course. “We all do fade as a leaf.” “All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.” There are no household words more familiar than such texts. But the work of which I am thinking will deal not so much with our likeness to tree and herb as with the likeness of tree and herb to us; and furthermore, it will go into the whole subject, systematically and at length. Meanwhile, it is open even to an amateur to offer something, in a general and discursive way, upon so inviting a theme, and especially to call attention to its scope and variety.

As I sit at my desk, the thistles are in their glory, and in a vase at my elbow stands a single head of the tall swamp variety, along with a handful of fringed gentians. Forgetting what it is, one cannot help pronouncing the thistle beautiful, — a close bunch of minute rose-purple flowers. But who could ever feel toward it as toward the gentian? Beauty is a thing not merely of form and color, but of memory and association. The thistle is an ugly customer. In a single respect it lays itself out to be agreeable; but even its beauty is too much like that of some venomous reptile. Yet it has its friends, or, at all events, its

patrons (if you wish to catch butterflies, go to the thistle pasture), and no doubt could give forty eloquent and logical excuses for its offensive traits. Probably it felicitates itself upon its shrewdness, and pities the poor estate of its defenseless neighbors. How they must envy its happier fortune! It sees them browsed upon by the cattle, and can hardly be blamed if it chuckles a little to itself as the greedy creatures pass it by untouched. School-girls and botanists break down the golden-rods and asters, and pull up the gerardias and ladies'-tresses; but neither school-girl nor collector often troubles the thistle. It opens its gorgeous blossoms and ripens its feathery fruit unmolested. Truly it is a great thing to wear an armor of prickles!

“The human nature of plants,” — have I any readers so innocent as not to feel at this moment the appropriateness of the phrase? Can there be one so favored as not to have some unmistakable thistles among his Christian townsmen and acquaintance? Nay, we all know them. They are the more easily discovered for standing always a little by themselves. They escape many slight inconveniences under which more amiable people suffer. Whoever finds himself in a hard place goes not to them for assistance. They are recognized afar as persons to be let alone. Yet they, too, like their floral representatives, have a good side. If they do not give help, they seldom ask it. Once a year they may actually “do a handsome thing,” as the common expression is; but they cannot put off their own nature; their very generosity pricks the hand that receives it, and when old Time cuts them down with his scythe (what should we do without this famous husbandman, unkindly as we talk of him?) there will be no great mourning.

Is it then an unpardonable offense for a plant to defend itself against attack and extermination? Has the duty of non-resistance no exceptions nor abate-

ments in the vegetable kingdom? That would be indeed a hard saying; for what would become of our universal favorite, the rose? On this point there may be room for a diversity of opinion; but for one, I cannot wish the wild rose disarmed, lest, through the recklessness of its admirers, what is now one of the commonest of our wayside ornaments should grow to be a rarity. I esteem the rose a patrician, and fairly entitled to patrician manners. As every one sees, people in high station, especially if they chance to possess attractive social qualities, are of necessity compelled to discountenance everything like careless familiarity, even from those with whom they may formerly have been most intimate. They must always stand more or less upon ceremony, and never be handled without gloves. So it is with the queen of flowers. Its thorns not only serve it as a protection, but are for its admirers an excellent discipline in forbearance. They make it easier for us, as Emerson says, to "love the wood rose and leave it on the stalk." In addition to which I am moved to say that the rose, like the holly, illustrates a truth too seldom insisted upon; namely, that people are more justly condemned for the absence of all good qualities than for the presence of one or two bad ones.

Some such plea as this, though with a smaller measure of assurance, I should make in behalf of plants like the barberry and the bramble. The latter, in truth, sometimes acts as if it were not so much fighting us off as drawing us on. Leaning far forward and stretching forth its arms, it buttonholes the wayfarer, so to speak, and with generous country insistence forces upon him the delicious clusters which he, in his preoccupation, seemed in danger of passing untasted. I think I know the human counterparts of both barberry and bramble, — excellent people in their place, though not to be chosen for bosom friends without a careful weighing of

consequences. Judging them not by their manners, but by their fruits, we must set them on the right hand. It would go hard with some of the most pious of my neighbors, I imagine, if the presence of a few thorns and prickles were reckoned inconsistent with a moderately good character.

As for reprobates like the so-called "poison ivy" and "poison dogwood," they have perhaps borrowed a familiar human maxim, — "All is fair in war." In any case, they are no worse than savage heathen, who kill their enemies with poisoned arrows, or than civilized Christians, who stab the reputation of their friends with poisoned words. Their marked comeliness of habit may be taken as a point in their favor; or, on the contrary, it may be held to make their case only so much the blacker, by laying them liable to the additional charge of hypocrisy. The question is a nice one, and I gladly leave it for subtler casuists than I to settle.

How refreshing to turn from all these, from the thistle and the bramble, yea, even from the rose itself, to gentle spirits like the violet and anemone, the arbutus and hepatica! These wage no war. They are of the original Society of Friends. Who will may spoil them without hurt. Their defense is with their Maker. I wonder whether anybody ever thinks of such flowers as representative of any order of grown people, or whether to everybody else they are forever children, as I find, on thinking of it, they have always been to me. Lowly and trustful, sweet and frail, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." They pass away without losing their innocence. Ere the first heats of summer they are gone.

Yet the autumn, too, has its delicate blooms, though they are overshadowed and, as it were, put out of countenance by the coarser growths which must be said to characterize the harvest season. Nothing that May puts into her lap is

more exquisite than are the purple gerardias with which August and September embroider the pasture and the woodland road. They have not the sweet breath of the arbutus, nor even the faint elusive odor of the violet, but for daintiness of form, perfection of color, and gracefulness of habit it would be impossible to praise them too highly. Of our three species, my own favorite is the one of the narrow leaves (*Gerardia tenuifolia*), its longer and slighter flower-stems giving it an airiness and grace peculiarly its own. A lady to whom I had brought a handful the other day expressed it well when she said, "They look like fairy flowers." They are of my mind in this: they love a dry, sunny opening in the woods, or a grassy field on the edge of woods, especially if there be a seldom-used path running through it. I know not with what human beings to compare them. Perhaps their antitypes of our own kind are yet to be evolved. But I have before now seen a woman who might worthily be set in their company,—a person whose sweet and wise actions were so gracefully carried and so easily let fall as to suggest an order and quality of goodness quite out of relation to common flesh and blood.

What a contrast between such lowly minded, unobtrusive beauties and egotists like our multitudinous asters and golden-rods! These, between them, almost take possession of the world for the two or three months of their reign. They are handsome, and they know it. What is beauty for, if not to be admired? They mass their tiny blossoms first into solid heads, then into panicles and racemes, and have no idea of hiding their constellated brightness under a bushel. "Let your light shine!" is the word they go on. How eagerly they crowd along the roadside, till the casual passer-by can see scarce anything else! If he does not see *them*, it is not their fault.

For myself, I am far from wishing

them at all less numerous, or a jot less forward in displaying their charms. Let there be variety, I say. Because I speak well of the violet for its humility, I see no reason why I should quarrel with the aster for loving to make a show. Herein, too, plants are like men. An indisposition toward publicity is amiable in those to whom it is natural; but I am not clear that bashfulness is the only commendable quality. Let plants and men alike carry themselves according to their birthright. Providence has not ordained a diversity of gifts for nothing, and it is only a narrow philosophy that takes offense at seeming contrarieties. The truer method, and the happier as well, is to like each according to its kind: to love that which is amiable, to admire that which is admirable, and to study that which is curious.

A few weeks ago, for example, I walked again up the mountain road that climbs out of the Franconia Valley into the Franconia Notch. I had left home twenty-four hours before, fresh from working upon the asters and golden-rods (trying to straighten out my local catalogue in accordance with Dr. Gray's more recent classification of these large and difficult genera), and naturally enough had asters and golden-rods still in my eye. The first mile or two afforded nothing of particular note, but by and by I came to a cluster of the sturdy and peculiar *Solidago squarrosa*, and was taking an admiring account of its appearance and manner of growth, when I caught sight of some lower blue flower underneath, which on a second glance proved to be the closed gentian. This grew in hiding, as one might say, in the shadow of its taller and showier neighbors. Not far off, but a little more within the wood, were patches of the linnæa, which had been at its prettiest in June, but even now, in late September, was still putting forth scattered blossoms. What should a man do?

Discard the golden-rod for the gentian, and in turn forsake the gentian for the twin-flower? Nay, a child might do that, but not a man; for the three were all beautiful and all interesting, and each the more beautiful and interesting for its unlikeness to the others. If one wishes a stiff lesson in classification, there are few harder genera (among flowering plants) than *Solidago*; if he would investigate the timely and taking question of the dependence of plants upon insects, this humble "proterandrous" gentian (which to human vision seems closed, but which the humblebee knows well how to enter) offers him a favorable subject; while if he has an eye for beauty, a nose for delicate fragrance, and a soul for poetry, the linnæa will never cease to be one of his prime favorites. So I say again, let us have variety. It would be a stupid town all whose inhabitants should be of identical tastes and habits, though these were of the very best; and it would be a tiresome country that brought forth only a single kind of plants.

The flower of Linnæus is a flower by itself, as here and there appears a man who seems, as we say, *sui generis*. This familiar phrase, by the bye, is literally applicable to *Linnæa borealis*, a plant that spreads over a large part of the northern hemisphere, but everywhere preserves its own specific character; so that, whether it be found in Greenland or in Maryland, on the Alaskan Islands or in Utah, in Siberia or on the mountains of Scotland, it is always and everywhere the same, — a genus of one species. Diversities of soil and climate make no impression upon its originality. If it live at all, it must live according to its own plan.

The aster, on the contrary, has a special talent for variation. Like some individuals of another sort, it is born to adapt itself to circumstances. Dr. Gray enumerates no less than one hundred and ninety-six North American species

and varieties, many of which shade into each other with such endless and well-nigh insensible gradations that even our great special student of the *Compositæ* pronounces the accurate and final classification of this particular genus a labor beyond his powers. What shall we say of this habit of variability? Is it a mark of strength or of weakness? Which is nobler, — to be true to one's ideal in spite of circumstances, or to conquer circumstances by suiting one's self to them? Who shall decide? Enough that the twin-flower and the star-flower each obeys its own law, and in so doing contributes each its own part toward making this world the place of diversified beauty which it was foreordained to be.

I spoke of the linnæa's autumnal blossoms, though its normal flowering time is in June. Even this steady-going, unimpressible citizen of the world, it appears, has its one bit of freakishness. In these bright, summery September days, when the trees put on their glory, this lowliest member of the honeysuckle family feels a stirring within to make itself beautiful; and being an evergreen (instead of a summer-green), and therefore incapable of bedecking itself after the maple's manner, it sends up a few flower-stems, each with its couple of swinging, fragrant bells. So it bids the world good-by till the long winter once more comes and goes.

The same engaging habit is noticeable in the case of some of our very commonest plants. After the golden-rods and asters have had their day, late in October or well into November, when witch-hazel, yarrow, and clover are almost the only blossoms left us, you will stumble here and there upon a solitary dandelion reflecting the sun, or a violet giving back the color of the sky. And even so, you may find, once in a while, an old man in whom imaginative impulses have sprung up anew, now that all the prosaic activities of middle life are over. It is almost as if he were

born again. The song of the April robin, the blossoming of the apple-tree, the splendors of sunset and sunrise, — these and things like them touch him to pleasure, as he now remembers they used to do years and years ago. What means this strange revival of youth in age? Is it a reminiscence merely, a final flickering of the candle, or is it rather a prophecy of life yet to come? Well, with the dandelion and the violet we know with reasonable certainty how the matter stands. The autumnal blooms are not belated, but precocious; they belong not to the season past, but to the season coming. Who shall forbid us to hope that what is true of the violet will prove true also of the man?

It speaks well for human nature that in the long run the lowliest flowers are not only the best loved, but the oftenest spoken of. Men play the cynic: modest merit goes to the wall, they say; whoever would succeed, let him put on a brazen face and sharpen his elbows. But those who talk in this strain deceive neither themselves nor those who listen to them. They are commonly such as have themselves tried the trumpet and elbow method, and have discovered that, whatever may be true of transient notoriety, neither public fame nor private regard is to be won by such means. We do not retract what we have said in praise of diversity, and about the right of each to live according to its own nature, but we gladly perceive that in the case of the flowers also it is the meek that inherit the earth.

Our appreciation of our fellow-men depends in part upon the amount, but still more upon the quality, of the service they render us. We could get along without poets more comfortably than without cobblers, for the lower use is often first in order both of time and of necessity; but we are never in doubt as to their relative place in our esteem. One serves the body, the other the soul;

and we reward the one with money, the other with affection and reverence. And our estimation of plants is according to the same rule. Such of them as nourish the body are good, — good even to the point of being indispensable; but as we make a difference between the barnyard fowl and the nightingale, and between the common run of humanity and a Beethoven or a Milton, so maize and potatoes are never put into the same category with lilies and violets. It must be so, because man is more than an animal, and "the life is more than meat."

Again we say, let each fulfill its own function. One is made for utility, another for beauty. For plants, too, are specialists. They know as well as men how to make the most of inherited capacities and aptitudes, achieving distinction at last by the simple process of sticking to one thing, whether that be the production of buds, blossoms, berries, leaves, bark, timber, or what not; and our judgment of them must be correspondingly varied. The vine bears blossoms, but is to be rated not by them, but by the grapes that come after them; and the rose-tree bears hips, but takes its rank not from them, but from the flowers that went to the making of them. "Nothing but leaves" is a verdict unfavorable or otherwise according to its application. The tea-shrub would hold up its head to hear it.

One of the most interesting and suggestive points of difference among plants is that which relates to the matter of self-reliance. Some are made to stand alone, others to twine, and others to creep. If it were allowable to attribute human feelings to them, we should perhaps be safe in assuming that the upright look down upon the climbers, and the climbers in turn upon the creepers; for who of us does not felicitate himself upon his independence, such as it is, or such as he imagines it to be? But if independence is indeed a boon, — and I, for one, am too thoroughbred a

New Englander ever to doubt it, — it is not the only good, nor even the highest. The nettle, standing straight and prim, asking no favors of anybody, may rail at the grape-vine, which must lay hold of something, small matter what, by which to steady itself; but the nettle might well be willing to forego somewhat of its self-sufficiency, if by so doing it could bring forth grapes. The smilax, also, with its thorns, its pugnacious habit, and its stony, juiceless berries, a sort of handsome vixen among vines, — the smilax, which can climb though it cannot stand erect, has little occasion to lord it over the strawberry. If one has done nothing, or worse than nothing, it is hardly worth while to boast of the original fashion in which he has gone about it. Moreover, the very plants about which we are speaking bear witness to the fact that it is possible to accept help, and still retain to the full one's own individuality. The strawberry is no more a plagiarist than the smilax, nor the grape than the nettle. If the vine clings to the cedar, the connection is but mechanical. Its spirit and life are as independent of the savin as of the planet Jupiter. Even the dodder, which not only twines about other weeds, but actually sucks its life from them, does not thereby lose an iota of its native character. If a man is only original to begin with, — so the parable seems to run, — he is under a kind of necessity to remain so (as Shakespeare did), no matter how much help he may draw from alien sources.

This truth of the vegetable world is the more noteworthy, because along with it there goes a very strong and persistent habit of individual variation. The plant is faithful to the spirit of its inherited law, but is not in bondage to the letter. Our "high-bush blackberries," to take a very familiar illustration, are all of one species, but it does not follow that they are all exactly alike. So far from it, I knew in my time — and the

school-boys of the present day are not less accurately informed, we may presume — where to find berries of all shapes, sizes, and flavors. Some were sour, and some were bitter, and some (I can taste them yet) were finger-shaped and sweet. And what is true of *Rubus villosus* is probably true of all plants, though in varying degrees. I do not recall a single article of our annual wild crop — blueberries, huckleberries, blackberries, cherries, grapes, pig-nuts (a bad name for a good thing), shagbarks, acorns, and so forth — in which there was not this constant inequality among plants of the same species, perfectly well defined, and never lost sight of by us juvenile connoisseurs. If we failed to find the same true of other vines and bushes, which for our purposes bore blossoms only, the explanation is not far to seek. Our perceptions, æsthetic and gastronomic, were unequally developed. We were in the case of the man to whom a poet is a poet, though he knows very well that there are cooks and cooks.

It is this slight but everywhere present admixture of the personal quality — call it individuality, or what you will — that saves the world, animal and vegetable alike, from stagnation. Every bush, every bird, every man, together with its unmistakable and ineradicable likeness to the parent stock, has received also a something, be it more or less, that distinguishes it from all its fellows. Let our observation be delicate enough, and we shall perceive that there are no duplicates of any kind, the world over. It is part of the very unity of the world, this universally diffused diversity.

It does a sympathetic observer good to see how humanly plants differ in their likes and dislikes. One is catholic: as common people say, it is not particular; it can live and thrive almost anywhere. Another must have precisely such and such conditions, and is to be found, therefore, only in very restricted localities. The *Dionaea*, or Venus's fly-trap,

is a famous example of this fastidiousness, growing in a small district of North Carolina, and, as far as appears, nowhere else, — a highly specialized plant, with no generic relative. Another instance is furnished by a water lily (*Nymphaea elegans*), the rediscovery of which is chronicled in a late issue of one of our botanical journals.¹ "This lily was originally found in 1849, and has never been seen since, holding its place in botanical literature for these almost forty years on the strength of a single collection at a single vaguely described station on the broad prairies of southwestern Texas;" now, after all this time, it turns up again in another quarter of the same State. And every student could report cases of a similar character, though less striking than these, of course, within the limits of his own local researches. If you ask me where I find dandelions, I answer, Anywhere; but if you wish me to show you the sweet colt's-foot (*Nardosmia palmata*), you must go with me to one particular spot. Any of my neighbors will tell you where the pink moccasin flower grows; but if it is the yellow one you are in search of, I shall swear you to secrecy before conducting you to its swampy hiding-place. Some plants, like some people (but the plants, be it noted, are mostly weeds), seem to flourish best away from home; others die under the most careful transplanting. Some are lovers of the open, and cannot be too much in the sun; others lurk in deep woods, under the triple shadow of tree and bush and fern. Some take to sandy hill-tops; others must stand knee-deep in water. One insists upon the richest of meadow loam; another is content with the face of a rock. We may say of them as truly as of ourselves, *De gustibus non est disputandum*. Otherwise, how would the earth ever be clothed with verdure?

But plants are subject to other whims

¹ The Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club for January, 1888, page 13.

not less pronounced than these which have to do with the choice of a dwelling-place. We may call it the general rule that leaves come before flowers; but how many of our trees and shrubs reverse this order! The singular habit of the witch-hazel, whose blossoms open as the leaves fall, may be presumed to be familiar to all readers; and hardly less curious is the freak of the chestnut, which, almost if not quite alone among our amentaceous trees, does not put on its splendid coronation robes till late in June, and is frequently at the height of its magnificence in mid-July. What a pretty piece of variety have we, again, in the diurnal and the nocturnal bloomers! For my own part, being a watcher of birds, and therefore almost of necessity an early stirrer abroad, I profess a special regard for such plants as save their beauty for night-time and cloudy weather. The evening primrose is no favorite with most people, I take it, but I seldom fail to pick a blossom or two with the dew on them. Those to whom I carry them usually exclaim as over some wonderful exotic, though the primrose is an inveterate haunter of the roadside. Yet its blossoms have only to be looked at and smelled of to make their way, homely as is the stalk that produces them. They love darkness rather than light, but it certainly is not "because their deeds are evil." One might as well cast the opprobrious text in the face of the moon and stars. Now and then some enterprising journalist, for want of better employment, investigates anew the habits of literary workers; and it invariably transpires that some can do their best only by daylight, while the minds of others seem to be good for nothing till the sun goes down; and the wise reader, who reads not so much to gain information as to see whether the writer tells the truth, shakes his head, and says, "Oh, it is all in use." Of course it is all in use, just as it is with whip-poor-wills and the morning-glory.

The mention of the evening primrose calls for the further remark that plants, not less than ourselves, have a trick of combining opposite qualities, — a coarse-grained and scraggy habit, for instance, with blossoms of exquisite fragrance and beauty. The most gorgeous flowers sometimes exhale an abominable odor, and it is not unheard of that inconspicuous or even downright homely sorts should be accounted precious for their sweetness; while, as everybody knows, few members of our native flora are more graceful in appearance than the very two whose simple touch is poison. Could anything be more characteristic of human nature than just such inconsistencies? Suavity and trickery, harshness and integrity, a fiery temper and a gentle heart, — how often do we see the good and the bad dwelling together! We would have ordered things differently, I dare say, had they been left to us, — the good should have been all good, and the bad all bad; and yet, if it be a

grief to feel that the holiest men have their failings, it ought perhaps to be a consolation, rather than an additional sorrow, to perceive that the most vicious are not without their virtues. Beyond which, shall we presume to suggest that, as poisons have their use, so moral evil, give it time enough, may turn out to be not altogether a curse?

I have treated my subject too fancifully, I fear. Indeed, there comes over me at this moment a sudden suspicion that my subject itself is nothing but a fancy, or, worse yet, a profanation. If the flowers could talk, who knows how earnestly they might deprecate all such misguided attempts at doing them honor, — as if it were anything but a slander, this imputation to them of the foibles, or even the self-styled good qualities, of our poor humanity! What an egoist is man! I seem to hear them saying. Look where he will, at the world or at its Creator, he sees nothing but the reflection of his own image.

Bradford Torrey.

IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY.

It seems but yesterday that May
 Tripped lightly past, nor paused to stay
 A moment longer than 't would take
 To set her signet near and far,
 In field and lane, — the daisies' star;
 To set the grasses all ashake;
 To kiss the world into a blush
 Of brier-roses, pink and flush,
 For summer's sake.

It seems but yesterday that June
 Came piping sweet a medley-tune,
 Whereto the robin and the thrush
 Lent each his thrilling throat, the while
 'The locust there beside the stile,
 Deep-hid in tangled weed and brush,
 Spun out the season's skein of heat,
 With now a "whirr" of shuttle fleet,
 And now a hush.

It seems but yesterday, and yet
 To-day I found my garden set
 In silver, and the roisterer wind
 Made bold to pluck me by the gown,
 What time I wandered up and down
 The path, to see if left behind
 Was one last rose that I might press
 Against my withered cheek, and less
 Feel time unkind.

Julie M. Lippmann.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XXIV.

GABRIEL NASH had plenty of further opportunity to elucidate this and other figurative remarks, for he not only spent several of the middle hours of the day with his friend, but came back with him in the evening (they dined together at a little foreign pot-house in Soho, revealed to Nick on this occasion) and discussed the great question far into the night. The great question was whether, on the showing of those examples of his ability with which the room in which they sat was now densely bestrewn, Nick Dormer would be justified in "really going in" for the practice of pictorial art. This may strike many of my readers as a limited and even trivial inquiry, with little of the heroic or the romantic in it; but it was none the less carried to a very fine point by our clever young men. Nick suspected Nash of exaggerating his encouragement in order to play a malign trick on the political world, at whose expense it was his fancy to divert himself (without making that organization bankrupt assuredly), and reminded him that his present accusation of immorality was strangely inconsistent with the wanton hope expressed by him in Paris — the hope that the Liberal candidate at Harsh would be returned. Nash replied, first, "Oh, I had n't been

in this place then!" but he defended himself more effectually in saying that it was not of Nick's having got elected that he complained: it was of his visible hesitancy to throw up his seat. Nick requested that he would n't speak of this, and his gallantry failed to render him incapable of saying, "The fact is I have n't the nerve for it." They talked then for a while of what he could do, not of what he could n't; of the mysteries and miracles of reproduction and representation; of the strong, sane joys of the artistic life. Nick made afresh, with more fullness, his great confession, that his private ideal of happiness was the life of a great painter of portraits. He uttered his thought about this so copiously and lucidly that Nash's own abundance was stilled, and he listened almost as if he had been listening to something new, difficult as it was to suppose that there could be a point of view in relation to such a matter with which he was unacquainted.

"There it is," said Nick at last, — "there's the naked, preposterous truth: that if I were to do exactly as I liked I should spend my years copying the more or less vacuous countenances of my fellow-mortals. I should find peace and pleasure and wisdom and worth, I should find fascination and a measure of success in it, out of the din and the dust

and the scramble, the world of party labels, party cries, party bargains, and party treacheries — of humbuggery, hypocrisy, and cant. The cleanness and quietness of it, the independent effort to do something, to leave something which shall give joy to man long after the howling has died away to the last ghost of an echo — such a vision solicits me at certain hours with an almost irresistible force."

As he dropped these remarks Nick lolled on a big divan, with one of his long legs folded up; and his visitor stopped in front of him, after moving about the room vaguely and softly, almost on tiptoe, not to interrupt him. "You speak with the eloquence that rises to a man's lips on a very particular occasion; when he has, practically, whatever his theory may be, renounced the right and dropped, hideously, into the wrong. Then his regret for the right, a certain exquisite appreciation of it, takes on an accent which I know well how to recognize."

Nick looked up at him a moment. "You've hit it, if you mean by that that I have n't resigned my seat and that I don't intend to."

"I thought you took it only to give it up. Don't you remember our talk in Paris?"

"I like to be a part of the spectacle that amuses you, but I could scarcely have taken so much trouble as that for it."

"But isn't it an absurd comedy, the life you lead?"

"Comedy or tragedy — I don't know which; whatever it is, I appear to be capable of it to please two or three people."

"Then you *can* take trouble?" said Nash.

"Yes, for the woman I'm to marry."

"Ah, you're to marry?"

"That's what has come on since we met in Paris, and it makes just the difference."

"Ah, my poor friend," smiled Gabriel, standing there, "no wonder you have an eloquence, an accent!"

"It's a pity I have them in the wrong place. I'm expected to have them in the House of Commons."

"You will when you make your farewell speech there — to announce that you chuck it up. And may I venture to ask who's to be your wife?" Gabriel went on.

"Mrs. Dallow has kindly consented. I think you saw her in Paris."

"Ah, yes: you spoke of her to me, and I remember asking you if you were in love with her."

"I was n't then."

Nash hesitated a moment. "And are you now?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said Nick.

"That would be better, if it was n't worse."

"Nothing could be better; it's the best thing that can happen to me."

"Well," said Nash, "you must let me, very respectfully, approach her. You must let me bring her round."

"Bring her round?"

"Talk her over."

"Over to what?" Nick repeated his companion's words, a little as if it were to gain time, remembering the effect Gabriel Nash had produced upon Julia — an effect which scantily ministered to the idea of another meeting. Julia had had no occasion to allude again to Nick's imperturbable friend; he had passed out of her life at once and forever; but there flickered up a vivid recollection of the contempt he had led her to express, together with a sense of how odd she would think it that her intended should have thrown over two pleasant visits to cultivate such company.

"Over to a proper pride in what you may do — what you may do above all if she will help you."

"I scarcely see how she can help me," said Nick, with an air of thinking.

"She's extremely handsome, as I re-

member her : you could do great things with her."

"Ah, there's the rub," Nick went on. "I wanted her to sit for me, this week, but she would n't."

"*Elle a bien tort.* You should do some fine strong type. Is Mrs. Dallow in London?" Nash inquired.

"For what do you take her? She's paying visits."

"Then I have a model for you."

"Then you have?" — Nick stared. "What has that to do with Mrs. Dallow's being away?"

"Does n't it give you more time?"

"Oh, the time flies!" sighed Nick, in a manner causing his companion to break into a laugh — a laugh in which, for a moment, he himself joined, blushing a little.

"Does she like you to paint?" Nash continued, with one of his candid intonations.

"So she says."

"Well, do something fine to show her."

"I'd rather show it to you," Nick confessed.

"My dear fellow, I see it from here, if you do your duty. Do you remember the Tragic Muse?" Nash pursued, explicatively.

"The Tragic Muse?"

"That girl in Paris, whom we heard at the old actress's, and whom we afterwards met at the charming entertainment given by your cousin (is n't he?), the secretary of embassy."

"Oh, Peter's girl: of course I remember her."

"Don't call her Peter's; call her rather mine," Nash said, with good-humored dissuasiveness. "I invented her, I introduced her, I revealed her."

"I thought, on the contrary, you ridiculed and repudiated her."

"As an individual, surely not; I seem to myself to have been all the while rendering her services. I said I disliked tea-party ranters, and so I do;

but if my estimate of her powers was below the mark, she has more than punished me."

"What has she done?" asked Nick.

"She has become interesting, as I suppose you know."

"How should I know?"

"You must see her, you must paint her," said Nash. "She tells me that something was said about it that day at Madame Carrés."

"Oh, I remember — said by Peter."

"Then it will please Mr. Sherringham — you'll be glad to do that. I suppose you know all he has done for Miriam?"

"Not a bit. I know nothing about Peter's affairs, unless it be, in general, that he goes in for mountebanks and mimes, and that it occurs to me I have heard one of my sisters mention — the rumor had come to her — that he has been backing Miss Rooth."

"Miss Rooth delights to talk of his kindness; she is charming when she speaks of it. It's to his good offices that she owes her appearance here."

"Here? Is she in London?" Nick inquired.

"*D'où tombez-vous?* I thought you people read the papers."

"What should I read, when I sit (sometimes!) through the stuff they put into them?"

"Of course I see that — that your engagement at your own theatre keeps you from going to the others. Learn then," said Gabriel Nash, "that you have a great competitor, and that you are distinctly not, much as you may suppose it, *the* rising comedian. The Tragic Muse is the great modern personage. Have n't you heard people speak of her, have n't you been taken to see her?"

"I dare say I've heard of her; but with a good many other things on my mind I had forgotten it."

"Certainly I can imagine what has been on your mind. She remembers you, at any rate; she repays neglect with

sympathy. She wants to come and see you."

"To see me?"

"To be seen by you—it comes to the same thing. She's worth seeing; you must let me bring her; you'll find her very suggestive. That idea that you should paint her—she appears to consider it a sort of bargain."

"A bargain? What will she give me?" Nick asked.

"A splendid model. She *is* splendid."

"Oh, then bring her," said Nick.

XXV.

Nash brought her, the great modern personage, as he had described her, the very next day, and it took Nick Dormer but a short time to appreciate his declaration that Miriam Rooth was splendid. She had made an impression upon him ten months before, but it had haunted him only for a day, immediately overlaid with other images. Yet after Nash had spoken of her a few moments he evoked her again; some of her attitudes, some of her tones, began to hover, richly, before him. He was pleased in advance with the idea of painting her. When she stood there in fact, however, it seemed to him that he had remembered her wrong: the brilliant young lady who instantly filled his studio with a presence that it had never known was exempt from the curious clumsiness which had interfused his former admiration of her with a certain pity. Miriam Rooth was light and bright and straight to-day—straight without being stiff, and bright without being garish. To Nick's perhaps inadequately sophisticated mind the model, the actress, were figures with rather a tawdry setting; but it would have been impossible to show that taint less than his present extremely natural yet extremely distinguished visitor. She was more natural

even than Gabriel Nash ("nature" was still Nick's formula for his old friend), and beside her he appeared almost commonplace.

Nash recognized her superiority with a frankness that was honorable to both of them, testifying in this manner to his sense that they were all three serious beings, worthy to deal with realities. She attracted crowds to her theatre, but to his appreciation of such a fact as that, important doubtless in its way, there were limits which he had already expressed. What he now felt bound in all integrity to express was his perception that she had, in general and quite apart from the question of the box-office, a remarkable, a very remarkable artistic nature. He confessed that she had surprised him there; knowing of her in other days mainly that she was hungry to adopt the vulgarest profession, he had not imputed to her the normal measure of intelligence. Now he saw—he had had some talks with her—that she *was* intelligent; so much so that he was sorry for the embarrassment it would be to her. Nick could imagine the discomfort of having that sort of commodity to dispose of in such conditions. "She's a distinguished woman—really a distinguished woman," Nash explained, kindly and lucidly, almost paternally; "and the head you can see for yourself."

Miriam, smiling, as she sat on an old Venetian chair, held aloft, with the noblest effect, that portion of her person to which this patronage was extended, and remarked to Nick that, strange as it might appear, she had got quite to like poor Mr. Nash: she could make him go about with her; it was a relief to her mother.

"When I take him she has perfect peace," the girl said; "then she can stay at home and see the interviewers. She delights in that and I hate it, so our friend here is a great comfort. Of course a *femme de théâtre* is supposed

to be able to go out alone, but there's a kind of appearance, an added *chic*, in having some one. People think he's my companion; I'm sure they fancy I pay him. I would pay him rather than give him up, for it does n't matter that he's not a lady. He is one in tact and sympathy, as you see. And base as he thinks the sort of thing I do, he can't keep away from the theatre. When you're celebrated, people will look at you who, before, could never find out for themselves why they should."

"When you're celebrated, you become handsomer; at least that's what has happened to you, though you were pretty, too, of old," Gabriel argued. "I go to the theatre to look at your head; it gives me the greatest pleasure. I take up anything of that sort as soon as I find it; one never knows how long it may last."

"Are you speaking of my appearance?" Miriam asked.

"Dear, no, of my own pleasure, the first freshness," Nash went on. "Dorner, at least, let me tell you in justice to him, has n't waited till you were celebrated to want to see you again (he stands there open-eyed); for the simple reason that he had n't the least idea of your renown. I had to announce it to him."

"Have n't you seen me act?" Miriam asked, without reproach, of her host.

"I'll go to-night," said Nick.

"You have your Parliament, have n't you? What do they call it — the demands of public life?" Miriam continued: to which Gabriel Nash rejoined that he had the demands of private as well, inasmuch as he was in love — he was on the point of being married. Miriam listened to this with participation; then she said: "Ah, then, do bring your — what do they call her in English? I'm always afraid of saying something improper — your *future*. I'll send you a box, under the circumstances;

you'll like that better." She added that if he were to paint her he would have to see her often on the stage, would n't he? to profit by the *optique de la scène* (what did they call that in English?), studying her and fixing his impression. Before he had time to respond to this proposition she asked him if it disgusted him to hear her speak like that, as if she were always posing and thinking about herself, living only to be looked at, thrusting forward her person. She often got sick of doing so, already; but *à la guerre comme à la guerre*.

"That's the fine artistic nature, you see — a sort of divine disgust breaking out in her," Nash expounded.

"If you want to paint me at all, of course. I'm struck with the way I'm taking that for granted," Miriam continued. "When Mr. Nash spoke of it to me I jumped at the idea. I remembered our meeting in Paris and the kind things you said to me. But no doubt one ought n't to jump at ideas when they represent serious sacrifices on the part of others."

"Does n't she speak well?" Nash exclaimed to Nick. "Oh, she'll go far!"

"It's a great privilege to me to paint you: what title in the world have I to pretend to such a model?" Nick replied to Miriam. "The sacrifice is yours — a sacrifice of time and good-nature and credulity. You come, in your beauty and your genius, to this shabby place where I've nothing to show, not a guarantee to offer you; and I wonder what I've done to deserve such a gift of the gods."

"Does n't *he* speak well?" Nash demanded, smiling, of Miriam.

She took no notice of him, but she repeated to Nick that she had n't forgotten his friendly attitude in Paris; and when he answered that he surely had done very little she broke out, first resting her eyes on him a moment with a

deep, reasonable smile, and then springing up quickly, "Ah, well, if I must justify myself, I liked you!"

"Fancy my appearing to challenge you!" laughed Nick. "To see you again is to want tremendously to try something; but you must have an infinite patience, because I'm an awful duffer."

Miriam looked round the walls. "I see what you have done — *bien des choses*."

"She understands — she understands," Gabriel dropped. And he added to Miriam: "Imagine, when he might do something, his choosing a life of shams! At bottom he's like you — a wonderful artistic nature."

"I'll have patience," said the girl, smiling at Nick.

"Then, my children, I leave you — the peace of the Lord be with you." With these words Nash took his departure.

The others chose a position for Miriam's sitting, after she had placed herself in many different attitudes and different lights; but an hour had elapsed before Nick got to work — began, on a large canvas, to knock her in, as he called it. He was hindered a little even by a certain nervousness, the emotion of finding himself, out of a clear sky, confronted with such a sitter and launched in such a task. The situation was incongruous, just after he had formally renounced all manner of "art" — the renunciation taking effect not a bit the less from the whim that he had consciously treated himself to as a whim (the last he should ever indulge), the freak of relapsing for a fortnight into a fingering of old sketches, for the purpose, as he might have said, of burning them up, of clearing out his studio and terminating his lease. There were both embarrassment and inspiration in the strange chance of snatching back, for an hour, a relinquished joy: the jump with which he found he could still rise to

such an occasion took away his breath a little, at the same time that the idea — the idea of what one might make of such material — touched him with an irresistible wand. On the spot, to his inner vision, Miriam became a magnificent result, drawing a hundred plastic sympathies out of their troubled sleep, defying him where he privately felt strongest, and imposing herself, triumphantly, in her own strength. He had the good fortune to see her, as a subject, without striking matches, in a strong light, and his quick attempt was as exciting as a sudden gallop — it was almost the sense of riding a runaway horse.

She was, in her way, so fine that he could only think how to "do" her: that hard calculation soon flattened out the consciousness, lively in him at first, that she was a beautiful woman who had sought him out in his retirement. At the end of their first sitting her having sought him out appeared the most natural thing in the world: he had a perfect right to entertain her there — explanations and complications were engulfed in the productive mood. The business of "knocking her in" held up a lamp to her beauty, showed him how much there was of it and that she was infinitely interesting. He did n't want to fall in love with her (*il ne conquerrait plus que ça!* as he said to himself), and she promptly became much too interesting for that. Nick might have reflected, for simplification's sake, as his cousin Peter had done, but with more validity, that he was engaged with Miss Rooth in an undertaking that did n't in the least refer to themselves, that they were working together seriously, and that work was a suspension of sensibility. But after her first sitting (she came, poor girl, but twice), the need of such exorcisms passed from his spirit: he had so thoroughly, practically, taken her up. As to whether Miriam had the same bright, still sense of coöperation

to a definite end, the sense of the distinctively technical nature of the answer to every question to which the occasion might give birth, that mystery would be cleared up only if it were open to us to regard this young lady through some other medium than the mind of her friends. We have chosen, as it happens, for some of the advantages it carries with it, the indirect vision; and it fails as yet to tell us (what Nick of course wondered about before he ceased to care, as indeed he intimated to his visitor) why a young person crowned with success should have taken it into her head that there was something for her in so blighted a spot. She should have gone to one of the regular people, the great people: they would have welcomed her with open arms. When Nick asked her if some of the R. A.'s had n't expressed a desire to have a crack at her, she said: "Oh, dear, no, only the tiresome photographers; and fancy *them*, in the future. If mamma could only do *that* for me!" And she added, with the charming *bonhomie* for which she was conspicuous on this occasion, "You know I don't think any one, yet, has been quite so much struck with me as you."

"Not even Peter Sherringham?" asked Nick, laughing and stepping back to judge of the effect of a line.

"Oh, Mr. Sherringham's different. You're an artist."

"For Heaven's sake, don't say that!" cried Nick. "And as regards your art, I thought Peter knew more than any one."

"Ah, you're severe," said Miriam.

"Severe?"

"Because that's what he thinks. But he does know a lot—he has been a providence to me."

"And why has n't he come here to see you act?"

Miriam hesitated a moment. "How do you know he has n't come?"

"Because I take for granted he would have called on me if he had."

"Does he like you very much?" asked Miriam.

"I don't know. I like him."

"He's a gentleman—*pour cela*," said Miriam.

"Oh, yes, for that!" Nick went on absently, sketching hard.

"But he's afraid of me—afraid to see me."

"Does n't he think you're good enough?"

"On the contrary—he believes I shall carry him away, and he's in a terror of my doing it."

"He ought to like that," said Nick.

"That's what I mean when I say he's not an artist. However, he declares he does like it, only it appears it is not the right thing for him. Oh, the right thing—he's bent upon getting that. But it's not for me to blame him, for I am too. He's coming, some night, however: he shall have a dose!"

"Poor Peter!" Nick exclaimed, with a compassion none the less real because it was mirthful; the girl's tone was so expressive of good-humored, unscrupulous power.

"He's such a curious mixture," Miriam went on; "sometimes I lose patience with him. It is n't exactly trying to serve both God and Mammon, but it's muddling up the stage and the world. The world be hanged; the stage, or anything of that sort (I mean one's faith), comes first."

"Brava, brava, you do me good," Nick murmured, still hilarious and at his work. "But it's very kind of you, when I was in this absurd state of ignorance, to attribute to me the honor of having been more struck with you than any one else," he continued, after a moment.

"Yes, I confess I don't quite see—when the shops were full of my photographs."

"Oh, I'm so poor—I don't go into shops," returned Nick.

"Are you very poor?"

"I suffer from a kind of genteel misery."

"And don't they pay you — the government, the ministry?"

"Dear young lady, for what? — for shutting myself up with beautiful women?"

"Ah, you have others, then?" asked Miriam.

"They are not so kind as you, I confess."

"I'll buy it from you — what you're doing: I'll pay you well, when it's done," said the girl. "I've got money now; I make it, you know — a good lot of it. It's too delightful, after scraping and starving. Try it and you'll see. Give up the base, bad world."

"But is n't it supposed to be the base, bad world that pays?"

"Precisely; make it pay, without mercy — squeeze it dry. That's what it's meant for — to pay for art. Ah, if it was n't for that! I'll bring you a quantity of photographs, to-morrow — you must let me come back to-morrow: it's so amusing to have them, by the hundred, all for nothing, to give away. That's what takes mamma most: she can't get over it. That's luxury and glory; even at Castle Nugent they did n't do that. People used to sketch me, but not so much as mamma *veut bien le dire*; and in all my life I never had but one poor little *carte-de-visite*, when I was sixteen, in a plaid frock, with the banks of a river, at three francs the dozen."

XXVI.

It was success, Nick felt, that had made Miriam finer — the full possession of her talent and the sense of the recognition of it. There was an intimation in her presence (if he had given his mind to it) that for him too the same cause would produce the same effect — that is, would show him that there is nothing like being launched in the prac-

tice of an art to learn what it may do for one. Nick felt clumsy beside a person who manifestly, now, had such an extraordinary familiarity with the point of view. He remembered, too, the clumsiness that had been in his visitor — something thick and vulgar and shabby, of quite another quality from her actual smartness, as London people would call it, her well-appointedness, and her evident command of more than one manner. Handsome as she had been the year before, she had suggested provincial lodgings, bread and butter, heavy tragedy, and tears; and if then she was an ill-dressed girl with thick hair, who wanted to be an actress, she was already, in a few weeks, an actress who could act even at not acting. She showed what a light hand she could have, forbore to startle, and looked as well, for unprofessional life, as Julia, which was only the perfection of her professional character.

This function came out much in her talk, for there were many little bursts of confidence as well as many familiar pauses as she sat there; and she was ready to tell Nick the whole history of her *début* — the chance that had suddenly turned up, and that she had caught, with a jump, as it passed. He missed some of the details, in his attention to his own task, and some of them he failed to understand, attached as they were to the name of Mr. Basil Dashwood, which he heard for the first time. It was through Mr. Dashwood's extraordinary exertions that a hearing — a morning performance at a London theatre — had been obtained for her. That had been the great step, for it had led to the putting on at night of the play, at the same theatre, in place of a wretched thing they were trying (it was no use) to keep on its feet, and to her engagement for the principal part. She had made a hit in it (she could n't pretend not to know that); but she was already tired of it, there were so many

other things she wanted to do; and when she thought it would probably run a month or two more, she was in the humor to curse the odious conditions of artistic production in such an age. The play was a simplified version of a new French piece, a thing that had taken in Paris, at a third-rate theatre, and had now, in London, proved itself good enough for houses mainly made up of ten-shilling stalls. It was Dashwood who had said it would go, if they could get the rights and a fellow to make some changes; he had discovered it at a nasty little theatre she had never been to, over the Seine. They had got the rights, and the fellow who had made the changes was practically Dashwood himself; there was another man, in London, Mr. Gushmore — Miriam did n't know whether Nick would ever have heard of him (Nick had n't) — who had done some of it. It had been awfully chopped down, to a mere bone, with the meat all gone; but that was what people in London seemed to like. They were very innocent, like little dogs amusing themselves with a bone. At any rate, she had made something, she had made a figure, of the woman (a dreadful idiot, really, especially in what Dashwood had muddled her into); and Miriam added, in the complacency of her young expansion, "Oh, give me fifty words, any time, and the ghost of a situation, and I'll set you up a figure. Besides, I must n't abuse poor Yolande — she has saved us," she said.

"Yolande?"

"Our ridiculous play. That's the name of the impossible woman. She has put bread into our mouths, and she's a loaf on the shelf for the future. The rights are mine."

"You're lucky to have them," said Nick a little vaguely, troubled about his sitter's nose, which was, somehow, Jewish without the convex arch.

"Indeed I am. He gave them to me. Was n't it charming?"

"He gave them — Mr. Dashwood?"

"Dear me, no; where should poor Dashwood have got them? He has n't a penny in the world. Besides, if he had got them he would have kept them. I mean your blessed cousin."

"I see — they're a present from Peter."

"Like many other things. Is n't he a dear? If it had n't been for him the shelf would have remained bare. He bought the play for this country and America for four hundred pounds, and on the chance; fancy! There was no rush for it, and how could he tell? And then he gracefully handed it to me. So I have my little capital. Is n't he a duck? You have nice cousins."

Nick assented to the proposition, only putting in an amendment to the effect that surely Peter had nice cousins, also, and making, as he went on with his work, a tacit preoccupied reflection or two; such as that it must be pleasant to render little services like that to youth, beauty, and genius (he rather wondered how Peter could afford them), and that, "duck" as he was, Miss Rooth's benefactor was rather taken for granted. *Sic vos non vobis* faintly murmured itself in Nick's brain. This community of interests, or at least of relations, quickened the flight of time, so that he was still fresh when the sitting came to an end. It was settled that Miriam should come back on the morrow, to enable her portrayer to make the most of the few days of the parliamentary recess; and just before she left him she asked —

"Then you *will* come to-night?"

"Without fail. I hate to lose an hour of you."

"Then I'll place you. It will be my affair."

"You're very kind," he responded. "Is n't it a simple matter for me to take a stall? This week, I suppose, they're to be had."

"I'll send you a box," said Miriam.

"You shall do it well. There are plenty now."

"Why should I be lost, all alone, in the grandeur of a box?"

"Can't you bring your friend?"

"My friend?"

"The lady you are engaged to."

"Unfortunately she is out of town."

Miriam looked at him with a grand profundity. "Does she leave you alone like that?"

"She thought I should like it — I should be more free to paint. You see I am."

"Yes, perhaps it's good for *me*. Have you got her portrait?" Miriam asked.

"She does n't like me to paint her."

"Really? Perhaps, then, she won't like you to paint me."

"That's why I want to be quick," laughed Nick.

"Before she knows it?"

"She'll know it to-morrow. I shall write to her."

Miriam gave him another of her special looks; then she said, "I see; you are afraid of her." And she added, "Mention my name; they'll give you the box at the theatre."

Whether or no Nick were afraid of Mrs. Dallow, he still protested against receiving this bounty from the hands of Miss Rooth — repeated that he would much rather take a stall, according to his wont, and pay for it. This led her to declare, with a sudden flicker of passion, that if he did n't do as she wished she would never sit to him again.

"Ah, then, you have me," returned Nick. "Only I *don't* see why you should give me so many things."

"What in the world have I given you?"

"Why, an idea." And Nick looked at his picture a little ruefully. "I don't mean to say I have n't let it fall and smashed it."

"Ah, an idea — that is a great thing for people in our line. But you'll see

me much better from the box, and I'll send you Gabriel Nash," Miriam added, getting into the hansom which her host's servant had fetched for her. As Nick turned back into his studio after watching her drive away, he laughed at the conception that they were in the same "line."

Nick shared his box at the theatre with Gabriel Nash, who talked during the entr'actes, not in the least about the performance or the performer, but about the possible greatness of the art of the portraitist — its reach, its range, its fascination, the magnificent examples it had left us in the past; windows open into history, into psychology, things that were among the most precious possessions of the human race. He insisted, above all, on the interest, the richness, arising from this great peculiarity of it: that, unlike most other forms, it was a revelation of two realities, the man whom it was the artist's conscious effort to reveal, and the man (the interpreter) expressed in the very quality and temper of that effort. It offered a double vision, the strongest dose of life that art could give, the strongest dose of art that life could give. Nick Dormer had already become aware that he had two states of mind in listening to Gabriel Nash: one of them in which he laughed, doubted, sometimes even reprobated, and at any rate failed to follow or to accept; the other in which this contemplative genius seemed to take the words out of his mouth, to utter for him, better and more completely, the very things he was on the point of saying. Nash's saying them, at such moments, appeared to make them true, and to-night he said a good many, especially as to the happiness of cultivating one's own garden; growing there, in stillness and freedom, certain strong, pure flowers that would bloom forever, long after the rank weeds of the hour were withered and blown away.

It was to keep Miriam Rooth in his eye, for his object, that Nick had come

to the play; and she dwelt there all the evening, being constantly on the stage. He was so occupied in watching her face (for he now saw pretty clearly what he should attempt to make of it) that he was conscious only in a secondary degree of the story she illustrated, and in regard to her acting, in particular, had mainly a surprised sense that she was extraordinarily quiet. He remembered her loudness, her violence, in Paris, at Peter Sherringham's, her wild wails, the first time, at Madame Carré's; compared with which her present manner was eminently temperate and modern. Nick Dormer was not critical at the theatre; he believed what he saw, and had a pleasant sense of the inevitable; therefore he would not have guessed what Gabriel Nash had to tell him — that for Miriam, with her tragic cast and her peculiar attributes, her present performance, full of actuality, of light, fine indications, and in parts of pointed touches of comedy, was a rare *tour de force*. It went on altogether in a register that he had not supposed her to possess; in which, as he said, she did not touch her capital, doing it wholly with her little savings. It gave him the idea that she was capable of almost anything.

In one of the intervals they went round to see her; but for Nick this purpose was partly defeated by the wonderful amiability with which he was challenged by Mrs. Rooth, whom they found sitting with her daughter, and who attacked him with a hundred questions about his dear mother and his charming sisters. She maintained that that day in Paris they had shown her a kindness she should never forget. She abounded also in gracious expressions in regard to the portrait he had so cleverly begun, and declared that she was so eager to see it, however little he might as yet have accomplished, that she should do herself the honor to wait upon him in the morning, when Miriam came to sit.

"I'm acting for *you* to-night," the girl said to Nick, before he returned to his place.

"No, that's exactly what you are not doing," Nash interposed, with one of his intellectual superiorities. "You have stopped acting, you have reduced it to the least that will do, you simply *are* — you are just the visible image, the picture on the wall. It keeps you wonderfully in focus. I have never seen you so beautiful."

Miriam stared at this; then it could be seen that she colored. "What a luxury in life to have everything explained! He's the great explainer," she said, turning to Nick.

He shook hands with her for good-night. "Well, then, we must give him lots to do."

She came to his studio in the morning, but unaccompanied by her mother; in allusion to whom she simply said, "Mamma wished to come, but I would not let her." They proceeded promptly to business. The girl divested herself of her hat and coat, taking the position already established for her. After they had worked for more than an hour with much less talk than the day before, Nick being extremely absorbed, and Miriam wearing, in silence, the kindest, most religious air of consideration for the sharp tension she imposed upon him — at the end of this period of patience, pervaded by a holy calm, our young lady suddenly got up and exclaimed, "I say, I *must* see it!" with which, quickly, she stepped down from her place, and came round to the canvas. She had, at Nick's request, not looked at his work the day before. He fell back, glad to rest, and put down his palette and brushes.

"*Ah, ça, c'est tapé!*" Miriam cried, as she stood before the easel. Dormer was pleased with her ejaculation, he was even pleased with what he had done; he had had a long, happy spurt, and felt excited and enlarged. Miriam, re-

treating also a little, sank into a high-backed, old-fashioned chair that stood two or three yards from the picture, and reclined in it, with her head on one side, looking at the rough resemblance. She made a remark or two about it, to which Nick replied, standing behind her and, after a moment, leaning on the top of the chair. He was away from his work, and his eyes searched it with a kind of fondness of hope. They rose, however, as he presently became conscious that the door of the large room opposite to him had opened without making a sound, and that some one stood upon the threshold. The person on the threshold was Julia Dallow.

As soon as he perceived her Nick wished he had posted a letter to her the night before. He had written only that morning. Nevertheless there was genuine joy in the words with which he bounded toward her — "Ah, my dear Julia, what a jolly surprise!" — for her unannounced descent spoke to him above all of an irresistible desire to see him again sooner than they had arranged. She had taken a step forward, but she had done no more, stopping short at the sight of the strange woman, so divested of visiting-gear that she looked half undressed, who lounged familiarly in the middle of the room, and over whom Nick had been still more familiarly hanging. Julia's eyes rested on this embodied unexpectedness, and as they did so she grew pale — so pale that Nick, observing it, instinctively looked back to see what Miriam had done to produce such an effect. She had done nothing at all, which was precisely what was embarrassing; only staring at the intruder, motionless and superb. She seemed, somehow, in indolent possession of the room, and even in that instant Nick noted how handsome she looked; so that he exclaimed somewhere, inaudibly, in a region beneath his other emotions, "How I should like to paint her *that way*!" Mrs. Dallow trans-

ferred her eyes for a single moment to Nick's; then they turned away — away from Miriam, ranging over the room.

"I've got a sitter, but you mustn't mind that; we are taking a rest. I'm delighted to see you," said Nick. He closed the door of the studio behind her; his servant was still at the outer door, which was open, and through which he saw Julia's carriage drawn up. This made her advance a little further, but still she said nothing; she dropped no answer even when Nick went on, with a sense of awkwardness: "When did you come back? I hope nothing has gone wrong. You come at a very interesting moment," he continued, thinking, as soon as he had spoken, that they were such words as might have made her laugh. She was far from laughing; she only managed to look neither at him nor at Miriam, and to say, after a little, when he had repeated his question about her return —

"I came back this morning — I came straight here."

"And nothing is wrong, I hope?"

"Oh, no — everything is all right," she replied very quickly and without expression. She vouchsafed no explanation of her premature return, and took no notice of the seat Nick offered her; neither did she appear to hear him when he begged her not to look yet at the work on the easel — it was in such a dreadful state. He was conscious, as he phrased it, that this request gave to Miriam's position, directly in front of his canvas, an air of privilege which her neglect to recognize in any way Mrs. Dallow's entrance or her importance did nothing to correct. But that mattered less if the appeal failed to reach Julia's intelligence, as he judged, seeing presently how deeply she was agitated. Nothing mattered, in face of the sense of danger which took possession of him after she had been in the room a few moments. He wanted to say, "What's the difficulty? Has any-

thing happened?" but he felt that she would not like him to utter words so intimate in presence of the person she had been rudely startled to find between them. He pronounced Miriam's name to Mrs. Dallow, and Mrs. Dallow's to Miriam, but Julia's recognition of the ceremony was so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. Miriam had the air of waiting for something more before she herself made a sign; and as nothing more came she continued to be silent and not to budge. Nick added a remark to the effect that Mrs. Dallow would remember to have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Rooth the year before — in Paris, that day, at her brother Peter's; to which Mrs. Dallow rejoined, "Ah, yes," without any qualification, while she looked down at some rather rusty studies, on panels, which were ranged along the floor, resting against the base of the wall. Her agitation was evidently a pain to herself; she had had a shock of extreme violence, and Nick saw that as Miriam showed no symptom of offering to give up her sitting, her stay would be of the briefest. He wished Miriam would do something — say she would go, get up, move about; as it was, she had the appearance of watching, from her point of vantage, Mrs. Dallow's discomfiture. He made a series of inquiries about Julia's doings in the country, to two or three of which she gave answers monosyllabic and scarcely comprehensible, while she turned her eyes round and round the room, as if she were looking for something she could not find — for an escape, for something that was not Miriam. At last she said — it was at the end of a very few minutes —

"I did n't come to stay — when you are so busy. I only looked in to see if you were here. Good-by."

"It's charming of you to have come. I'm so glad you've seen for yourself how well I'm occupied," Nick replied, not unaware that he was very red.

This made Mrs. Dallow look at him, while Miriam considered them both. Julia's eyes had something in them that he had never seen before — a flash of fright by which he was himself frightened. "Of course I'll see you later," he added, laughing awkwardly, while she reached the door, while she opened it herself and got out, without a good-day to Miriam. "I wrote to you this morning — you've missed my letter," he repeated behind her, having already given her this information. The door of the studio was very near that of the house, but before Mrs. Dallow had reached the street the visitors' bell was set ringing. The passage was narrow, and she kept in advance of Nick, anticipating his motion to open the street-door. The bell was tinkling still when, by the action of her own hand, a gentleman on the step stood revealed.

"Ah, my dear, don't go!" Nick heard pronounced in quick, soft dissuasion, and in the now familiar accents of Gabriel Nash. The rectification followed more quickly still, if that were a rectification which scarcely improved the matter: "I beg a thousand pardons. I thought you were Miriam."

Gabriel gave way, and Mrs. Dallow dashed out of the house. Her carriage, a victoria with a pair of horses who had got hot, had taken a turn up the street, but the coachman had already perceived his mistress, and was rapidly coming back. He drew near; not so fast, however, but that Gabriel Nash had time to accompany Mrs. Dallow to the edge of the pavement, with an apology for the freedom into which he had blundered. Nick was at her other hand, waiting to put her into her carriage, and freshly disconcerted by the encounter with Nash, who somehow, as he stood making Julia an explanation that she did n't listen to, looked less eminent than usual, though not more conscious of difficulties. Nick colored deeper, and watched the footman spring down as the

victoria drove up; he heard Nash say something about the honor of having met Mrs. Dallow in Paris. Nick wanted him to go into the house; he damned inwardly his want of delicacy. He desired a word with Julia alone—as much alone as the two inconvenient servants would allow. But Nash was not too much discouraged to say: “You came for a glimpse of the great model? Does n’t she sit? That’s what I wanted too, this morning—just a look, for a blessing on the day. Ah, but *you*, madam” —

Julia had sprung into the carriage while he was still speaking, and had flashed out to the coachman a “Home!” which of itself set the vehicle in motion. The carriage went a few yards, but while Gabriel, with a magnificent bow, turned away, Nick Dormer, with his hand on the edge of the hood, moved with it.

“You don’t like it, but I’ll explain,” he said, laughing and in a low tone.

“Explain what?” Mrs. Dallow asked, still very pale and grave, but showing nothing in her voice. She was thinking of the servants. She could think of them even then.

“Oh, it’s all right. I’ll come in at five,” Nick returned, gallantly jocular, while the carriage rolled away.

Gabriel had gone into the studio, and Nick found him standing in admiration before Miriam, who had resumed the position in which she was sitting.

“Lord, she’s good to-day! Is n’t she good to-day?” Nash broke out, seizing Nick by the arm to give him a certain view. Miriam looked indeed still handsomer than before, and she had taken up her attitude again with a splendid sphinx-like air of being capable of keeping it forever. Nick said nothing, but he went back to work with a tingle of confusion, which proved, in fact, when he resumed his palette, to be a sharp and, after a moment, a delightful stimulus. Miriam spoke never a word, but

she was doubly grand, and for more than an hour, till Nick, exhausted, declared he must stop, the industrious silence was broken only by the desultory discourse of Gabriel Nash.

XXVII.

Nick Dormer went to Great Stanhope Street at five o’clock, and learned, rather to his surprise, that Mrs. Dallow was not at home—to his surprise because he had told her he would come at that hour, and he attributed to her, with a certain simplicity, an eager state of mind in regard to his explanation. Apparently she was not eager; the eagerness was his own—he was eager to explain. He recognized, not without a certain consciousness of magnanimity in doing so, that there had been reason for her quick withdrawal from his studio, or at any rate for her extreme discomposure there. He had, a few days before, put in a plea for a snatch of worship in that sanctuary, and she had accepted and approved it; but the worship, when the curtain happened to blow back, proved to be that of a magnificent young woman, an actress with disordered hair, who wore in a singular degree the aspect of a person arrived to spend the day. The explanation was easy; it resided in the circumstance that when one was painting, even very badly and only for a moment, one had to have models. Nick was impatient to give it, with frank, affectionate lips, and a full, jocosely admission that it was natural Julia should have been startled; and he was the more impatient that, though he would not in the least have expected her to like finding a strange woman domesticated, for the hour, under his roof, she had disliked it even more than would have seemed probable. That was because, not having heard from him about the matter, the impression was, for the moment, irresistible with her that a trick

had been played her. But three minutes with him alone would make the difference.

They would indeed have a considerable difference to make, Nick reflected, as minutes much more numerous elapsed without bringing Mrs. Dallow home. For he had said to the butler that he would come in and wait (though it was odd she should not have left a message for him): she would doubtless return from one moment to the other. Nick had of course full license to wait, anywhere he preferred; and he was ushered into Julia's particular sitting-room, and supplied with tea and the evening papers. After a quarter of an hour, however, he gave little attention to these beguilements, owing to the increase of his idea that it was odd that when she definitely knew he was coming she should not have taken more pains to be at home. He walked up and down and looked out of the window, took up her books and dropped them again, and then, as half an hour had elapsed, began to feel rather angry. What could she be about when, at a moment when London was utterly empty, she could not be paying visits? A footman came in to attend to the fire; whereupon Nick questioned him as to the manner in which Mrs. Dallow was probably engaged. The man revealed the fact that his mistress had gone out only a quarter of an hour before Nick arrived, and, as if he appreciated the opportunity for a little decorous conversation, gave him still more information than he asked for. From this it appeared that, as Nick knew, or could surmise, she had the evening before, from the country, telegraphed for the victoria to meet her in the morning at Paddington, and had gone straight from the station to the studio, while her maid, with her luggage, proceeded in a cab to Great Stanhope Street. On leaving the studio, however, she had not come directly home; she had chosen this unusual season

for an hour's drive in the Park. She had finally reëntered her house, but had remained up-stairs all day, seeing no one and not coming down to luncheon. At four o'clock she had ordered the brougham for four forty-five, and had got into it punctually, saying, "To the Park!" as she did so.

Nick, after the footman had left him, felt himself much mystified by Julia's sudden passion for the banks of the Serpentine, forsaken and foggy now, inasmuch as the afternoon had come on gray and the light was waning. She usually hated the Park and she hated a closed carriage. He had a discomfortable vision of her, shrunken into a corner of her brougham and veiled as if she had been crying, revolving round the solitude of the Drive. She had of course been deeply disconcerted, and she was nervous and upset: the motion of the carriage soothed her and made her fidget less. Nick remembered that in the morning, at his door, she had appeared to be going home; so she had turned into the Park on second thoughts, as she passed. He lingered another half hour, walked up and down the room many times and thought of many things. Had she misunderstood him, when he said he would come at five? Could n't she be sure, even if she had, that he would come early rather than late, and might she not have left a message for him, on the chance? Going out, that way, a few minutes before he was to come had even a little the air of a thing done on purpose to offend him; as if she had been so displeased that she had taken the nearest occasion of giving him a sign that she meant to break. But were these the things that Julia did, and was that the way she did them — his fine, proud, delicate, generous Julia?

When six o'clock came poor Nick felt distinctly resentful; but he stayed ten minutes longer, on the possibility that Mrs. Dallow would, in the morning,

have understood him to mention that hour. The April dusk began to gather, and the unsociability of her behavior, especially if she were still rumbling about the Park, became absurd. Anecdotes came back to Nick, vaguely remembered, heard he could n't have said when or where, of poor artists for whom life had been rendered difficult by wives who would n't allow them the use of the living female model, and who made scenes if, on the staircase, they encountered such sources of inspiration. These ladies struck him as vulgar and odious persons, with whom it seemed grotesque that Julia should have anything in common. Of course she was not his wife yet, and of course, if she were, he should have washed his hands of every form of activity requiring the services of the sitter; but even these qualifications left him with a capacity to shudder at the way Julia just escaped ranking herself with the Philistines.

At a quarter past six he rang a bell, and told the servant who answered it that he was going, and that Mrs. Dallow was to be informed as soon as she came in that he had expected to find her, and had waited an hour and a quarter for her. But he had just reached the doorstep, on his departure, when her brougham, emerging from the evening mist, stopped in front of the house. Nick stood at the door, hanging back till she got out, allowing the servants to help her. She saw him — she was not veiled, like his mental image of her; but this did not prevent her from pausing to give an order to the coachman, a matter apparently requiring some discussion. When she came to the door Nick remarked to her that he had been waiting an eternity for her; to which she replied that he must not make a grievance to her of that — she was too unwell to do justice to it. He immediately professed regret and sympathy, adding, however, that in that case she had much better not have gone out. She made no

answer to this — there were three servants in the hall, who looked as if they might understand at least what was not said to them; only when he followed her in she asked if his idea had been to stay longer.

"Certainly, if you are not too ill to see me."

"Come in, then," Julia said, turning back after having gone to the foot of the stairs.

This struck him immediately as a further restriction of his visit: she would not readmit him to the drawing-room or to her boudoir; she would receive him in an impersonal apartment downstairs, in which she saw people on business. What did she want to do to him? He was prepared, by this time, for a scene of jealousy; for he was sure that he had learned to read her character justly in feeling that if she had the appearance of a cold woman she had also, on certain occasions, a liability to extreme emotion. She was very still, but every now and then she would fire off a pistol. As soon as Nick had closed the door she said, without sitting down —

"I dare say you saw I did n't like that at all."

"My having a sitter, that way? I was very much annoyed at it myself," Nick answered.

"Why were *you* annoyed? She's very handsome," said Mrs. Dallow per-versely.

"I did n't know you looked at her!" Nick laughed.

Julia hesitated a moment. "Was I very rude?"

"Oh, it was all right; it was only awkward for me, because you did n't know," Nick replied.

"I did know; that's why I came."

"How do you mean? My letter could n't have reached you."

"I don't know anything about your letter," said Mrs. Dallow, casting about her for a chair, and then seating herself

on the edge of a sofa, with her eyes on the floor.

"She sat to me yesterday; she was there all the morning; but I did n't write to tell you. I went at her with great energy, and, absurd as it may seem to you, found myself very tired afterwards. Besides, in the evening, I went to see her act."

"Does she act?" asked Mrs. Dallow.

"She's an actress; it's her profession. Don't you remember her that day, at Peter's, in Paris? She's already a celebrity; she has great talent; she is engaged at a theatre here, and is making a sensation. As I tell you, I saw her last night."

"You need n't tell me," Mrs. Dallow replied, looking up at him with a face of which the intense, the tragic sadness startled him.

He had been standing before her, but at this he instantly sat down beside her, taking her passive hand. "I want to, please; otherwise it must seem so odd to you. I knew she was coming when I wrote to you the day before yesterday. But I did n't tell you then, because I did n't know how it would turn out, and I did n't want to exult, in advance, over a poor little attempt that might come to nothing. Moreover, it was no use speaking of the matter at all unless I told you exactly how it came about," Nick went on, explaining kindly, copiously. "It was the result of a visit unexpectedly paid me by Gabriel Nash."

"That man — the man who spoke to me?" Julia asked, startled into a shuddering memory.

"He did what he thought would please you, but I dare say it did n't. You met him in Paris and did n't like him; so I thought it best to hold my tongue about him."

"Do you like him?"

"Very much."

"Great heaven!" Julia ejaculated, almost under her breath.

"The reason I was annoyed was because, somehow, when you came in, I suddenly had the air of having got out of those visits and shut myself up in town to do something that I had kept from you. And I have been very unhappy till I could explain."

"You don't explain — you can't explain," Mrs. Dallow declared, turning on her companion eyes which, in spite of her studied stillness, expressed deep excitement. "I knew it — I knew everything; that's why I came."

"It was a sort of second-sight — what they call a brain-wave," Nick smiled.

"I felt uneasy, I felt a kind of call; it came suddenly, yesterday. It was irresistible; nothing could have kept me this morning."

"That's very serious, but it's still more delightful. You must n't go away again," said Nick. "We must stick together — forever and ever."

He put his arm round her, but she detached herself as soon as she felt its pressure.

She rose quickly, moving away, while, mystified, he sat looking up at her as she had looked a few moments before at him. "I've thought it all over; I've been thinking of it all day," she began. "That's why I did n't come in."

"Don't think of it too much; it is n't worth it."

"You like it more than anything else. You do — you can't deny it," she went on.

"My dear child, what are you talking about?" Nick asked, gently.

"That's what you like — doing what you were this morning; with women lolling, with their things off, to be painted, and people like that man."

Nick slowly got up, hesitating. "My dear Julia, apart from the surprise, this morning, do you object to the living model?"

"Not a bit, for you."

"What's the inconvenience, then, since, in my studio, they are only for me?"

"You love it, you revel in it; that's what you want, and that's the only thing you want!" Julia broke out.

"To have models, lolling women, do you mean?"

"That's what I felt, what I knew, what came over me and haunted me yesterday, so that I could n't throw it off. It seemed to me that if I could see it with my eyes and have the perfect proof I should feel better, I should be quiet. And now I *am*—after a struggle of some hours, I confess. I *have* seen; the whole thing's clear and I'm satisfied."

"I'm not, and to me the whole thing is n't clear. What, exactly, are you talking about?" Nick demanded.

"About what you were doing this morning. That's your innermost preference, that's your secret passion."

"A little go at something serious? Yes, it was almost serious," said Nick. "But it was an accident, this morning and yesterday: I got on better than I intended."

"I'm sure you have immense talent," Mrs. Dallow remarked, with a joylessness that was almost droll.

"No, no, I might have had. I've plucked it up: it's too late for it to flower. My dear Julia, I'm perfectly incompetent and perfectly resigned."

"Yes, you looked so this morning, when you hung over her. Oh, she'll bring back your talent!"

"She's an obliging and even an intelligent creature, and I've no doubt she would if she could. But I've received from you all the help that any woman is destined to give me. No one can do for me again what you have done."

"I should n't try it again; I acted in ignorance. Oh, I've thought it all out!" Julia declared. Then, with a strange face of anguish resting on his,

she said, "Before it's too late—before it's too late!"

"Too late for what?"

"For you to be free—for you to be free. And for me—for me to be free too. You hate everything I like!" she exclaimed, with a trembling voice. "Don't pretend, don't pretend!" she went on, as a sound of protest broke from him.

"I thought you wanted me to paint," protested Nick, flushed and staring.

"I do—I do. That's why you must be free, why we must part."

"Why we must part?"

"Oh, I've turned it over. I've faced the truth. It would n't do at all," said Mrs. Dallow.

"I like the way you talk of it, as if it were a trimming for your dress!" Nick rejoined, with bitterness. "Won't it do for you to be loved and cherished, as well as any woman in England?"

Mrs. Dallow turned away from him, closing her eyes as if materially not to see something that would be dangerous to her. "You must n't give anything up for me. I should feel it all the while, and I should hate it. I'm not afraid of the truth, but you are."

"The truth, dear Julia? I only want to know it," said Nick. "It seems to me I've got hold of it. When two persons are united by the tenderest affection, and are sane and generous and just, no difficulties that occur in the union their life makes for them are insurmountable, no problems are insoluble."

Mrs. Dallow appeared for a moment to reflect upon this; it was spoken in a tone that might have touched her. At any rate, at the end of the moment, lifting her eyes, she announced: "I hate art, as you call it. I thought I did, I knew I did; but till this morning I did n't know how much."

"That was n't art," pleaded Nick. "The real thing will be a thousand miles away from us; it will never come into

the house, *soyez tranquille*. Why then should you worry?"

"Because I want to understand, I want to know what I'm doing. You're an artist: you are, you are!" Mrs. Dalow cried, accusing him passionately.

"My poor Julia, it is n't so easy as that, nor a character one can take on from one day to the other. There are all sorts of things; one must be caught young, and put through the mill, and see things as they are. There would be sacrifices I never can make."

"Well, then, there are sacrifices for both of us, and I can't make them, either. I dare say it's all right for you, but for me it would be a terrible mistake. When I think I'm doing something, I must n't do just the opposite," Julia went on, as if she wished to explain and be clear. "There are things I've thought of, the things I like best; and they are not what you mean. It would be a great deception, and it's not the way I see my life, and it would be misery if we don't understand."

Nick looked at her in hard perplexity, for she did not succeed in explaining as well as she wished. "If we don't understand what?"

"That we are awfully different — that you are doing it all for me."

"And is that an objection to me — what I do for you?" asked Nick.

"You do too much. You're awfully good, you're generous, you're a dear fellow; but I don't believe in it. I did n't, at bottom, from the first — that's why I made you wait, why I gave you your freedom. Oh, I've suspected you. I had my ideas. It's all right for you, but it won't do for me: I'm different altogether. Why should it always be put upon me, when I hate it? What have I done? I was drenched with it, before." These last words, as they broke forth, were accompanied, even as the speaker uttered them, with a quick blush; so that Nick could as quickly discern in them the uncalculated betrayal of an old irritation,

an old shame almost — her late husband's flat, inglorious taste for pretty things, his indifference to every chance to play a public part. This had been the mortification of her youth, and it was indeed a perversity of fate that a new alliance should contain for her even an oblique demand for the same spirit of accommodation, impose on her the secret bitterness of the same concessions. As Nick stood there before her, struggling sincerely with the force that he now felt to be strong in her, the intense resolution to break with him, a force matured in a few hours, he read a riddle that hitherto had baffled him, saw a great mystery become simple. A personal passion for him had all but thrown her into his arms (the sort of thing that even a vain man — and Nick was not especially vain — might hesitate to recognize the strength of); held in check, with a tension of the cord, at moments, of which he could still feel the vibration, by her deep, her rare ambition, and arrested, at the last, only just in time to save her calculations. His present glimpse of the immense extent of these calculations did not make him think her cold or poor; there was in fact a positive strange heat in them, and they struck him rather as grand and high. The fact that she could drop him even while she longed for him — drop him because it was now fixed in her mind that he would not after all serve her determination to be associated, so far as a woman could, with great affairs; that she could postpone, and postpone to an uncertainty, the satisfaction of a gnawing tenderness and judge for the long run — this exhibition of will and courage, of the large plan that possessed her, commanded his admiration on the spot. He paid the heavy penalty of being a man of imagination; he was capable of far excursions of the spirit, disloyalties to habit and even to faith, and open to wondrous communications. He ached, for the moment, to convince her that he would

achieve what he would n't, for the vision of his future that she had tried to entertain shone before him as a bribe and a challenge. It seemed to him there was nothing he could n't fancy enough, to be so fancied by her. Presently he said —

"You want to be sure the man you marry will be prime minister of England. But how can you be sure, with any one?"

"I can be sure some men won't," Mrs. Dallow replied.

"The only safe thing, perhaps, would be to marry Mr. Macgeorge," Nick suggested.

"Possibly not even him."

"You're a prime minister yourself," Nick answered. "To hold fast to you as I hold, to be determined to be of your party — is n't that political enough, since you are the incarnation of politics?"

"Ah, how you hate them!" Julia moaned. "I saw that when I saw you this morning. The whole place reeked of it."

"My dear child, the greatest statesmen have had their distractions. What do you make of my hereditary talent? That's a tremendous force."

"It would n't carry you far." Then Mrs. Dallow added, "You must be a great artist." Nick gave a laugh at the involuntary contempt of this, but she went on: "It's beautiful of you to want to give up anything, and I like you for it. I shall always like you. We shall be friends, and I shall always take an interest" —

He stopped her at this, he made a movement which interrupted her phrase, and she suffered him to hold her hand as if she were not afraid of him now. "It is n't only for you," he argued, gently; "you're a great deal, but you're not everything. Innumerable vows and pledges repose upon my head. I'm inextricably committed and dedicated. I was brought up in the temple; my father was a high priest, and I'm a child of the

Lord. And then the life itself — when you speak of it I feel stirred to my depths; it's like a herald's trumpet. Fight *with* me, Julia — not against me! Be on my side, and we shall do everything. It is fascinating, to be a great man before the people — to be loved by them, to be followed by them. An artist is n't — never, never. Why *should* he be? Don't forget how clever I am."

"Oh, if it was n't for that!" she rejoined, flushed with the effort to resist his tone. She asked abruptly, "Do you pretend that if I were to die to-morrow you would stay in the House?"

"If you were to die? God knows! But you do singularly little justice to my incentives," Nick continued. "My political career is everything to my mother."

Julia hesitated a moment; then she inquired, "Are you afraid of your mother?"

"Yes, particularly; for she represents infinite possibilities of disappointment and distress. She represents all my father's as well as all her own; and in them my father tragically lives again. On the other hand, I see him in bliss, as I see my mother, over our marriage and our life of common aspirations; though of course that's not a consideration that I can expect to have power with you."

Mrs. Dallow shook her head slowly, even smiling a little, with an air of recovered calmness and lucidity. "You'll never hold high office."

"But why not take me as I am?"

"Because I'm abominably keen about that sort of thing; I must recognize it. I must face the ugly truth. I've been through the worst; it's all settled."

"The worst, I suppose, was when you found me this morning."

"Oh, that was all right — for you."

"You're magnanimous, Julia; but evidently what's good enough for me is n't good enough for you." Nick spoke with bitterness.

"I don't like you enough — that's the obstacle," said Mrs. Dallow, bravely.

"You did a year ago; you confessed to it."

"Well, a year ago was a year ago. Things are changed to-day."

"You're very fortunate — to be able to throw away a devotion," Nick replied.

Julia had her pocket handkerchief in her hand, and at this she quickly pressed it to her lips, as if to check an exclamation. Then, for an instant, she appeared to be listening as if for a sound from outside. Nick interpreted her movement as an honorable impulse to repress the words, "Do you mean the devotion that I was witness of this morning?" But immediately afterwards she said something very different: "I thought I heard a ring. I've telegraphed for Mrs. Gresham."

"Why did you do that?" asked Nick.

"Oh, I want her."

He walked to the window, where the curtains had not been drawn, and saw, in the dusk, a cab at the door. When he turned back he said: "Why won't you trust me to make you like me, as you call it, better? If I make you like me as well as I like you, it will be about enough, I think."

"Oh, I like you enough, for *your* happiness. And I don't throw away a devotion," Mrs. Dallow continued. "I shall be constantly kind to you. I shall be beautiful to you."

"You'll make me lose a fortune," declared Nick.

Julia stared, then she colored. "Ah, you may have all the money you want."

"I don't mean yours," he answered, flushing in his turn. He had determined, on the instant, since it might serve, to tell her what he had never spoken of to her before. "Mr. Carteret last year promised me a pot of money on the day I should stand up with you. He has set his heart on our marriage."

"I'm sorry to disappoint Mr. Carteret," said Julia. "I'll go and see him. I'll make it all right," she went on. "Besides, you'll make a fortune by your portraits. The great men get a thousand, just for a head."

"I'm only joking," Nick returned, with sombre eyes that contradicted this profession. "But what things you deserve I should do!"

"Do you mean striking likenesses?"

"You do hate it! Pushed to that point, it's curious," the young man audibly mused.

"Do you mean you are joking about Mr. Carteret's promise?"

"No, the promise is real; but I don't seriously offer it as a reason."

"I shall go to Beauchere," said Mrs. Dallow. "You're an hour late," she added in a different tone; for at that moment the door of the room was thrown open, and Mrs. Gresham, the butler pronouncing her name, was ushered in.

"Ah, don't impugn my punctuality; it's my character!" the useful lady exclaimed, putting a sixpence from the cabman into her purse. Nick went off, at this, with a simplified farewell — went off foreseeing exactly what he found the next day, that Mrs. Gresham would have received orders not to budge from her hostess's side. He called on the morrow, late in the afternoon, and Julia saw him, liberally, in pursuance of her assertion that she would be "beautiful" to him, that she had not thrown away his devotion; but Mrs. Gresham remained, immutably, a spectator of her liberality. Julia looked at him kindly, but her companion was more benignant still; so that what Nick did with his own eyes was not to appeal to Mrs. Dallow to see him for a moment alone, but to solicit, in the name of this luxury, the second occupant of the drawing-room. Mrs. Gresham seemed to say, while Julia said very little: "I understand, my poor friend, I know everything (she has told me only

her side, but I'm so competent that I know yours too), and I enter into the whole thing deeply. But it would be as much as my place is worth to accommodate you." Still, she did not go so far as to give him an inkling of what he learned on the third day and what he had not gone so far as to suspect — that

the two ladies had made rapid arrangements for a scheme of foreign travel. These arrangements had already been carried out when, at the door of the house in Great Stanhope Street, the fact was imparted to Nick that Mrs. Dalloway and her friend had started that morning for Paris.

Henry James.

THE BLACK MADONNA OF LORETO.

UPON a hill near the shore of the Adriatic stands the little village of Loreto, the resort of half a million of pilgrims every year, who go there to visit the Casa Santa, the house of the Virgin at Nazareth. It is said to have been miraculously transported to Loreto by angels, where a church was built over it, adorned by various Popes, and the "holy house" itself was surrounded by a lofty marble screen, designed by Bramante, and executed by some of the greatest masters of his day. In a niche of the interior is a small representation of the Virgin and Child in cedar, painted black, and attributed to St. Luke. It is richly ornamented with jewels, which sparkle in the light of ever-burning silver lamps. On the 10th of February, 1797, it was carried off to Paris by the French, but was restored to its shrine on the 9th of December in 1802. In the gorgeous Borghese chapel of Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome, there is a picture of a black Madonna, also said to have been painted by St. Luke, which was carried in many solemn processions through the city as early as the year 590. These are but two of many such pictures to be found all over Europe, and in the Netherlands there is even said to be a church dedicated to *la Vierge noire*. This peculiar representation of the Madonna occurred so often in ancient art that some of the early writers of the Church felt obliged

to account for it by explaining that the Virgin was of a very dark complexion, as might be proved by the verse of Canticles which says, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." Others maintained that she became black during her sojourn in Egypt. Nevertheless, this blackness, though considered to enhance the sanctity of the ancient pictures, was never imitated by more modern painters, and the priests of to-day will tell you that extreme age and exposure to the smoke of countless altar-candles have caused that change in complexion which the more naive fathers of the Church attributed to the power of the Egyptian sun. This explanation is not a satisfactory one, however, because in nearly all these pictures it is the flesh alone that is entirely black, the crimson of the lips, the white of the eyes, and the draperies having preserved their original brilliancy of tint.

It is to the pagan mythologies that we must look for the true explanation, and even the conservative Mrs. Jameson confesses that "the earliest effigies of the Virgin and Child may be traced to Alexandria, and to Egyptian influences; and it is as easily conceivable that the time-consecrated Egyptian myth of Isis and Horus may have suggested the original type, the outward form, and the arrangement of the maternal group as that the classical Greek types of the Or-

pheus and Apollo should have furnished the early symbols of the Redeemer as the Good Shepherd, — a fact which does not rest upon supposition, but of which the proofs remain to us in the antique Christian sculptures and the paintings in the Catacombs." Mrs. Jameson accepts the theory that a pagan symbol was adopted for the expression of Christian thought, but many Romanists would go further than this, and maintain with the Marquis de Mirville in his *Archéologie de la Vierge* that "as the dogma, the liturgy, and the rites professed by the Roman Apostolical Church in 1862 are found engraved on monuments, inscribed on papyri and cylinders, hardly posterior to the Deluge, it seems impossible to deny the existence of a first, ante-historical (Roman) Catholicism, of which our own is the faithful continuation."

This is a matter of opinion. As a matter of fact, we must remember that the worship of Mary as the mother of God by the Church generally did not begin till the fourth century. In 431, Nestorius and his sect were condemned as heretics by the first Council of Ephesus, for maintaining that in Christ the two natures of God and man remained separate, and that Mary, his human mother, was parent of the man, but not of the God; consequently, that the title which during the previous century had been popularly applied to her (*Theotokos*, mother of God) was improper and profane. Cyril and his party held that the two natures were made one, and that therefore Mary was truly the mother of God. The decision of the Council, condemning Nestorius, gave the first great impulse to the worship of Mary, and the subsequent multiplication of the pictures of the Madonna and Child.

The first historical mention of a direct worship of the Virgin occurs in a passage in the works of Eusebius, in the fourth century. Having occasion to enumerate the eighty-four heresies which had already sprung up in the Church,

he instances a sect of women who had come from Thrace into Arabia, and who offered cakes of meal and honey to the Virgin, *transferring to her the worship that had been paid to Ceres*. They were called Collyridians, from *collyris*, the name of the twisted cake used in their offerings. Here we have the first link between the new faith and the old; for every one knows that the policy of the Church from the beginning has always been to give to the old symbols a new meaning, to the old festivals a new sanctity, and where dates were wanting to supply them from the chronology of the older religions. So that primitive Christianity, while founding its churches upon the ruins of Mithraic temples, filled up the missing dates in the Scriptural narratives from the pagan chronology which was based upon the history of the sun.

If we take the chronology of the life of the Virgin, for instance, we find the 8th of September set down in the calendar as her birthday. Now the 8th of September in the Roman calendar was the birthday of the virgin Astræa, and signified the disengagement of the celestial Virgo from the solar rays. It is a well-known fact that the 25th of December was appointed by the Western Church to be celebrated as the birthday of Christ no earlier than the fourth century, while a century previous that day had been engrafted into the Roman calendar as the *Natalis Solis Invicti*, being the feast of the Sun at Tyre, and the feast of Mithra in Persia. Albertus Magnus says that the sign of the celestial Virgo rises above the horizon at the time fixed as the birth of Christ. More than a hundred years before the Christian era, in the territory of Chartres, among the Gauls, honors were paid to the *Virgini Parituræ*, who was about to give birth to the God of Light.

The 2d of February, the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, is called in

the English Church Candlemas, and was originally celebrated at Sais in Egypt as the feast of Lights, in honor of Ceres (or Isis), the mother of the Sun. The celestial sign of the Virgin and Child was in existence many thousand years before Christ. Upon the front of the temple of Sais, under the well-known inscription to Isis, was another, which read, "The fruit which I have brought forth is the Sun." The mysteries of Ceres represented Proserpine, her daughter, as carried away by Pluto to the realms of the dead, where Ceres finds her installed as Queen of Darkness. Proserpine, Madonna, and the celestial Virgo are all often depicted as carrying ears of corn or wheat. Albumazar, the Arabian philosopher, says: "In the first decan of the Virgin rises a maid, called in Arabic Aderenosa, that is, the Immaculate Virgin, holding two ears of wheat, sitting on a throne, and nursing a boy called Jessus by certain nations, Christ in Greek." Now the Milky Way (so called by the Greeks, who, as usual, invented a story to account for the name) was originally called the Strawy Way; the celestial Virgin, pursued by Typhon, having let fall some of the wheat she carried.

Lady-Day, or the feast of the Annunciation, is celebrated on the 25th of March. In the Roman calendar that day was consecrated to Cybele, the mother of the gods, and was called Hilaria, to testify the joy of the people at the arrival of the vernal equinox. On the same day the Phrygians worshiped Atys (the feminine personification of Bacchus), whom they called the mother of God. The Pamyilia (a Coptic word for *annunciation*) were on the 25th of the month Phameoth, and on the new moon of that month the ancient Egyptians celebrated the union of Isis and Osiris. Nine months afterwards (December 25th) they celebrated the birth of Harpocrates, and one meaning of Harpocrates was "the sun in winter."

The Assumption of the Virgin is set for the 15th of August. This day is marked in the Roman calendar of Columella as that of the death or disappearance of Virgo. "About the eighth month, when the sun is in his greatest strength, the celestial Virgin seems to be absorbed in his fires, and she disappears in the rays and glory of her son." The calendar above quoted says that the sun passes into Virgo the 13th before the kalends of September. The Christian festival of the Assumption, or the reunion of the Virgin with her Son, used to be called "the feast of the passage of the Virgin."

The mother of the Virgin Mary, we are told, was St. Anna. The Romans had a festival at the beginning of the year for Anna Perenna, and the Hindu goddess Anaitia, the wife of Siva, is also called Annapurna and Kanya the Virgin, while the Roman Catholic Church to-day teaches the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary herself. The name Anna is said to come from the Chaldean *ana*, heaven.

Isis Multimammia (identical with the Diana of Ephesus), Cybele, Ceres, and many others, being all forms of the same idea, were each in turn addressed as "Queen of Heaven" and "Mother of God." From Rome to Greece, from Greece to Egypt, from Egypt to India, we may trace the figure of the Virgin and Child, and under every phase we find it, in its exoteric aspect, corresponding to the astronomical symbol of the celestial Virgo, the mother of the God of Light, the Sun.

So much for the form of the representation; now for the color. Were the black Madonna of Loreto and numerous others of the same hue so colored as the mere fantasy of some early painter, or can we trace that symbolism also to its source? We find in all the histories of mythology many instances where both gods and goddesses are represented as black. Pausanias,

who mentions two statues of the black Venus, says that the oldest statue of Ceres among the Phigalenses was black. Now Ceres, like Juno and Minerva, like the Hindu Maia and the Egyptian Isis, stood for the maternal principle in the universe, and all these goddesses have been thus represented. Ceres is the same as Here (Juno), and Here became in German Hertha, or the mother Earth. In the different Greek dialects, Here took various forms, and changed into Ere, Re, Ree, Rhea, and Res, all names of the earth. In Latin Res was retained, to signify matter (or *mater*), the mother of all things, and, figuratively, every quality and modification thereof. Minerva Aglaurus, the daughter of Cecrops, another similar personification, was represented at Athens as black. Corinth had a black Venus, so had the Thespians. The oracles of Dodona and Delphi were founded by black doves, the emissaries of Venus. The Isis Multimammia in the Capitol at Rome is black.

Nor is it the goddesses alone who are shown to be of this sable hue. In all the myths connected with light, or with the sun and moon, the sex is ever changing, and the moon becomes masculine or the sun feminine, or the two sexes are blended into one, as the allegory varies. Bacchus, Hercules, and Apollo have all been worshiped under a feminine form, and their statues have all been carved from black marble. Several black figures of Cybele have their pedestals inscribed with "Mother of the Gods" or "Mother of the Sun." Isis and Horus, the Egyptian form of the Mother and Child, are continually represented as black. Christna was worshiped as a black god in Egypt, under the name of Kneph or Knuphis. Eusebius speaks of the Demiurgos Kneph, who was represented as dark blue or black. It was formerly supposed that many of these old statues were made of a dark-blue stone because black could not be procured; but it is now said that in

the mystic language of colors dark blue and black had the same significance, and were therefore used indifferently. Now dark blue melting into black is the color of the sky at midnight, especially in southern countries, where the velvety blueness of the heavens is very striking; and here, it seems to me, we may find the clue to the indiscriminate use of these colors. The worshipers of the Sun, in the tropical climates where that worship began, observed that his destructive power was exerted most by day, when his fierce rays tortured men and animals, dried up rivers, and generated putrefaction and disease; while by night fell the vivifying dews, tempered by the warm air. They worshiped the nocturnal sun, therefore, as the productive power or maternal element, and the deity that symbolized it, whether Apollo Didymæus, Bacchus, or Hercules, took on, for the time being, a feminine shape and attributes. Night itself was personified as the Universal Mother in the person of Hathor, or the Isis of the lower world, often represented as suckling Horus. On a monolith from Karnac, now in the British Museum, Hathor has inscribed on her throne "The Divine Mother and Lady, or Queen of Heaven;" also "The Morning Star" and "The Light of the Sea."

Black, then, we see to be the symbol of the productive power of night, and of that Darkness from whose bosom springs the Sun; and this color, as chosen for the old statues and paintings of the Divine Mother, simply intensified the idea of maternity that the artist desired to express. But underlying the astronomical symbol was always a deeper esoteric significance, known only to the priests and initiates; and the further back we go in the study of the ancient faiths and their symbols, the more complete become the resemblances between them, until we are forced to conclude that the primitive religions had but one fountain-head. No matter how complicated the

systems of polytheism may be, we find that they resolve themselves, under the microscope of comparative mythology, into a few simple allegories that in the beginning expressed one and the same idea. In religion the same law of progression must obtain that holds good in every other department of human thought and science,—the universal order of development from the simple to the complex. The conception of an ineffable mysterious Power behind every manifestation in nature, Unnamable, Absolute, and Unique, must have preceded, for the priests at least, the elaborate systems of Egypt and of Greece that appointed to every phase of physical being its appropriate deity. For as far back as we can trace any religious organization, there is always the symbolism for the people, the hidden meaning thereof for the priests; and this hidden meaning, so far as we are able to catch glimpses of it here and there, seems to be always the same.

Back of the black Madonna, then, the copy of the black goddesses of the earlier faiths; back of the blackness of night, symbol of the darkness from which is born the sun, we find a deeper symbolism still. In Lenormant's Beginnings of History, he tells us that upon one of the earliest Chaldean tablets deciphered by the famous scholar, George Smith, is the following inscription: "When above the heavens were not yet named, and below the earth was without a name, the limitless Abyss was their generator, and the chaotic Sea she who produced the whole." Among the teachings said to have been given to Pythagoras by the Chaldeans, we find the conception of the Absolute, the Eternal Cause, manifesting itself as Father and Mother in one,—the father light, the mother darkness; to light belonging heat and dryness, to darkness cold and moisture. "There are these two divinities of the universe: the *chthonian* (water), producing all that is born of earth, and the

celestial (fire), sharing the nature of the air;" and it is from these two in one that proceeds the creative principle, the Logos, or Word.

So in Genesis we read: "Darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." And in the Gospel of St. John: "The Word was in the beginning with God" (as the second person of the mystic Trinity). "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made."

The basic idea of the productive power of Nature, giving birth to all things without change in herself, underlies every conception of the Virgin Mother; and behind the earthly form of Mary, the mother of Jesus, we can trace the grand, mysterious outlines of the Universal Mother, that Darkness from whence cometh the Light, that chaotic Sea that produceth all things. Water, as referred to in such allegories, is, of course, something quite different from the element we know, and represents that primordial matter whose protean shape so constantly eludes the grasp of science.

Representing the productive power of Nature as darkness, therefore, the old gods and goddesses were made black, and the Virgin Mother of the early Christian Church was painted of the same color for the same reason. When water was the symbol, water (or moisture) in combination with fire (or heat), then the lotus, offspring of heat and moisture, floating upon the surface of the waves, became identified with the maternal element; and the celestial messenger who announced to Maia the coming birth of her divine son, Gautama Buddha, bore in his hand the sacred lotus, transformed by the Christian Church into the lily of the Annunciation. So the Hathor of the Egyptians, the goddess of the night, on account of this association with water, was called "the Light of the Sea," as the Madonna

is worshiped as the "Stella del Mare," and Venus is said to have risen from the foam of the ocean.

In the mystic philosophies, darkness was also used as the symbol of the Infinite Unknown. Light, as we recognize it, being material, could be considered only as the shadow of the divine, the antithesis of spirit, and the Self-Existent, or Light Spiritual, was therefore worshiped as darkness. And water, considered as the source of all things, came to be also the type of wisdom or truth. All symbols depend upon their

correlation, and must be interpreted according to the character of their surroundings. The black Madonna of Loreto means to-day a portraiture of Mary, the mother of Jesus, to the Protestant; to the Romanist, "the Daughter, Spouse, and Mother of God;" while to the ancients the figure of the black Mother and Child represented the mysterious forces of the universe. Truly, as the cynic philosopher Antisthenes said, nearly five hundred years before Christ, "the gods of the people are many, but the God of nature is one."

Katharine Hillard.

ABBOTT'S GREECE.¹

PROFESSOR ABBOTT'S book deserves a hearty welcome. It has a character and value of its own as an original work. If it be attempted to indicate in a single sentence the merits of the new history, it may be said to combine the clearness, the wise caution, and the fairness of Grote with all Curtius' grace of style, while through every page are felt an exquisite delicacy, and a scholar's love of literature, of the Divine Philosophy, of the contemplative life, — characteristics which are the author's own, except as we are wont to associate them with the best Oxford culture. This first installment is nearly as large, and covers almost the same ground, as the first of Curtius' three volumes. Of Grote's edition in twelve volumes, three and a half are consumed in reaching the same point. It is evident at once that Mr. Abbott has no expectation of supplanting that historical masterpiece of the last generation. Indeed, the Greek history of Mr. Grote (though greatly in need of a considerable mass of notes, made necessary by the excavations and investigations of the

last decades) is probably still unequalled in any language as a general picture of Hellenic political life.

Professor Abbott has made a faithful effort to record all the important results of that indefatigable special research which has its chief seat in Germany. Of the Teutonic literary — or far more properly, unliterary — spirit he has imbibed (may we not say, "Thank God"?) little or nothing. The works of German specialists in any field are usually not intended to be read, in any proper sense of the word, at all. Even in outward form, they resemble more than anything else Merlin's magic book, as described in Tennyson: the little square of text, almost lost in a tangled wilderness of cross-references, notes, citations, etc. Busolt's Greek History, to take a brilliant example, is exhaustive in all senses, a marvel of learning and patience. The author has undoubtedly cited and given due credit to every one of his predecessors and co-workers, great and small. A student finds here all his materials accumulated and laid before

Earliest Times to the Ionian Revolt. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

¹ *A History of Greece*. By EVELYN ABBOTT, M. A., LL. D. Part I. From the

him. But to speak of *reading* such a book is as incongruous as to propose a pleasure-walk through a swampy tropical jungle.

There is, perhaps, some ground for a suspicion that the Oxford don set about his own history, or at least jotted down the brief and modest preface, after a prolonged struggle with some such Chalkenteros as Busolt. There is a gentle weariness suggested in the sentence, "It has been written in the belief that an intelligible sketch of Greek civilization may be given within a brief compass, — not with the hope of throwing light on old obscurities, or quoting fresh evidence where all the evidence has long ago been collected."

It may be remarked in passing that the phrase in the book most likely to provoke just criticism is, curiously enough, the first line of the preface: "Though we can add nothing to the existing records of Greek history." A disappointing remark printed a few years ago by Mr. Abbott's great Balliol colleague, Professor Jowett, on the trifling value of inscriptions as historical evidence, will recur to many readers' minds. Yet Mr. Abbott probably did not intend to belittle, he certainly does not ignore, the new light constantly thrown by numismatics, epigraphy, and archæology generally on many dark corners of Greek history. His appreciation of all these sister studies is clearly indicated in the preface written by him for the interesting volume of Humanistic essays, from the hands of various English scholars, issued a few years ago under the title *Hellenika*. The same appreciation is revealed yet more adequately by numberless passages throughout the present volume.

Mr. Abbott is courteous in the extreme to all his predecessors, though he of course quotes them most frequently when not in full agreement with them. Grote's history has been satirically described as "an attempt to fight the

battles of English liberalism under the guise of a defense of the Athenian democracy." There is a large grain of truth in the remark, as Mr. Grote himself would have been the first to admit. In the work before us such disapproval is conveyed only by a hint, if it be indeed even a hint, in a passing phrase: "If we cannot apply the lessons which Greek history offers directly to modern politics," etc. Our author's curtest word of disapproval is reserved for the audacious conjectures of writers like Duncker, when treating of matters where no evidence at all is at present attainable. Indeed, a cautious conservatism is one of the most prominent and comfortable traits of the book. In regard to a long succession of problems much fought over, Professor Abbott briefly sums up the evidence, mentions the opposing views, refers to works like Busolt's for the full bibliography of the subject, but hardly ever suggests any hypothesis of his own; preferring rather to intimate that the question is insoluble without more evidence, which may probably never be obtained. The student, for instance, will be struck with his fair treatment of the mysterious much-discussed Pelasgians, — who were the aboriginal predecessors, or the ancestors, or the neighbors, or all three, of the historic Greeks, — and also of the doughty king Pheidon of Argos, who certainly played a very aggressive part in his day in Peloponnesian politics, but whose tall, dim figure lies strangely extended by the various chroniclers through several successive centuries of semi-mythical Hellenic annals. Though he does not give up so unequivocally as Grote all attempt at connecting "legendary Greece" with the historical period proper, yet Mr. Abbott is fully aware that very little, if any, trustworthy data can be sifted out from the heroic epics of the Hellenes, or from their traditionary legends. The latter are related, somewhat apologetically, because there is usually nothing

else to offer; but almost every conclusion as to actual events indicated by them is suggested hesitatingly and doubtfully.

There are some indications that Mr. Abbott had expected to bring his work within much smaller compass, and that his mould has, as it were, broken in his hands. To this change of scale may perhaps be attributed the most serious fault of his opening volume, namely, the curious unevenness in the references to classical authorities. In some portions our author is almost as conscientious as Grote himself; in others, he apparently takes for granted that every word in certain writers, notably Homer, Herodotus, Pausanias, and Strabo, is too well known to the reader to need citation. This omission is most striking in the very interesting and succinct sketch of Homeric society. Here, by the way, the reader is surprised at the omission of all reference to Professor Jebb's excellent little monograph on Homer, which must have appeared earlier than several of the books given in the index of Works Quoted or Consulted. In this list, at the close of the volume, which is unusually well up to date, we miss Baumeister's *Monuments of Classical Antiquity* (which will certainly be for many years indispensable to every earnest student of Greek or Roman life), the *History of Ancient Sculpture* by the lamented Mrs. Mitchell, the revision of Preller's *Mythology* by Professor Robert, and the recent new edition, in greatly altered form, of Hermann's *Greek Antiquities*. (It is here intended to mention merely a few such works as are needed by, and accessible to, all general students of Greek history at the present day.)

In the first volume of any history of Greece, there is an inevitable lack of unity and distinctness, inherent in the nature of the subject and in our sources of information. The latter may be mainly divided into epic poetry, traditional legends recorded in much later

times, and the precious bits of historical fact preserved by Herodotus. We have nothing like adequate material for the early history of any Greek clan or city; and even if this lack were by some miracle supplied, the narrative would still be inevitably composed of many loosely connected threads, especially down to the period of the Persian wars.

American scholars will look forward with pleasant anticipations to Mr. Abbott's next volume, in which he hopes to cover the entire fifth century, from the Ionic revolt to the downfall of Athens, — another indication that his work is upon the same scale as Professor Curtius' history.

The query with which a patriotic American will lay aside this book is, Why do we not produce any such work? The standard of American scholarship has risen, and is rising steadily, — there is no doubt about that, — and the present reviewer certainly wishes to be counted with the optimists. A prominent American professor, who has by no means yet outgrown the enthusiasms of youth, well remembers the exasperated silence with which, in his student days, he was compelled to receive the condescending dictum of Wilhelm Dindorf: "You have one scholar in America, — Charles Anthon"! An American student in Germany to-day could hardly let that remark pass unchallenged. Nay, even a Dindorf would no longer utter it. There are Americans eminent in many departments of special research, and in this particular one of classical philology, — there are even a few centres for organized original investigation in our country, — not unknown nor unhonored even in Germany. The last important essay of Hermann Grimm contains a word of warm admiration for the enthusiastic young scholarship of America.

We seem to be in a fair way to set on foot a respectable imitation, at least, of the great German centres of learned

research. Are we in danger of losing the more pervasive and more beautiful English *culture*, which is part of our birthright?

The readers of *The Atlantic* will not have forgotten the remarkably clear, incisive, and somewhat aggressive article of President Hyde upon *The Future of the Country College*. His distinction between the functions of university and college was especially lucid. His enthusiastic confidence in the unclouded future of the "country college," at any rate, was encouraging and infectious. With his essential distinction most of us will heartily agree. The university should be the place where specialists can become learned. The college is, or should be, the fountain-head of a widespread and humanizing culture. We are ready to agree with Mr. Hyde, also, that Harvard, for instance, is wrestling with a difficult and dangerous if not an insoluble problem, in so far as she continues to admit the same immature school-boys as of old at the one end of the machine, and attempts to turn out at the other, after only four years' shaping, the finished product of both college and university at once.

It is not even just to the instructors to expect a permanent continuation of the two functions. A university specialist should have reached the frontier line of human knowledge in his chosen department, and should be able to show his disciples, by example as well as by precept, how to pass that limit and explore new fields. Such work is quite beyond the powers of unformed college boys, engaged upon simultaneous studies in several diverse directions; nor can it reasonably be demanded even of their instructors.

Mr. Hyde would, however, doubtless admit that college chairs can be worthily filled only by men possessing a broad, well-matured education, not too narrowly specialized, for the best models of which we may still turn profitably to the great English centres of study. Thus

the question arises, Do our colleges uphold in the community, as boldly and aggressively as they should, the standard of true humanizing, refining culture? In particular, do they, and should they not, appear adequately represented in the forum of literature, to show the value of that culture by its permanent, unmistakable, and beautiful fruits?

A meeting of the association of colleges and preparatory schools gave anxious consideration to the question, Why does the attendance at our colleges grow more slowly than our general population? Many answers were suggested. Perhaps still another line of inquiry may be hazarded.

The accumulation of surplus wealth in our own country is probably beyond all example in history. In the race for money, however, especially in the years since the civil war, even our native population has largely forgotten the more important uses, the higher happiness, of life. But conditions are now, perhaps, growing more stable and less feverish; at any rate, the situation is getting to be fairly well defined. The new type of man developed by our peculiar environment, or we may almost say lack of environment, is a somewhat unsentimental, thrifty, possibly even selfish, business man. But at least he wants the best, the very best of everything, for his children rather than for himself.

In his judgment of the scholar, this average American citizen has usually only one definite idea,—that he is a dreamer, quite out of contact with actual life. Consider for a moment the genuine amazement and dismay with which the average citizen regards a serious attempt on the part of educated men to exert their due influence in the solution of a great political or economic problem. He seems to look upon them somewhat as he might watch a group of monkeys escaped from their cage, and engaged in some mischief, the effects of

which they cannot be made to comprehend; or, to substitute a simile somewhat more complimentary, that a throng of excited passengers had attempted to dictate the management of a great ocean steamer.

Of course no such view of scholarly activity in the political field will be submitted to. The men who devote their lives to the study of the records of human experience as transmitted in history and literature have not less, but infinitely more, claim to be heard on any important subject than those engaged only in the vulgar scramble for wealth. Emerson's brief essay on Politics outweighs, and will outlast, all the floods of campaign literature and selfish demagogic eloquence which have so often since then deluged the land.

But is there one of the older civilized countries where the organs of the horde of money-getters would dare to stigmatize the whole class of liberally educated men as visionary theorists? Imagine a university education regarded in England as a disqualification for high public office! Even in Germany, where political leaders and great scholars seem more nearly the representative men of two distinct castes, the illustrious double career of a Mommsen shows that the gap is not yet impassable. The condition of things among ourselves is an alarming symptom, indicating how far the most highly educated and wisest men have lost their proper leadership in the national councils and the national life.

Now, do the colleges, and the limited body of cultivated, reflective, and earnest scholars generally, appeal as directly and sensibly to the average American as they could and should? Among the philosophic few it is an axiom which one rarely thinks of even stating, that

wider knowledge, closer contact with the wise and good of all ages, the assimilation of their best thoughts, the contemplation of their glorious deeds, are the employments which ennoble young and old, and make men truly happy.

But the typical American, as Professor Shaler has very clearly set forth in a recent essay, is only dimly conscious that he ever even had any ancestry at all. That the achievements of other races and peoples in the past or present have any lessons of overwhelming value to teach us, he certainly does not believe. That the poetry, the philosophy, the architecture, the plastic arts, can be used to make life more beautiful, more happy, better worth living, he understands at best very imperfectly. Perhaps he is open to conviction. Is a proper effort being exerted to make him realize all this? American men read to a moderate extent. The women of America have large leisure, a liberal share of influence in home and social life, and surely also a lofty consciousness of their duty as mothers of the race that is to be. To them, it may be chiefly, we may hopefully appeal.

Again, there is a widespread feeling that American literature is not holding the height attained in the last generation. The subject is quite too large for a reviewer, possibly rather too serious for a professed optimist. But if our literature is losing, or in danger of losing, its vital power, its hold on the national life, may we not find a partial explanation in the fact that a great body of men, claiming, no doubt justly, that they have accumulated knowledge worthy to be widely disseminated, nevertheless disdain to learn and practice the art of adequate and graceful expression?

MR. WINTER ON DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

THE remarks of experienced critics about their own art are often most instructive, and in Mr. Winter's late oration upon the relation of dramatic criticism to the stage¹ there is a fund of wisdom, applicable to all criticism, which is rarely to be met with in so ripe, temperate, and apt a form. The immediate occasion of this expression of his views was the complaint of Boucicault that the press is responsible for the low vitality of the theatre, which, it is alleged, has not produced a great play since 1850. Mr. Winter is consequently somewhat controversial in style, but he cannot be said to be put upon his defense, for he no sooner begins than he carries the war straight into the enemy's country. The completeness of his demolition of his adversary is a feat of destructive criticism, in the finest modern urbane manner, to which the lover of literary mischief is not often treated; it is a spectacle in itself. This, however, is a minor matter, and belongs to the annals of the stage. What has a more enduring and a wider value is his exposition of the function of criticism, and its value to the public and the author.

It is refreshing to find him minimizing its influence. He first limits its scope. It is not the business of dramatic criticism to create the theatre; it does not aim to teach the writing of plays or the acting of them, nor keep school in any way; but, just as with other news, it is the place of the press to make a complete and truthful record, and to comment in a "rational, able, and vivacious manner, and in that vein of reflection, whatever it may be, which it is believed will most conduce to the public

good." The press should treat all news in this way; and so far as the stage is concerned, "its moral aspect, its intellectual quality, its spiritual drift, and its artistic and industrial prosperity are the proper objects of attention." In setting off this modest province for dramatic criticism, Mr. Winter points out that he merely observes inherent limitations. He finds it ridiculous to suppose that any number of critics could create a great actor or a great play. He is content to take his place with the men of an elder day as a believer in genius. "Greatness," he says, "in any period and under any circumstances, has always been rare. It is of elemental birth, and is independent alike of its time and of its circumstances. Theorists who assure you, as the historian Froude has assured you, that Shakespeare was the result of his time talk fantasy. He was the consequence of heredity,—if you like, of Adam and Eve,—but not of social conditions antecedent to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The active existence of a circle of dramatic critics could neither have repressed his development nor caused it; nor would such a circle affect such a mind now, if such a mind were born. Neither is it environment that causes the production of great plays; it is inspiration working upon a special faculty congenital in the author; and even this cannot be implicitly trusted. Not more than twenty out of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays are great plays, or have survived as of any practical use to the stage at present." Of six thousand English plays published before 1800, he finds no more than fifty that ever are or ever should be acted now; and that the part of the dramatic critics in the creation of these was excessively small he does not need to add.

The futility of criticism as an influ-

¹ *The Press and the Stage. An Oration.* By WILLIAM WINTER. New York: Lockwood & Coombes. 1889.

ence upon imaginative literature of the first order could not be more broadly stated, nor the doctrine of genius more exactly declared. The inadequacy of the means invoked by those who look to criticism as a regenerating influence becomes more apparent as Mr. Winter proceeds to show that it is largely the reflection of that very public opinion which it is called upon to instruct. He quotes the saying of James Gordon Bennett, that he did not desire the *Herald* to be "more than half a day in advance of public opinion on any subject whatever,"—an ambition that Mr. Winter thinks was never overshot by that journal. He quotes also something of the rapid talk of theatre-goers, in illustration of what state of advancement public opinion in matters of the stage is in. Dramatic criticism, which by the conditions of its existence is bound to such a body of public opinion, cannot rise to a high mark except in the case of a few writers in a few journals of rank. It will be observed that the author does not overestimate his trade even at its best; but let it not be thought that he is niggard of praise to his companions-in-arms or to the stage. He frequently reminds the complaining Boucicault that there are many good plays, good actors, and good critics, and affirms, without any fear of contradiction, that the condition of the theatre in America has shown continual and great betterment, from whatever point of view it be regarded, even if judged by the space afforded to it and the notoriety given to its lights in the newspaper columns. He makes an admirable and just showing for the stage as it is to-day in comparison with any past American days. But he returns again to the modest office of the critic, and acknowledges that he is unable quite to understand the superlative practical value of the critical article. "If well written, it may interest the reader's thoughts, excite his curiosity, increase or rectify his knowledge,

and possibly suggest to him a beneficial line of reflection or study. That is all. Criticism establishes no man's rank, fixes no man's opinion, dissuades no man from the bent of his humor." He therefore advises the critic not to flatter himself. "It often happens that his articles are not read at all; and when they are read, it is quite as likely that they will excite antipathy as it is that they will win assent. He should not imagine that he is Apollo standing by a tripod, or Brutus sending his son to the block. He is in reality—if we consider the probable effect of his words upon the mind of the public in general—firing a pop-gun." Then turning to the other branch of perfect counsel, he reminds him that his first obligation is that of "sympathetic and judicious favor. The most important part of his function is the perception and proclamation of excellence. To a man of fine intelligence and gentle feeling, nothing in the world is so delightful as a free impulse to the appreciation of nobleness in human capacity and beauty in human life;" and it is only when criticism springs from this impulse that he finds it a blessing.

Mr. Winter quotes at the end Longfellow's doctrine that "it is the province of the critic to give pain." He confesses that in his own literary life he has followed the poet's advice, and habitually left unread criticisms upon his own works. He counsels the actor to the same course. "If favorable," he says, "there is danger that it may weaken his character by ministering to his vanity, already sufficiently inflamed by his life of constant appeal to the admiration of the public. If unfavorable, there is the possibility that it will restrict his freedom, and thus impair his usefulness, by wounding his sensibility, if not actually grieving his heart, and thus depressing his spirits and paralyzing his energy." Finally, he recommends to him "the tribunal of his own conscience," instead of running after newspapers in search of

appreciation, which, "in the broad and grand sense of the word, is the one thing not to be expected, because it is the one thing that almost never comes." In this strain the oration fitly ends with words that sum up in practical counsel the results of a survey of the scope and value of dramatic criticism which at every step arrests the mind by its sound observation and exact expression of truth.

There is, let us remark further, not a word of all this that does not equally apply to literary criticism. Its dependence upon public opinion is hardly less intimate; its impotence in producing great novels or great poems is equally well illustrated in the past and patent at the present; its inutility to the author is not less certain; its need of modesty in estimating its practical value, its rightful restriction of its efforts to its duty to the public, and its concern with excellence mainly are not a whit less to be insisted on. It is true that literary criticism is an instrument for the agitation of ideas, independent of

the author's works which may be made the excuse for advancing them, and theories of literary art offer a broader scope, since they include much beside the drama; but of the criticism of literature in the strict sense all that Mr. Winter lays down may be reasserted. The great critics are the least likely to overrate their office, as their words about themselves show; and to the diatribes which are launched against their class, and which are usually in Boucicault's manner, they would reply in the same vein that Mr. Winter has so happily employed. A misconception of the office of criticism and of its limited influence underlies these complaints in one as in the other art. Mr. Winter corrects this, and the advice which he mingles with his discourse applies to the whole literary as to the whole dramatic profession. Usually the world has little reason to be glad of controversy; but in this case of Boucicault's quarrel, sweet are the uses of his adversity, in which so much instruction is accompanied by so much gentleness.

VILLARI'S SAVONAROLA.

THE new edition of Professor Villari's *Savonarola*,¹ which has been favorably known for a quarter of a century, includes notice of such fresh material as has come to light since its first issue, but without affecting the results of his previous study. In his learned preface he defends himself against some English critics who think that he, by adhering to former views, has purchased consistency at the price of ignoring later research, and in particular the remarks of Ranke upon the great Florentine

monk; and his answer seems complete and satisfactory. He reaffirms his judgment that Savonarola was sincere in those prophecies which have been the stumbling-block in the way of an appreciation of him by modern minds, and insists once more on the important point that they were only one portion of his life, which in other parts was distinguished by the highest usefulness through his sagacity, intellectual acuteness, and moral fervor. He ranks Savonarola, as before, with those who, in

¹ *Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola*. By PASQUALE VILLARI. Translated by LINDA VILLARI. With Portraits and Illustrations.

Two volumes. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1889.

the long line of history, have endeavored to reconcile reason with faith and religion with liberty.

The difficulty which arises in the attempt to realize to the mind the extraordinary characters of the Italian Renaissance is due to the number of elements which mingled in its life, the very wealth of the time in vital influences, and quite as much to the disparity of these elements. One finds in it something of the childishness and maturity of mind existing together which is so striking in Plato; but to concentrate attention upon Plato's physical theories and mathematical mysticism would be to gather the chaff and throw away the grain. Similarly, if Savonarola, in an age when the spiritual was inextricably blended with the supernatural, believed in direct revelations vouchsafed to him in visions, he was not singular in such superstition; other men of his age, eminent for mental force and intellectual subtlety, men of science even, as science went in those days, were also deep in supernaturalism, and the victims of its delusions. To fasten the eye on this trait of the monk, and judge him by it, is to make a grave error. The perspective of thought changes in succeeding ages, and things loomed large in the Platonic academy of Florence that have now receded far into the distance. It so happened that this single misconception of Savonarola with respect to his gift of prophecy was the occasion of his fall, and gave to it those dramatic incidents of the Ordeal by Fire and its consequences, which impress the mind so vividly as to make it lose sight of much that was of more importance in the career of the self-deceived seer. Villari was the first to notice, for example, the character of Savonarola's metaphysics, and to find in his little-known minor treatises a philosophy having much affinity with Campanella's doctrines, and in general in the line of tendency out of which modern metaphysics resulted.

This, however, was a small matter to a man who, from the circumstances of his time, was led more to solve the problem of reconciling religion with liberty than reason with faith. This task was the one he set his hand to, and in which he was martyred. The history of it is a most interesting episode, not only in the course of events at Florence, but in the theory of politics.

To Savonarola it was a practical matter, immediate and pressing, and to it he addressed himself both as a reformer and as a statesman. The contest of Florence with the Medici and with the Pope was one in which liberty was involved first of all, and into it Savonarola imported religion. In the early stages of the revolution which had exiled Piero, he gave to Florence a government based upon popular principles, of a type that won for him after his death the encomium of political thinkers, the respectful mention of Machiavelli, and the warm eulogy of Guicciardini. If, as is said by his critics, he did not originate these institutions, but adopted them, this course commends itself to the student of history as being the true method of statesmanship. But he went further than this, and required that the state be founded upon good morals and pure religion. In proclaiming Christ the King of Florence, nevertheless, he did not share in the dreams of those who were in later times known as the Fifth-Monarchy men; he did not attempt an ecclesiastical *régime*, of whatever nature, though his principles might have been bent to such an issue,—the sight of what was doing at Rome was sufficient to make him sever the Church from the world; but he did declare that the only hope of liberty lay in the moral rectitude and reverent piety of the people who would enjoy its continuance. Whenever he interfered with the course of events, and gave advice from the pulpit, or in the council, or on embassies, his political sagacity was clearly

shown; indeed, his success in forecasting events which he helped to bring about, or which fortune occasioned, probably betrayed him into more confidence than he might otherwise have felt in the divination which he asserted as coming by Heaven's will to him, though in general his denunciations of vengeance resemble those of the prophets of Scripture, who believed in the necessary visiting of unrighteousness by calamity. But however it came to pass that events seemed at times to sustain his gift of prophecy, and so enhanced his popular influence and credit, it is to be taken as the just judgment of history that in the realm of local Florentine politics he was astute, wise, and successful to a degree which made his work as a man of affairs remarkable in the eyes of those who scoffed at the monk's superstition.

The reform of Florence and the government and conduct of the state in its usual worldly routine were but a small part of what he thought his mission. He preached the reform of the Church itself; and when he was suddenly arrested, and found himself friendless, he was already acting to bring about a general council by a personal appeal to the kings of Christendom. Villari takes pains to show clearly the nature of his quarrel with Rome, and to deny that he was a precursor of Luther or in any sense a Protestant. His fidelity to the Catholic faith was entire, and his submission to the Church often fully declared; but within the limits of orthodoxy in opinion and obedience in conduct he found sufficient ground to resist the papacy in what he considered a wrongful exercise of its power. He was a precursor, rather, of the counter-Reformation; the successor of the saints who, in the foundation of the great orders, had in their day done what was possible for an earlier cleansing of the priesthood and purification of ecclesiastical morals. He was, in the broad and ethical sense, a Puritan, not a Protestant, and he

possessed that enthusiasm in expression and courage in action which make a leader. He was dangerous enough to the Rome of the Borgias, but not by his prophecies; it was by his ideals and his acts in endeavoring to realize these ideals that he became the object of interminable plots, and finally the victim of his enemies. They laid hold of the weakness in his position and his nature to destroy him when they demanded that miracle which should prove that he was a prophet. The superstition of the time, which he breathed, and which in a fanatic temperament had such powerful effects, was his source of danger, and by this avenue he was first discredited and then put to death. So far as that great reform of the Church of which he dreamed was concerned, he had been no more than an agitator of opinion and a sign of the times to come.

But though these lines of character and of its work are constantly kept in view by the author, the interest of his story lies in the strong individuality of Savonarola, in the picturesqueness of his career of pious enthusiasm in times of violence and corruption, and in the general drama of Florence, in which this grand figure stands relieved. The paganism of the Renaissance, it is true, is not represented on its attractive side, but rather as it appeared to Savonarola, who could have but little sympathy with it. Villari thinks, nevertheless, that it is wrong to suppose that Savonarola was the unenlightened and barbarous destroyer that he is believed to have been by those who lament the hypothetical codexes and antiques supposed to have perished in the famous bonfire of the vanities which he twice kindled in holy carnival. The author does not think that there is reason for much sorrow, since Savonarola's activity in preserving the Medicean library shows what high value he placed upon real treasures. It is shown, too, from his scheme of the sciences in what regard

he held poetry, an art which he himself practiced. That he was a learned man is plain, and he was not without admiration for the refinements that go with learning. He did believe that Christianity was of more value to the world than paganism, as much as the infinite multiplies the finite; and in this the history of the Renaissance eventually sustained him, for the corruption of Italy proceeded from the decadence of faith. To announce this while it seemed yet possible to effect reform was the work

of his oratory in the pulpit; and notwithstanding his other capacities as a statesman, a thinker, an administrator, a writer, oratory was the principal instrument of his life, — an oratory which he regenerated and brought back from artifice and frivolity to true touch with the people, so that Villari would regard him, first in so many other things, as first in the line of modern orators. Villari, it may be thought from this and other remarks, has written a eulogy; it is truly and deservedly so.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Pictorial
Poor Rela-
tions.

THERE is a department of pictorial art, if art it can be called, that has had little attention bestowed upon it, but with which most persons, if they stop to think, will find themselves familiar. Having said this, may I remind the reader of a certain pathetic collection of prints which form themselves in the imagination into a mournful gallery, composed of engravings which we have seen sometimes in highly respectable but somewhat old-fashioned parlors, but more often in the cheerless "reception-room" of a city boarding-house or at the waiting-room of the elderly dentist in a small town? These pictures once enjoyed (in the days of horsehair furniture) a brief season of prosperity, gradually became distanced by more favored rivals, drifted to the auction-room, were bought by people who, like themselves, had seen better days, and finally decorated some apartment in which they made forlornity more forlorn.

For instance, which of us has not seen the print of Franklin at the Court of Versailles, and admired the republican simplicity of that acute statesman, as he stands patient amid billows of erinoline

adorning the figures of numerous people of distinction, placed in various attitudes expressive of "the assurance of their highest consideration"? One of the ladies, it will be remembered, is crowning him with a laurel wreath, — an attention which the old gentleman receives with the phlegmatic air of being measured for a hat. Another work, of more imposing nature, which filled my childish imagination with an awful joy, was a series of allegorical pictures called *The Voyage of Life*. These four plates were named Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. They represented, under varying vicissitudes, a "mortal" in a "shallop," accompanied by a guardian angel, who, after voyaging through terrific whirlpools, mid beetling crags, finally emerged in a land of delight, in which could be seen the blessed, accompanied by angels (and a large menagerie of amiable beasts), wandering in a forest, arranged in the highest style of landscape gardening. Beyond and above this agreeable region, in the dim distance, ascended an immense structure, of cloudlike whiteness but of quite well-defined architectural peculiarities, surrounded by an aurora in full play.

This cheerful piece was, however, scarcely able to dispel the terrors occasioned by the dangers already pictured, since an inky tempest invariably lurked in each of the three engravings of the series of which this was the final print. Of late years, a feeble imitation of these works has been issued under the name of *The Guardian Angel*, or some like title, in which two children, in a remarkably unseaworthy boat, are being conducted directly toward a dangerous reef by two well-meaning but inexperienced spirit shapes, by them unseen, although, alas! visible to the spectator. This bears the same relation to the original theme that *Robinson Crusoe* in *Words of One Syllable* has to *Defoe's* masterpiece.

For melodramatic horror, *The Flood* and *The Destruction of Babylon* possibly "bear away the bell." The first is remarkable chiefly for its waves, which, curling in most irreproachable breakers, are greedily engulfing the inhabitants of the earth. The Babylonish catastrophe is striking from the terrific glare, which illumines a great number of rather monotonous courts, palaces, and terraces, filled with a flying multitude. But these pictures are not common, and seem to have proved a little too strong even for that Millerite public to whose taste they were intended to appeal.

A critic said, not long ago, of *Swift's Tale of a Tub*, that it was one of those volumes to which an allusion was always expected to be both understood and acceptable in polite society, and it seems to us that the same rather Johnsonian remark is equally true of the print of *John Knox Preaching before Mary Queen of Scots*. That vigorous exhorter is represented in a very high pulpit, over which he leans and violently addresses Mary, who, surrounded by her women and some frowning bishops in mitres (evidently assumed in compliment to *Knox's* well-known prelatical tendencies), is apparently alarmed lest he should lose his

balance. This and *The Trial of Effie Deans*, which I remember chiefly for its lofty barred windows and the high lights shed on the barristers' wigs, are usually to be found together.

Of a higher class than those I have mentioned is another inseparable pair, the *Coronation and Marriage of Queen Victoria*, highly ornate, and of some actual artistic merit, in which the queen figures as a "young female of sensibility," amid a crowd of ladies whose plumed head-dresses overtop the faces of virtuous and admirable British matrons. An air of Church-and-State respectability pervades these two prints, and when framed in wide gilt frames, with extensive margins, their effect is indeed suffocating upon one not a British householder.

The mahogany-furnished library of a simpler day, when adorned with anything besides a saffron-colored map of the United States, — with an ornamental border composed of views in the principal cities, — usually possessed engravings of *Shakespeare and his Friends*, *Scott and his Friends*, or *Washington Irving and his Friends*. Of these, the *Shakespeare* was vastly the most attractive, and the picturesque costumes of the various poets therein depicted made the observer oblivious to the fact that many of the characters assembled probably had not the most distant acquaintance with one another. This is even truer of *Irving*, whose assemblage could have been brought together but little better than one could make an evening party of all the A's in a biographical dictionary.

I cannot refrain from adding the name of one old favorite, always to be found in houses where the father of the family was of a political turn of mind. This is not *Webster Addressing the Senate*. That is also time-worn, but not so time-worn as *The Death-Bed of Daniel Webster*, in which his chief associates, clad almost too prematurely in black, stand about the white bed on

which the statesman lies. It is not a pleasing picture, nor a particularly moving one, since the assemblage is also manifestly artificial in its *personnel*. But be this as it may, the gloomy engraving has enjoyed a vast popularity, and is still common in New England "best parlors."

Any one familiar with these pictures will, no doubt, detect many inaccuracies in this slight description of them. But the writer knows not where to find examples by which to correct his remembrances. And so these waifs and strays, whom every one recognizes, but whom no one desires, must be content with these few lines, or never be chronicled at all.

A Word — I was talking lately with about Words. a French lady, who admitted that English was a much richer language than her own, and that it had words to express ideas and actions which must go unexpressed in French, or be rendered by circumlocutions. The conversation made me realize more deeply than usual how hard it would be to have the operations of one's mind shut within the limits imposed by any narrower vocabulary than that furnished by our mother tongue, our great verbal inheritance from the literature and life of many different races and ages. Yet it is of this same English speech that Mr. Howells has said, in a recent critical paper: "From its grammatical simplicity and inflexibility, our language on the imaginative and critical side is always in danger of becoming poverty-stricken; any one who employs it to depict or characterize finds the phrases thumbed over and worn and blunted with incessant use." Think for a moment of the vast sum of human experience that must have been heaped up, Pelion upon Ossa, before the phrases of our varied language could ever have become "thumbed over and worn and blunted" almost out of significance. Words must be used many times to say

what they were not created to say, before they lose meaning. Mr. Howells goes on to rejoice over the advent into literature of those "bold locutions" which spring from the inmost core of the people's need of self-revelation. Such terms and such words are indeed of very different metal from the slang and cant which give utterance to the affectations, the vulgarities, or the capricious humors of the "upper classes," and which often express nothing but the desire of feverish beings to be witty over subjects about which they do not wish to be serious. Still, it must be confessed that *real* words are sometimes struck out even amid this baser coinage. For all these, as well as for those "bolder locutions," let every one be grateful who recognizes the fact that the necessity for human nature to interpret and declare itself is not wholly foreign to the obligation under which this same burdened human nature lies to perfect itself.

I know very well that as the grouping together of letters does not always make a verbal entity, neither will an old word always stay alive, however it be rhymed and rhythmized into a sort of make-believe vitality by sighing young poets whose eyes are turned backward rather than forward. Still it is possible that something may be done to keep good words under such culture as will prevent their death, and a consequent increase in difficulty of expression for thought. I have not much to say on this point to men of genius. They generally succeed in making any language utter what they think and feel. They have a certain modeling power over words, and can constrain them to their will. But I would like to remind my brethren among the commoner sort of folk that they and I have a special interest in the preservation and multiplication of good synonyms, since, unless words are plenty and easily malleable in their nature, we among the lesser gifted ones of earth cannot use them

with effect, — and yet we too have things we need to say.

Let us see, then, what we can do to help ourselves, and first let us make a stand against the proof-reader. I have heard it said that that worthy gentleman is apt to consider improper anything which is unusual. He is as much alarmed at a deviation from the ordinary fashion as is a stylish dressmaker. Never shall I forget one occasion when he put his mark of disapproval on a word I had used. The trouble was that I had employed it correctly, although it was one which nearly everybody blunders in using; so I suppose it looked strange to him, and he did not stop to think why it bore an aspect of unfamiliarity. At another time, he let a gross error of mine pass unrebuked, because that also was a common mistake, and his perceptions were drugged by custom. I suffered, however, when I became conscious of my fault as it grinned at me in horrible, unchangeable type. On yet another occasion, I regret to say, his penciled sign frightened me so that I crossed out an antique monosyllable which I had brought in to serve in place of a more modern synonym, which, though strong like Issachar, had like him been goaded and loaded "overmuch and overlong." I deeply repented this weak concession, and yet such is my awe of this critical personage that I dare not promise in public that I will never sin in like manner again, or that I will maintain my prerogative in mine ancient tongue, though he assail it with many red or blue crayons.

I would, however, conjure my brothers and sisters of the writing fraternity, if they can cope with the proof-reader, not to fear those dreadful letters *Obs.*, with which the dictionary-makers seek to bury out of good company many noble words with which Shakespeare and Spenser made mirth and spoke wisdom. What was fit for those authors

to use may still, at a pinch, help us in the nineteenth century. I would indeed go further, if I might, and plead with the dictionary-makers themselves that they should in future omit those condemnatory letters from their columns. Let them still tell us what great masters have employed certain words, that we may be stimulated thereby to emulate the knowledge possessed by these writers as to the essential significance of syllables, and that we may recognize the skill with which those syllables have been in former days subordinated to the highest purposes of thought and art in literature; but let them spare us the sight of those discouraging italics, *Obs.*, just as we begin to glow with a sort of intellectual passion for a word, and would fain seize upon it for our use. The sight of those three condemnatory letters — the very abbreviation has something of contempt in it — makes us think of stupid fashions in speech; it makes us doubt, and while we doubt inspiration flies away and fancy grows pale. Language then becomes a question of times, of mode, of manners, and not what it should be, a question of power and fitness, of usefulness and beauty.

From a Window: a Genre Study.

— People have described so often the joys of convalescence, and these have such a decided family likeness every time one hears of them, that I feel it slightly unnecessary to bring forward my own particular experiences. But there is one thing that especially strikes me in the state, — the revived appreciation of the joys of looking out of the window. You lie happily on your couch, feeling too newly, gratefully well again to begin any discontent just yet at absence from the world's work or play: you see other people going to or coming back from toil, whereas you have done nothing at all for days, and are not ashamed of it; "you watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;" you watch the changes of

the day, if it is only over roofs and houses; and though your view may not be beautiful, you cannot fail to find all sorts of delight in it. I wish I could give any idea of the pleasure and interest afforded me, during a recent convalescence, only by the circumstance that from the upper window of my home in this New Zealand town I have a good view of a flourishing bakery.

The bakery in question is a massive-looking building of red brick, and has a sideways frontage upon a paved yard, with stables, etc., on the other side, shut in by a high double gate. All kinds of things go on in that yard. Early in the morning begins the first of those "loud knockings" at its great doors which have earned the place the title of the "Macbeth Bakery," — together with the further consideration that by late and early noises it too often "murders sleep." Well, the first knockings mean the arrival of workmen for the day: tenders of engines, drivers of carts, and 'prentice boys with white aprons. Then, perhaps, a great cart comes, bringing fresh food for the horses, — bundles of cool grass, or it used to be red clover all in bloom, a beautiful, fragrant load. Next, still quite early, follow the harnessing of horses and filling of carts with the loaves for the day's delivery, — bright yellow loaves baked during the night, that come out with a jerk from an open doorway, to be caught by twos and threes as deftly as the bricklayer's assistant catches his bricks. Thus the carts are filled one after another, and go off soberly on their rounds; all this daily business carried through, as one might expect, with no particular adventure, but interesting enough as such things go. And I have a special interest in the vagaries of one dainty little mare, who evidently considers herself a cut above the baker's-cart business. She is a pet, I think, and great respect is paid to her feelings; and usually, after some persuasion, she resigns herself to her

fate, and goes gayly off, lifting very prettily her disdainful little feet. But she fell down one morning in the shafts, — I am quite sure out of simple perversity. She had resolved *not* to take the cart out that day. Over it went, breaking a shaft, and sending an avalanche of loaves all over the road. That made a wonderful commotion. Out came a swarm of baker men and baker boys, white-capped, white-aproned, who took the mare out of harness and walked her to her stall again, backed the cart into the yard for repairs, and with laughs and jokes and quick, nimble movements carried in the loaves on trays and in baskets, and had the place clear again in a couple of minutes. I was grateful for the wicked little mare. With the sudden change from quiet to activity in the bright, empty morning street, and such a quaint appearing and disappearing of odd-looking active figures, it seemed as if I had had a glimpse of a scene at a pantomime.

The carts dispatched, there is still a constant movement of some sort or other in my yard. Piles of biscuit tins are carried across; carts come from neighboring retail establishments or from country stores to secure their tale of loaves; or perhaps packages are brought in, spices, sugar, etc., needed for sweet things; or a wagon rolls through the gates, piled high with big bags, bringing in new supplies of flour. These have to be swung up by block and pulley, and lodged in the upper story; and here is another animated scene. It is all transported from wagon to loft in wonderfully quick time, — all the work done at this bakery seems accomplished at the greatest possible speed and with the brightest good-humor, — and the whole business, from a picturesque point of view, is simply entrancing. The strong lines of the wagon below, with the horses standing solidly, thankful for the rest; the driver mounted on the pile, and falling unawares into all sorts of fine atti-

tudes as he secures each bag in turn upon the hook, or directs its course as it swings up into the air; and the action of the men above as they pull up or haul in their prey out of the sunshine into the black open doorway,—I have seen again and again such a series of fine effects in this stirring life picture. Any one of them would have made an artist's fortune if he only had skill enough to reproduce it exactly, with every line done justice to, and no point lost of sun and shadow.

Biscuit-making is going on all day, and machines are at work, as one can hear. Through one loophole I catch a glimpse of black moving belts that form part of some mysterious machinery. I should see nothing of the men employed here were it not that a pump stands, out-of-doors, at the corner of the building,—a pump with a tin pannikin hung near at hand. "All of us have been thirsty thousands of times, and felt, with Pindar, that water was the best of things." Working in biscuit factories in warm weather, one wants the best of things very often. So my friends the bakers seem to find, the young ones especially. One comes out now and then, pumps for himself, and drinks with deliberate satisfaction; then carries in a pannikinful for some thirsty comrade who may not leave his post. There is one small boy, with a dear little round head nicely patched with white at the back, where he has leaned it against something floury. He lifts his can for a long draught with such an evident depth of pleasure it is perfectly delightful to see him. In years to come I

think that boy will have as pleasant associations with a deep tin pannikin as any Oliver Wendell Holmes, with his brown mug and white-pine bucket.

Have I convinced any one that these things are interesting? Well, such as these go on all day till five o'clock comes: the engines stop; the men and boys go off, throwing on their jackets as they go, and not at all too worn out to indulge in chaff and fling gibes—perhaps born of some incidents in the day's work—at one another as they part. Then there is calm for a while, and the yard is a blank, until later, when the telegraph man goes by, and the care-taker or custodian of the place, who does little but look majestic and open gates, has had his tea, and comes out to enjoy the evening air. Each night he brings out his chair, and sits there, hard by the pump, to read his paper. I see his figure there, with head bent down in happy, slow absorption of the news, until at last I lose it in the dusk.

So the evening closes in, and nothing more is seen or heard until a succession of later knocks and an opening of the big gates announce the arrival of the night workmen. The pump goes vigorously,—this time for water to mix the dough,—and waking perhaps at midnight, I put aside my blind for a moment, and see that while the future consumers are asleep the process of making their bread is in full swing; and the building stands by night a sleepless enchanter's castle, with its windows alight, like red eyes flaming out into the dark.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. The Winning of the West, by Theodore Roosevelt. (Putnams.) The two volumes of this work which have appeared carry the narrative to the year 1783, and practically extend the West to the Mississippi River. Mr. Roosevelt makes no promises, but it is fair to suppose that he means to continue his work to the present time, or at least to the war for the Union. Valuable as these volumes are for their study of Indian fighting, those which follow and have to do with the Spanish intrigues ought to be even more full of fresh historical material, to judge from the hints which the author gives in his preface. Mr. Roosevelt's hearty sympathy with the frontier life of the present day makes him in love with the older frontier life, and he has besides a graphic faculty of no mean order. — The Birth of the Republic, compiled from the National and Colonial Histories and Historical Collections, from the American Archives and from Memoirs, and from the Journals and Proceedings of the British Parliament, by Daniel R. Goodloe. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Mr. Goodloe has contented himself with a mosaic of passages from speeches, proceedings, public documents, and the like, illustrative of the movement which resulted in the separation of the thirteen colonies from the British Empire. It is a convenient thesaurus. — The True Story of a Great Life, the History and Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, by William H. Herndon and Jesse William Weik. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Mr. Herndon, it is well known, was a law partner and intimate friend of Lincoln. Mr. Weik has been an industrious collector of all that relates to Lincoln. The three volumes, therefore, have at once a claim upon the attention of the student, and the reader in expectation of a racy life will not be disappointed. There is a half-contemptuous disregard of the amenities of literature in this work which is not without its value. The authors plainly determine that Abraham Lincoln shall not escape them into the limbo of hedged-about divinities. He is always close to the soil in their apprehension. The illustrations are delightfully and extraordinarily matter of fact. — A Popular History of California from the Earliest Period of its Discovery to the Present Time, by Lucia Norman. (The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.) A little, unpretentious book, of which more than one half, and that the better portion, deals with the history prior to the possession of the country by the United States. The facts in

the latter half are rather disorderly, and it is difficult to extract history from them. — Two more volumes of English Men of Action (Macmillan) are Wellington, by George Hooper, and William Dampier, by W. Clark Russell. The latter is a specially spirited narrative of a picturesque career; the former is a clear, sympathetic, but discriminating account of a man whose character always seemed to overtop his ability in every other field save that of the art of war. — The series of English History by Contemporary Writers (Putnams) has been enriched by The Crusade of Richard I., 1189-92, selected and arranged by T. A. Archer. These little books are most admirable aids to teachers and students of history.

Education. No. XIV. of Guides for Science-Teaching (Heath) is Dr. H. P. Bowditch's Hints for Teachers of Physiology. An attempt to lead teachers to use judiciously the experimental method in teaching physiology. The experiments suggested are simple ones. — Confessions d'un Ouvrier, par Emile Souvestre; edited by O. B. Super. (Heath.) Not many notes are needed. The selection of this book is a slight indication of the tendency of thought; for it is not merely that the editor wished to give an example of Souvestre; he was attracted by the thought of the book. Schoolmasters and professors are in the workingman's procession. — Pestalozzi, his Aim and Work, by Baron Roger de Guimps; translated from the edition of 1874 by Margaret Cuthbertson Crombie. (Bardeen.) A somewhat dry and fragmentary work, but in the absence of one written afresh by an American student, this will be of service in taking readers direct to the fountain-head of much of our modern thought on elementary education. — Physiological Notes on Primary Education, and the Study of Language, by Mary Putnam Jacobi. (Putnams.) Dr. Jacobi's collection of essays has the value of experimental work and physiological knowledge for a basis, with a superstructure of keen reasoning and philosophic induction. It deals largely with the vital question of the true order of studies, and should not be overlooked by any one who is engaged in the study of primary education in something more than an empirical method. — The third volume of the Nature Readers, by Julia McNair Wright. (Heath.) The various lessons are simple and straightforward. Perhaps this is enough to ask, yet we wish the language had a little more grace, a little more of that winning quality which lures the young

reader. The general effect is of chopped food. — Jeanne d'Arc, by A. de Lamartine; edited, with notes and a vocabulary, by Albert Barrère. (Heath.) The notes are for the most part translations of the tough passages or words. — The Bureau of Education at Washington has varied its line of work somewhat by undertaking to publish historical notes on education in several States, especially as regards the higher education. We have already noted two of these Contributions to American Educational History, which are under the editorship of Herbert B. Adams, and we have now five further numbers: the History of Education in North Carolina, by Charles Lee Smith; History of Higher Education in South Carolina, with a Sketch of the Free School System, by Colyer Meriwether; Education in Georgia, by Charles Edgeworth Jones; History of Education in Florida, by George Gary Bush; Higher Education in Wisconsin, by William F. Allen and David E. Spencer. The information given is of the most outline character, but the reader is advised of the bibliography of the subjects. It is noticeable in all these sketches of education in the South how large a part is played by the several denominations. The church is more decidedly the parent and instigator of education in that section than is the state. — A more comprehensive and condensed work is Education in the United States, its History from the Earliest Settlements, by Richard G. Boone. (Appleton.) This book, in Dr. W. T. Harris's International Education Series, is put forth as the "first noteworthy attempt at a general history of education in the United States." We think that if Mr. Boone had omitted his accounts of public libraries and reformatories he would have kept closer to his subject, and might have expanded his study so as to have passed beyond the formal bounds which he set himself. The book is too much like an analytical table of contents to a possible book. — Physical Training, or the Care of the Body, by E. B. Warman. (A. G. Spalding & Bros., Chicago.) A book of exercises with and without clubs, preceded by some general observations on the care of the body. The corset comes in for its customary share of condemnation. We take pleasure in registering each fresh attack upon the venerable monster. Mr. Warman makes one suggestion on the subject which we do not remember to have met before when he says, "Were the men to hand themselves together and publicly declare that they would never again embrace a young lady who wore a corset, — except on trial, — ere the sun had descended on that proclamation the corsets would part company with their victims to whom they had so fondly clung." — A recent German text-book is Freytag's

Die Journalisten, edited by Walter D. Toy. (Heath.) — Recent French text-books are Daudet's *La Belle Nivernaise*, edited by James Boiello (Heath); Souvestre's *Le Mari de Madame de Solange*, edited by O. B. Super (Heath); *Pages Choiesies des Mémoires du Duc de Saint-Simon*, edited by A. N. Van Daell (Ginn). — Professor T. F. Crane has done most excellent service in arranging for the use of schools and colleges, with an introduction and notes, an account of French society in the seventeenth century, from contemporary writers, under the general title of *La Société Française au Dix-Septième Siècle*. (Putnam's.) Thus by his plan the reader is put in direct connection with the *Hôtel Rambouillet*, with *Mademoiselle de Scudéry*, with *Les Précieuses* and *Les Règles de la Civilité*. It is a capital idea, capably carried out. — The fifteenth of the *Guides for Science-Teaching*, issued under the auspices of the Boston Society of Natural History, is by Henry Lincoln Clapp, and is devoted to thirty-six *Observation Lessons* on common minerals. They are lessons which have been worked out in one of the public grammar schools of Boston. — *Syllabus of Lectures in Anatomy and Physiology*, by T. B. Stowell. (C. W. Bardeen.) The book is issued with alternate blank pages for further notes. — *Practical Latin Composition*, by William C. Collar. (Ginn.) Mr. Collar introduces his book with a delightful quotation from Ascham, which gives in firm and agreeable English the method pursued by that great schoolmaster, — a method, as Mr. Collar shrewdly observes, which probably ran counter to all the traditions of the day. This method another great schoolmaster — for such Mr. Collar is — has revived, not slavishly, but with clear regard to the aptitudes of boys and girls in our own community. His book is thoroughly equipped, and we are greatly mistaken if it does not prove a most admirable aid toward sound scholarship. — *A Guide to the Study of Nineteenth Century Authors*, by Louise Manning Hodgkins. (Heath.) Miss Hodgkins, who is professor of English literature in Wellesley College, has been in the habit of preparing leaflets for her students which are practical bibliographies, and she has now brought these together in a convenient form. They contain excellent clues to the reading and study of the great English and American authors, from Scott to Matthew Arnold, from Irving to Lowell, and the book ought to be of real service not only to schools, but to reading circles and studious persons. — *The Protagoras of Plato*, with the commentary of Hermann Sauppe, translated, with additions, by James A. Towle, has been added to the College Series of Greek Authors. (Ginn.)

